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# Everybody's Magazine

The  
American  
people



Behold  
the never ending row  
Of maids who use

**SAPOLIO**

Maids of heart and maids of head  
Unmarried maids and maids who wed  
Bright maids of every land and clime  
Will choose

**SAPOLIO**

every time



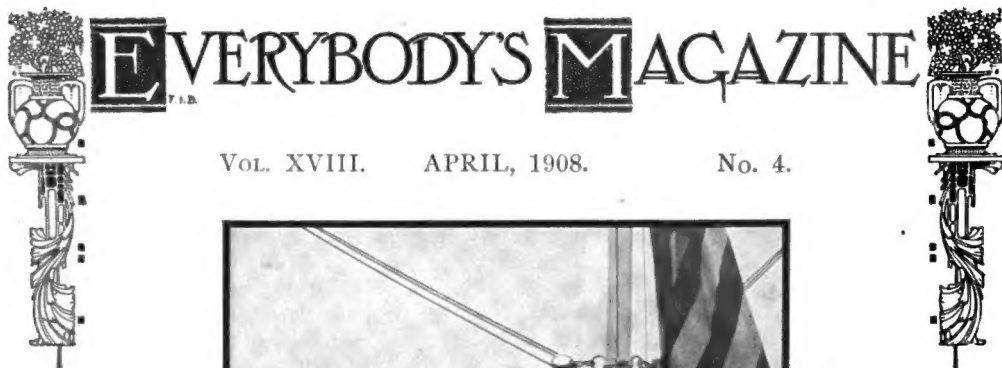


A P R I L



"THE LILACS," HE SAID SLOWLY. "MAKE ME FORGET THE LILACS!"

—"Wet Lilacs," page 466.



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THE PRESIDENT'S FLEET APPROACHING MEMPHIS.

## THE NEW MISSISSIPPI

By JOHN L. MATHEWS

WE were all in the pilot-house of the new side-wheel steamboat Alton, bound up from Memphis. Somewhere astern of us, where she had dropped after we had cut a circle about her, was the much-vaunted Dick Fowler, of Cairo. Somewhere ahead of us—we caught glimpses of her smoke across Kentucky Point—was the speedy little Illinois, of the Illinois Fish Commission. We had beaten the one and were chasing the other, in good old steamboat style; and while Joe McCulloch ground over the big wheel, we others passed the time with "river talk."

It was a new kind of river talk. A year before, on the self-same reach of river, there

had been another trip, another group in the pilot-house. The Stacker Lee had pushed her devious way from landing to landing; weary and overpaid negroes had hustled off the packages and rolled aboard the cotton bales; and we behind the wheel had listened to long yarns about the Lee and the Natchez, about the J. M. White, about the days of wood-yards, about the times that Mark Twain has made famous, and about the river that lived as he said, and died, and fell under the blight of his humor.

But coming up in the Alton last October no such stories were going round. Instead, there was talk from the towboatman about a

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A DIKE FOR DEFLECTING THE CURRENT.

new towboat line for handling package freight, and about a new way to use machinery, which would displace the negroes; there was talk from some one else about a new method of towing coal up and grain down the Missouri, which might soon be tried; there was talk from the Commodore about the tourist steamboats on the Nile and the possibility of the development of a similar traffic on the Mississippi; and the "Stork Mayor" of Alton City threw in a word about the steam traffic of the Rhine. There was no "old river." There was no "dead" Mississippi. To be sure, the fragrant humor of the olden stories was lacking; but in this new talk there was a living purpose. We all felt it. And at last Joe McCulloch, standing at the wheel, expressed it for us.

He drew the wheel gently over to him, turned on a toe and a heel to squint aft along his marks and to assure himself that he was exactly in the best upstream water of the crossing, and spat—there was that of the old régime about him—straight out to "loo'ard."

"I had a dream," said Joe. We were all still to listen. "I had a dream about this here old creek. I dreamed that the old Mississippi was dead, and his folks all came to the funeral. He was pretty dead. They took and laid

him out, and he never batted an eye; they divided up all his belongings, and he never peeped; they called in the parson and held services over him and were about to consign him to the grave. The undertaker came up and was just going to screw down the lid of the coffin.

"Then old Mississippi, who had been foolin' them all the time, rose right up in his coffin.

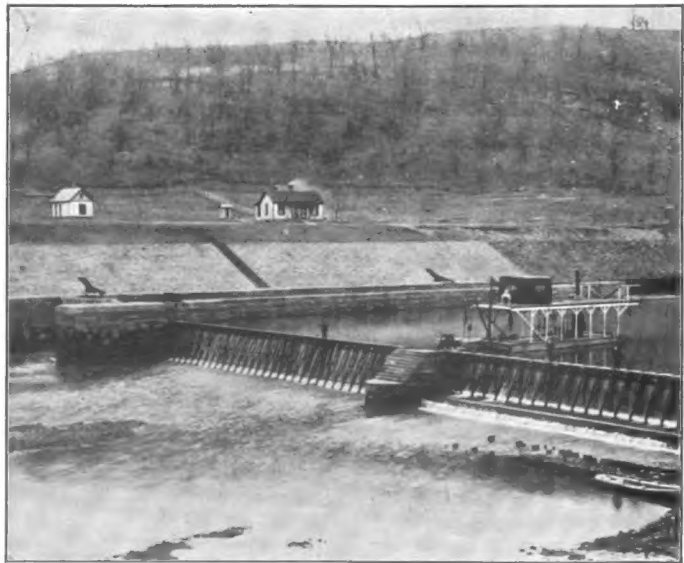
"Oh, hell!" he says, 'I guess I ain't that dead yet.'

"And the next day he was working livelier than ever."

"And he will be, too," asserted the Stork Mayor, and

with one hearty voice we all affirmed: "You bet he will."

For the old Mississippi is after all not dead. Rivers do not die. It is only the old methods that are dead. And now there are to be new methods; the river has reawakened; the river traffic is to be reborn, and President Roosevelt has already stood godfather to it. Yes, it is the old river, though with none of the old ways. But we call it the New River, because it is to mean a new development of the country's resources. In another generation there will come into use out there a set of waterways that will be the marvel of the world, so deep, so clear, so ready will they



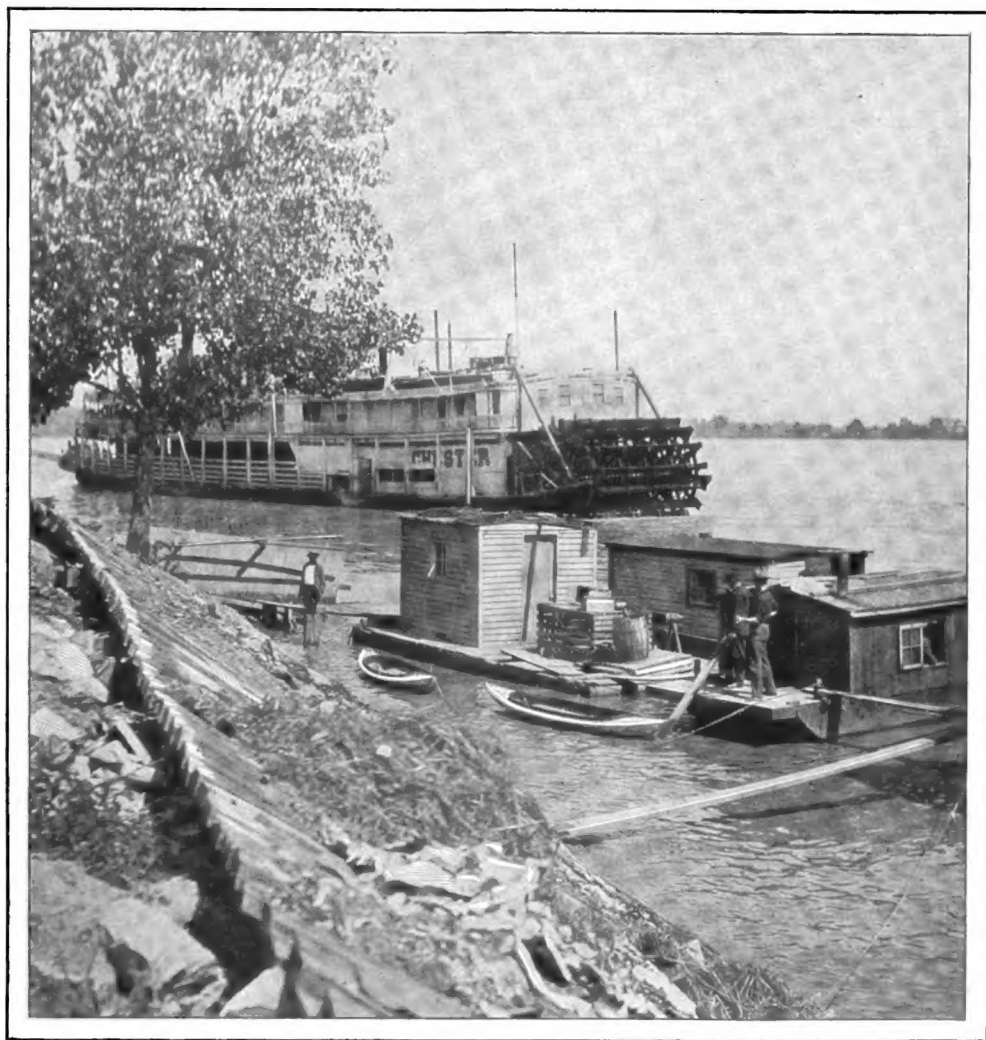
NEEDLE DAM ON THE BIG SANDY RIVER, THE FIRST OF ITS KIND BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY.

be for their purpose, and so nicely situated to serve all the requirements of the country.

The old river was a wanderer. When the first Americans came west, it was a snag-infested, crooked stream, blocked by sand-

gard any attempt to change it as unwarrantable tampering.

No such reverence for the old stream existed among the early settlers. They began at the outset to remedy all its defects; but they had to work with very limited means. The



A BIT OF BANK PROTECTION.

bars, obeying no will but its own, devouring whole sections at its pleasure—sections that might have been laid out into townships—and shifting its bed a mile or a dozen miles when it would. • Many of us think of it as such a river to-day; more think those things of the Missouri. Some of us believe that the Mississippi was meant always to stay so, and re-

country had not grown up, and engineering was a very baby of a business. So the best they could do—it was Shreve who did it—was to invent the snag-boat and go and pull the snags out of the river, leaving the channel fairly free from those sharp teeth of destruction. That made it possible to go up and down the stream with cargoes. There were

many wrecks from other causes, and freighting was costly, but the wonderful new West was producing great crops and had to move them, and the river was the only road. So there came that wild, that wonderful epoch of river extravagance, of fine boats (for their day), of competing lines, of great river contests.

These romantic days lasted until the railroads came, until the epoch of big movements, and the period when so much capital was needed for any one movement that none could be started unless the way for it could be made clear in advance. That day was the end of the old river, because with the channel full of bars and the water uncertain and the banks caving in, there was so much chance of wreck that capital was frightened away. It was then, and it is now, cheaper to carry by water than by rail. But capital needs safety more than it needs economy. Investors and shippers are easily frightened, and it is very true that a vessel aground on a bar will frighten more freight off a river than a dozen railroad wrecks will frighten from a railroad.

So, apparently, the river—the old river—died. There was local traffic to be kept up, but nothing besides, except here and there some trade that owed its continuance to unusual conditions. Such is the Ohio-Mississippi

Pittsburg to Memphis for forty-three cents, against a rail rate of \$2.70. Millions of tons of coal have gone this way and always will go this way, because the boats have only to drift, and those that come back, mostly empty, are not hard to shove up-stream. And yet even this traffic has been carried on extravagantly. It has not been improved. The old barges, the old boats, the collisions with bridges, continue year after year. But on all the Mississippi and all its tributaries—and that means over 14,000 miles of navigable water in the very heart of the richest continent in the world—there is not to-day one single modern vessel or appliance used for the purpose of conveying cargo by water. There are no new modes of propulsion—there has been no improvement in that line since 1840. There are no new types of barges. There are no lines of through packet boats, from city to city, to supplant the old plantation peddling lines. Till now there has been nothing but stagnation. But now, as the talk on the Alton signified, there is a change beginning. It may be marked thus far by only a gasoline packet here and there, but the valley has awakened and has determined that there shall be new things in all directions.

This movement for the improvement of the Mississippi, this rebirth of water transportation in the valley, has come about through a long agitation, slowly, and then at the end suddenly, with a tremendous rush. Twenty years ago any one who publicly advocated the development of a fourteen-foot channel in the lower Mississippi was set aside as an imbecile. Ten years ago he was considered a dreamer. Five years ago he was an idealist. To-day he must hasten his steps to keep abreast of the times.

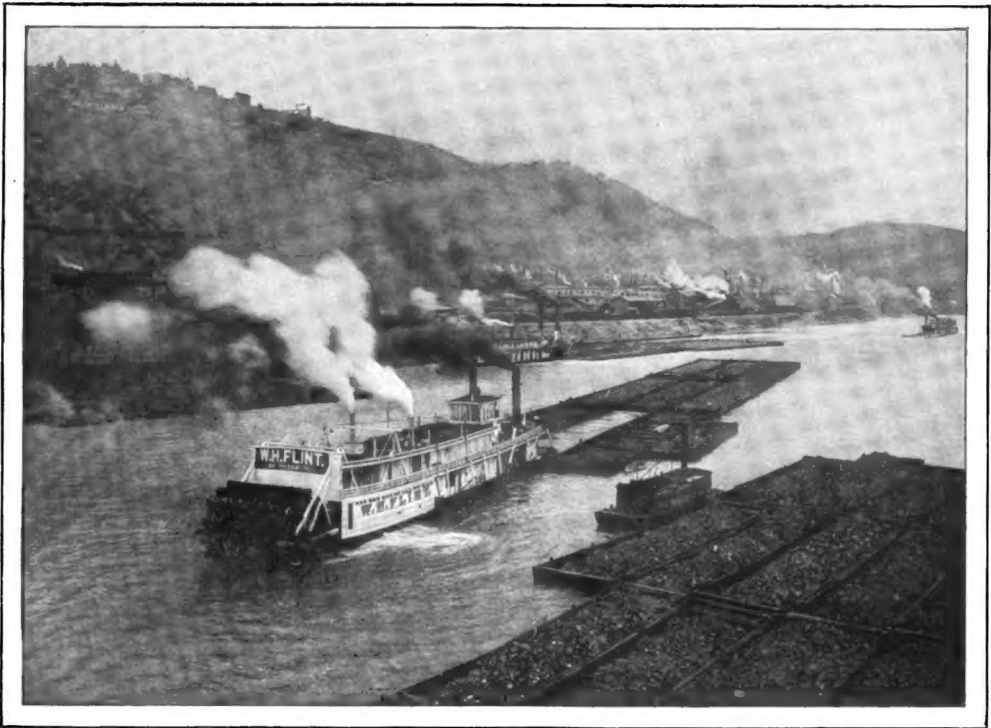
Twenty years ago the most important thing about the Rivers and Harbors Bill was the number of Congressional districts into which it divided the spoils. Ten years ago the members of Congress had begun to question this way of doing business. To-day there is a tendency to concentrate the whole bill, or the major part of it, upon one desirable project each year and to carry that project through.

Since the close of the Civil War this evolution has been going on. At the end of the



A CAVING BANK AND PROTECTED POINT.

River coal trade, which persists to-day, one of the greatest single movements of cargo in the world. From Pittsburg to New Orleans is 2,000 miles, all down-hill. Coal in 1,000-ton barges is rafted into fleets and towed down this distance by powerful steamboats, at a cost of less than seventy-five cents a ton, against a railway rate of about \$4.50—from



COAL FLEET IN PITTSBURG HARBOR.

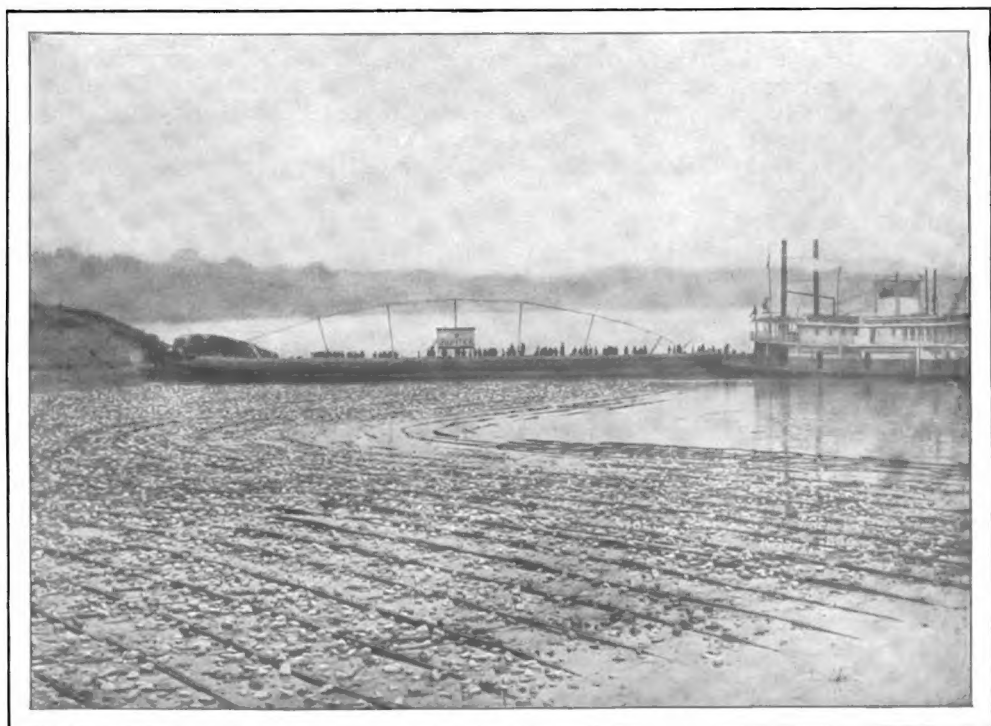
struggle, our army engineers were sent out into the field to survey the rivers of the western country and to find means of improving them for the purpose of navigation. Out of the millions piled up by the war tariffs, a generous part was set aside each year to be used in prosecuting some task recommended by these experts. As the Rivers and Harbors Bill was made up by districts, so was the river work. There was not then any man to consider the whole western river system and to plan for its use. Instead, each Congressman in whose district an obstruction occurred sought to get an appropriation to have it removed. Consequently, there was no systematic work. Dams were built and locks created, but on no river were all the locks of the same size—and it is the smallest dimension of the smallest lock that determines what sized boat shall use the channel. Some stretches of a river were deepened to ten feet, some to two, and in between others were left unimproved, which effectually blocked navigation.

Yet, in all this work engineers were learning how to do things that no engineers had ever attempted before. One of these was to control the Mississippi, the largest river that

has ever been taken in hand by man. It was a long struggle. The Mississippi River Commission, which has charge of the stream below Cairo, tried many expedients, some of them of its own design, some of them copied and enlarged from foreign works. Out of them all has been developed a special type of revetment, or bank protection, consisting of mattresses of willow brush, woven with galvanized wire cables, and sunk against the bank, where the current strikes it, by a facing of rubble-stone. By this means the engineers are able to hold the Mississippi rigidly in its channel, for the current is thus prevented from eroding the bank, which is the first step in shifting. And, by holding the current in a fixed channel, the same revetment, aided by narrowing dikes from the opposite shore, makes the river scour the channel deep and clear in its fixed position. No simpler and yet no more entirely successful apparatus has ever been devised. On the lower river these mats are of great size, 300 feet wide and often 1,000 feet long. When the river is completely revetted, they will cover every bend into which the current sets—600 miles in all—between Cairo and New Orleans. And not



BUILDING A BANKHEAD MATTRESS ON THE MISSOURI RIVER.



SINKING A REVETMENT MAT, ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

only will they themselves be covered with rock, but the bank above them, sloping back 120 feet, will also be rock-faced. And all this will represent an investment of about \$75,000,000 for the Mississippi below Cairo. But when it is done, it will provide not only a clear, fourteen-foot channel from Cairo down, but in addition a safe bank for the farmers back of the river, safe foundations for the levees—of which we lose annually a million dollars' worth—and it will make valley land that is now worth \$20 an acre worth \$150 or more. Further, it will recover hundreds of miles of land from the stream bed.

The engineers have learned more than re-  
vetment; they have spent millions in slack-  
watering swift rivers like the Ohio—making  
pools in them by dams that can be lowered at  
high water, and providing locks by which large  
vessels can pass through these dams. They  
have learned to direct and concentrate the flow  
of alluvial rivers by the use of light abatis dikes,  
and of swift, clear rivers by heavy stone dikes.  
They have studied reservoir systems and have  
developed a great system upon the upper Mis-  
sissippi. And here and there, without con-  
nection with anything else, and consequently  
for the most part uselessly, they have developed  
a stretch of ample, deep, and safe channel,  
which, if it had an inlet and an outlet, would  
be of great commercial value. Usually, such a  
stretch is where one of the worst obstacles was  
originally.

So for many years the engineers have been  
"getting wise." But the process has gone  
on almost unnoticed by Westerners. At last,  
however, some one discovered what was do-  
ing. It was the fashion then, as it had long  
been, to call these rivers at the same time  
"dead" and "uncontrollable." All of a sud-  
den some one discovered that they were really  
very much alive and very easily controllable.  
He was a wise person, and having decided  
what would be a good thing to do, he coined  
a phrase to fit it. A catchy phrase is a fine  
weapon. This one caught the taste of the  
people and spread like "Sweet Alice, Ben  
Bolt" up and down the Mississippi and up  
every remotest tributary, till the whole valley  
was repeating it. It was simply this:

*"Fourteen feet through the valley!"*

That was all. But there is a great deal of  
meaning packed into those few words. They  
mean an end to having a six-foot channel here,  
a three-foot one there, and a ten-foot channel  
farther on; to the frittering away of thousands  
on this backwater and that slough; to letting

Tom, Dick, and Harry among the young lieu-  
tenants survey out the rivers and declare what  
channels can be made in them. Instead, the  
people themselves, merchants, farmers, teach-  
ers, lawyers, all have arisen together and have  
demanded one thing: *a fourteen-foot channel  
through the valley*. Of course not fourteen feet  
in the Missouri, unless some yet untried meth-  
od of conserving, delivering, and directing the  
water in that river be devised. Nor a four-  
teen-foot channel in the Ohio, unless we get  
richer than we are. Nor a fourteen-foot upper  
Mississippi channel, unless we can enlarge  
the reservoir system or use slackwater there.  
But a fourteen-foot trunk line, straight down  
the ancient outlet of the Great Lakes, from  
Chicago, by way of the Illinois River, to St.  
Louis, past St. Louis and Cairo and Mem-  
phis and Vicksburg and New Orleans, to salt  
water and the Panama Canal; so that vessels  
from the Great Lakes and from all the cities  
on the way can run down that channel and  
trade with any country on the Gulf or on the  
coasts of South America, without having to  
transship cargo at the seaboard; but most  
of all so that cargoes to and fro between the  
seaboard and the interior can be carried with  
the economy that is associated with the use  
of vessels of that draft.

They mean—these five words—that this  
channel is to be built at once, and that all  
other river improvements are to be secondary  
to it. They do not mean that we are to neg-  
lect nor to abandon the Ohio nor the upper  
Mississippi nor the Missouri, but that we  
see now that none of these will gain its true  
value until there is a big main trunk line  
through the valley. Afterward, we will make  
a channel nine feet deep—and perhaps four-  
teen—up the Ohio to Pittsburg; not a chance  
channel, such as we have now, down which  
vessels can move only when the bounty of  
nature gives them deep enough water, but  
one in which deep water will be retained all  
the year through by a long series of dams  
and locks. We will make a six-foot channel  
in the upper Mississippi, down which St.  
Paul and Minneapolis can ship their millions  
of barrels of export flour; up which they and  
the Northern railroads can draw their coal.  
But it will be of even greater value than this,  
for the upper Mississippi is bordered by  
great deposits of iron, not yet opened, and  
this iron will either come down this channel  
to the smelter, or will call for coal to be  
brought up. On the Missouri we shall have  
six feet to Sioux City, and a good channel

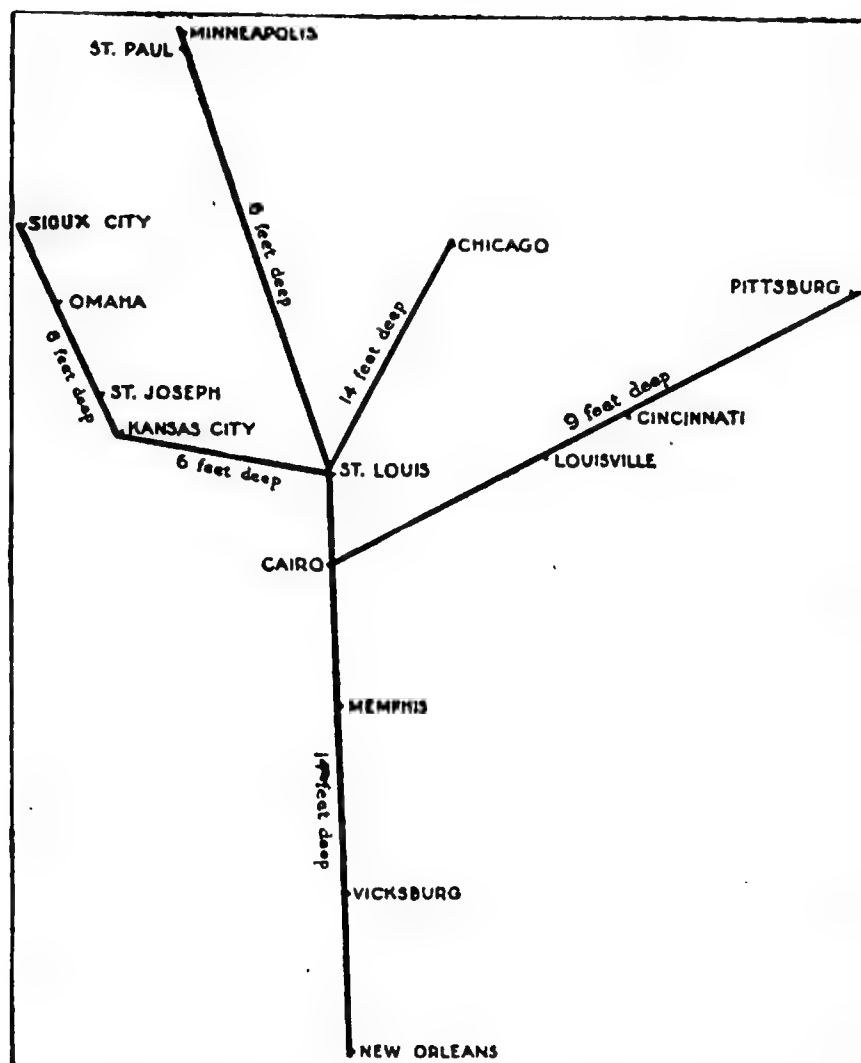


CHART OF THE PROPOSED MISSISSIPPI CHANNEL, SHOWING THE VARIOUS DEPTHS.

above, so that the deluge of Dakota wheat, which now stops all other traffic on the railways, will flow this way, and in flowing down will be counterbalanced by up-bound fleets of coal sent in such quantity and so easily that the Northwest will never again go cold for lack of it.

Having crowded all this into a single phrase, the man who had invented the slogan went up and down in the land and to and fro in it, explaining his idea to people who want to ship freight. He did not have to explain a great deal, once he had said that the engineers had learned how to put the idea into execution. Every railroad in the country was then congested—except those that paralleled lake or deep river. In the very week when North Dakota was suffering most for lack of fuel, and the railways were unable to move cars more than twenty-five miles a day, 400,000 tons of fuel went past Memphis by river on their way to New Orleans, in ten large cargoes. Sixty thousand tons went down in a single fleet, and sold in New Orleans for less than the rail freight would have been from

Pittsburg to North Dakota. They went 2,000 miles in three weeks or less, while a single car-load would have taken eighty days to cover the distance by rail. The fleets mostly returned empty, but one of them carried back sugar and sirup, at a cost of little more than a mill a ton-mile, and it made the 2,000 miles up-stream in little more than a month—at the very time that Christmas goods ordered in Chicago in November were still blocked by February's snows in the West. So much advantage already lies on the side of the river, comparatively unimproved though it is.

Railroad men do not like to have traffic blocked any more than river men do, and so it befell that this new slogan, "Fourteen feet through the valley," sounded pleasantly in the ears of two railway men in St. Louis. These two, each president of a line, determined to go forth to see what manner of stream the Mississippi might be. There was no through steamboat for them to go on; the old boats

were dead, and there was no yacht to be borrowed. So, being resourceful railroad builders, they got a flatboat, provided it with tracks, and had their two private cars put upon it. In front they placed two large touring automobiles. The services of a towboat to push the flat along were secured, and, thus equipped, like shanty-boaters, they went boldly forth on the oddest tour of investigation that has ever been reported.

It was not all solemn inspection, that trip. These two magnates, in hunting togs, lolled in the tonneaus of the touring cars by day, and took pot-shots at the ducks and geese that quacked at them from the desolate bars and islands. They loafed along in lazy comfort most of the time, in the "old" river style, while their car chefs served them in reminiscence of the old days of Captain Leathers and the Natchez.

But on some days they were very busy. Wherever there was a railway transfer landing, they ran their cars ashore and went back to inspect the congested neighboring yards. Wherever there was a yard to be visited and

no tracks, they used the automobiles. All in all, they spent several weeks in descending the river, and both returned enthusiastic believers in the fourteen-foot doctrine.

By that time, however, every one in the valley was a believer. So these two, with a number of other enthusiastic St. Louis men, decided to invite the President to come out and learn as they had learned, in order that his eternal energy might be used to force through Congress the legislation needed to make the projected channel a fact.

This was "new" river spirit with a vengeance. In all the history of the Mississippi no President of the United States had ever traveled on it. Abraham Lincoln crossed it and rode on it many times before he was made chief magistrate—and he even patented a scheme for walking a boat over a sand-bar. Andrew Jackson rode on the stream many times, but never as President. But Mr. Roosevelt, in the prime of his career, was invited to come out and see, as President, what the valley had to show him. And he came.

It must not be forgotten that that fourteen-foot slogan had been doing a wonderful lot of work all this while. Business men and river men and newspaper men and every other progressive class of men had formed river improvement associations wherever there was a channel to improve. There were a dozen such associations for the upper river, half a dozen for the Missouri, one with many branches for the Ohio, and more for the lower river; and all these and many more combined to form a huge "Lakes to the Gulf Deep Waterway Association." It was this association which invited the President, and which, having no money, turned over the job of entertaining him to the St. Louis Business Men's League. Like the wise man that he is, he accepted the invitation, and came and saw—and was conquered.

That visit of the President to the river, which began October 1st and ended October 4th, when he went down to Louisiana bear-hunting, will be memorable in years to come. It marked the real turning-point in the governmental attitude toward the Mississippi. President Roosevelt had already heard about "Fourteen feet through the valley." He had appointed an inland waterways commission, which has in mind all manner of schemes concerning waterways—irrigation, forestry, dry-farming, navigation, locks and dams, revetment, and the preservation of national rights in waterfalls. But that was too gen-

eral to suit the fourteen-foot people. They wanted a specific promise about the channel.

The President arrived at the river at Keokuk, Iowa, where there is some day to be a big dam across the Mississippi at a cost of \$10,000,000. The Government will not build that, probably because it would be a paying investment. We have given away the privilege, satisfied with changing around the old saying from "dam it they can't" to "dam it they can." Keokuk is not much of a place, as places go, but hopes to grow into one. It is on the upper river, and not on the proposed fourteen-foot channel. But next day on the steamboat Mississippi the President went down to St. Louis, where the leaders of the fourteen-foot agitation have their headquarters; and there the whole valley, through thousands of its representative people, accorded him a welcome.

Later, a great fleet of the old steamboats—like the last cry of one condemned—bellowed their hoarse salutes as he sailed away again, and of the number a dozen accompanied him down-stream. A score of governors went along, on the Alton. The Inland Waterways Commission went too, on the Mackenzie. A score or more of commercial and political organizations followed on other boats, all shouting the same thing, "Fourteen feet through the valley." The score of governors, who came from states as far apart as Oregon and Florida, were as much impressed as was the President. Each and every one of them pledged the aid and the cooperation of his state for this new channel building, and all of them helped to persuade the President.

Of course the populace turned out to help the good cause along. School children, literally thousands of them, stood on the banks as he passed, and waved flags at him and sang patriotic songs. The most patriotic of them all was one entitled "Fourteen Feet Through the Valley," sung to the tune of "Shouting the Battle-Cry of Freedom." But the one they loved best was this, to the beloved "Dixie" melody:

"De railroads' troubled wid a bad congestyun,  
So dey say in deir own confestyun.  
Dig away, dig away, dig away—thro' Dixie!  
De corn and wheat in de shocks am spilin',  
While good times on de lan' am smilin'.  
Dig away, dig away, dig away, thro' Dixie!

Then dig her deep thro' Dixie.

Dig away! dig away!

With fourteen feet she can't be beat

For haulin' freight thro' Dixie.

Dig away! dig away! oh, dig her deep thro' Dixie!

And so it went on, for stanza after stanza.

My, how those children sang! And the grown folks, too! Even the governors joined in. And the President? He went stamping up and down the deck of the Mississippi as happy as a schoolboy in long vacation. He swung his arms like a wood-cutter getting ready for work, and shouted greetings to the governors whenever their boat came within reach.

"Boys, this is the finest trip of my life," he shouted a dozen times. And as many more he hailed them to affirm, "Boys, this is BULLY."

And he did more than that. At Keokuk he rather favored water transportation. At St. Louis he thought we must not get too enthusiastic in our plans. At Cairo he had come to the point where he favored a bond issue to do the work. But at Memphis he cast all restrictions to the winds and declared that he was in favor of extending "an arm of the sea" all the way up the valley to Chicago and of doing it at once. He too declared in straightforward fashion for "Fourteen feet through the valley." And that, indeed, was the object of the trip—to convince him that we must concentrate upon such a project.

"Davy Crockett used to say, 'Be sure you are right and then go ahead,'" he said to the convention at Memphis. "Well—we are sure we are right. Now let's go ahead."

The President's way of going ahead has already made itself manifest. Through the Inland Waterways Commission he is searching for both the most thorough system for carrying on the work as a whole and the most practical way of outlining it to Congress. In his messages to Congress he has urged a complete revolution in our old methods, and the immediate adoption and prosecution of these trunk-line plans as a whole. He has taken up the subject with vigor and enthusiasm; and though there are many slips between presidential recommendation and congressional legislation, the deep waterways have too many friends in Congress to be in serious danger. The President's messages echo the common sense maxims that the river people have been emphasizing for many years, and he has made it plain that the new Mississippi is as important a work for Congress as is the Panama Canal.

There has been no specific appropriation bill passed as yet. No Rivers and Harbors Bill has come before Congress since the October trip. But measures calling for a bond issue of \$500,000,000 to carry out the general scheme of all our river improvements, and others calling for an annual \$50,000,000 appropriation are among the many measures introduced to carry

out the plans which the President has outlined and-out of which the final act will be framed.

And so, before long, the valley is to have its way. It is not to be an expensive way. It will cost altogether \$200,000,000, perhaps half as much more, to put the system I have outlined all through, from Pittsburg, Chicago, Minneapolis, and Sioux City to the Gulf. That will be about 4,200 miles of navigable channel, which will do more work and do it better than 4,200 miles of six-track steam-railroad laid along the same route. And if it is begun promptly it can all be done in ten years, with some of the advantage accruing to the country every year.

Meanwhile the valley at large, and every young man who has inventive genius burning up his vitals and who has a chance to study river conditions, has a task ahead. That task is to develop here in the heart of the country a new system of transportation by water over this new system of routes. The old steam-packet was a contemporary of the stage-coach and is just as useful in modern economy. What we will have to do is to tow big fleets somewhat as coal fleets are towed now. We must learn to develop our power more cheaply than the steamboat develops it, and to apply it better than by the stern-wheel or side-paddles or the stern-screw. We must develop methods of getting cargo into and out of boats quickly and cheaply, systems of routings, and types of barge construction that will provide safety and ease of handling. There are a thousand details to be worked out. We must learn to take care of our channels when we have them. The day of the snag is gone by, but we cannot afford to jeopardize a channel for the comfort of some lumberman. Rafting and floating logs on the tributaries and on the main river must be stopped, and no stick must be allowed to go down-river except on the deck of a vessel, lest it sink and become a menace to navigation. All manner of stream obstruction must be stopped. And even this is only a small part of a great work. The plans that the Inland Waterways Commission has worked out for preserving the water at the stream head, for saving out the silt, and for doing a thousand other things that will aid the navigator will some day be carried out. But for the present there is water enough, and in the right place, for the channels we need, and when these channels are cleared and revetted, the boats, the engines, and the system must be there, as a part of the most wonderful thing in America—the New Mississippi.

# The Islands of the Blest

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

*Author of "Journey's End," "Tommy Carteret," etc.*

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

"These are my people, and this is my land,  
I hear the pulse of her secret soul.  
This is the life that I understand,  
Savage and simple and sane and whole."  
LAURENCE HOPE.

THE sun, that white furnace flare, slipped behind the low western cloud-bank, and day fled from the face of the waters as light flees from a room with the dimming of a lamp. There was no wind and no sea, but a slow swell that heaved imperceptibly, a lazy swirling of oil. Then through that far cloud-bank broke a single golden spear, and abruptly the sea was a palette of streaked tints, green and lavender and mauve and ultramarine and crude raw cobalt—a sudden miracle of color gone mad, such as only these southern seas can display.

Six bells sounded sharply from the chart-room and after a moment were echoed by the deeper tone of the ship's bell. Then the young Englishman who was the tiny vessel's one passenger made his way forward to where the man Sitivi sat crouched in the bows, singing to himself the mournful Samoan song of farewell which is known from Auckland to the Line and from Tahiti to Cape York. The Englishman dropped down upon the deck beside the other, and pointed dead ahead where an island reared its high bulk black green against the splendid sky.

"That Vavau?" he asked, and the Samoan halted his crooning song and nodded. He said:

"Come in harbor soon. One hour maybe," and began to sing again, but the Englishman shifted his position so that he lay at ease leaning across the shank of the great bow anchor, and he lifted his head and took a deep breath of the warm fresh air. Already it smelt of the dusk, for the swift tropical night was coming. Whimsically, a sudden thought flashed into the lad's mind of that other world

away to the north—another world indeed! where sad white-faced men and women crept sternly about in semidarkness, and wore too many clothes, and troubled themselves with a thousand non-essentials. It seemed impossible to him that he had left that existence behind only four months ago. It seemed very many years, and the things of that world were faint and dim and disagreeable to him.

He thought of those four wonderful months—or was it years?—and in fancy he lived them over with a slow and sweet content, for he was firm in the sway of that first intoxication which the tropics have for the man of northern blood. He thought of the weeks of still blue sea, hot but fresh with the savor of the ever-blowing trades; he saw with the eye of memory long lines of creamy foam with a yellow beach behind and cocoa-palms swaying above; he saw gentle, sweet-voiced men and women and little children who ran to meet him and took him by the hands, and led him to wonderful open-sided huts all woven marvelously of black and white straws like a priceless basket.

He sat in the kava circle and heard his name called in soft, strange syllables, and drank his draft, spinning the cup back across the mat in the grave form of the ceremonial. He lost himself among the green lanes of the island groves where pandanus and cocoa-palms and breadfruit trees stood close and bananas and giant ferns spread below; and a brown-faced villager with the blue tattooing which is the Samoan's pride, showing at waist and knee above and below his scant *pareu*, rescued him, climbed a palm for a young cocoanut to give him drink, and set him on his way. In the evening, when the flares were lighted on the turf before the guest-house, he watched the girls and young men bend and sway and gesture in the indescribably graceful seated dances, or heard them sing from the canoes as they went with torches to the

fish-spearing in the lagoon. He thought of the sweet and ready and unsuspecting courtesy that had met him everywhere, the eager hospitality, the joyful welcome, and the tears of regret at parting; and quite suddenly tears stung the lad's own eyes as he stared out over the sea, and a sudden great wave of feeling swept up in him and overwhelmed him. The thought that had been growing in him for weeks past found sudden form and voice.

"Why go back to slavery? Why not remain here, where God, it would seem, had set endless peace and sweetness and oblivion of care?"

He thought again, frowning in distaste, of that far world under the gray northern skies, of its hatred and hypocrisy, of its dull joys and sullen sorrows, and all that was in him rose up in passionate revolt, for the tropics had laid their spell upon him and he walked under an enchantment.

His mind went back farther still to the very beginning of all—his first awakening to these new splendors, and he thought of the native girl on the ship coming out from England. She had gone there, he knew vaguely, with an Englishwoman from somewhere here in the Tongas, but had sickened and pined in the ceaseless cold and was returning alone. He remembered how he had used to steal away from his shipboard acquaintances and sit with her on the lower deck while she told him of the southern sea and sang its songs to him. The first breath of enchantment had touched him even then, he knew, but his cheeks burned an angry red when he remembered the contemptible snobbishness of his attitude toward this second-class passenger, how he had hidden his brief talks with her, and, in the end, had left her without a word of farewell. The girl had her revenge. He realized that with a sense almost of gladness, for he had not forgotten her eyes nor the soft lilt of her voice in its slow English, and he would never forget them.

He wondered if she had reached her home in safety, and he wondered where that home might be. She must have told him, but the word would at that time have conveyed nothing to him, and so he had promptly forgotten it. But her name he knew—Nara. He had told her that there was a city in Japan called after her, and she had laughed. He remembered her laugh also, for it was not like other laughs. It seemed to him, thinking backward, that there was all the gold of the southern sunlight in it, and all the warm black

velvet of the southern nights, and all the perfume of the slow southern air.

And he had left her without a word, ashamed to be seen by his first-cabin friends speaking to a native woman!

The island, black green against the dimming splendor of the sky, loomed high before them, but suddenly, out of the dusk, opened a narrow entrance between guardian hills, and the little steamer, with the air of a rat scuttling to its hole, turned into that long narrow fjord which is the loveliest harbor in the world, and, for half an hour, made its way inward under the gloom of cliffs and wooded mountains until a tiny cluster of lights broke into view, and the engines were slowed down before the copra-laden wharf of Vavau.

Half an hour later the Englishman made his way along the pier and climbed the gentle slope at its head. Behind him were the flare of torches, the oily reek of copra, the rattle and shriek of the steamer's winches, shouts of command from the officers on deck, and the mellow laughter and song of the Tongan stevedores—those splendid young giants of living bronze clad in their many-colored *pareos*, the single square of cloth which is twisted round the waist and falls to the knee.

Before him lay a broad, open space, carpeted with sensitive plant, set about here and there with low buildings. To the right, along the brow of the cliff, ran a road, and there were lights there and one-story verandaed houses which would seem to be the traders' stores and dwellings; but the Englishman walked straight ahead away from the sea. A little wind bore in his face, and it was very sweet and aromatic. It must have come from orange groves, for there was in it the faint acrid scent of ripened fruit; but there was more than that, there was the compound fragrance which breathes at night through all these southern isles—a sort of incense of enchantment.

Native men passed by him in the dark and greeted him as one dear friend greets another; girls in little groups of two or three, their arms about each other's necks, called to him with the laughing sweetness of children.

"*Malolo — lei! Malolo — lei!*" they all said, and he answered them, after a first stumbling Samoa-learned "*Talofa*," in their own words, and they went on into the gloom and he heard their soft voices grow fainter and die away.

He seemed to be following a sort of grassy road that led straight through the sparse

village, for there were no trees in the way, but now and then a native house near the roadside with a torch flaring red beside the door and the household sitting about it in an idle circle like a beautiful bronze group by some master. And so at last he came, after a quarter of an hour, to what seemed to be the end of the long lane, a little height of ground with pandanus palms about it. There was a weary old moon in mid-heaven, a decayed moon, and its light fell upon the lowland beyond the height of ground and silvered very beautifully a ragged sheet of water there that might have been an inland lake or an arm of the still sea.

The Englishman turned aside and went on along a narrower path. There was a throb of music before him in the night, and he groped toward it. Presently then, light among the trees, and a thatched native house, its half-open sides of exquisite basket weaving in white bound by black cord. Three women sat upon mats before the house and, near their feet, primitive lamps—a wick floating in a dish of thick oil—threw upon them a wavering golden radiance very beautiful to see. The woman in the midst of the three seemed to be a young girl, slender and straight and round. Her *pareo* was of scarlet cloth that looked like thin silk, and she had stuck scarlet hibiscus flowers in her hair, one at either side. She held a sort of guitar on her lap and thrummed it and sang a little low, crooning song, in a half voice, her head laid back against the wall of the house.

There came a sudden blindness to the Englishman's eyes, and he thought that he cried aloud, but his tongue was still. After a moment which was an eternity he went forward into the light of the pulsing lamp, and the two women who had sat silent broke out into quick exclamations and moved nearer to her who sang, as if they were startled. The girl in the scarlet *pareo* looked up and shaded her eyes from the light with one little hand. She said:

"*Malolo—lei!*" and there was a quiet and exquisite dignity in her greeting of which any great lady might have been proud.

The Englishman came a step nearer, and the girl rose suddenly to her knees. The instrument she had been playing slipped to the ground and lay there unheeded. She stared at the man over the wavering radiance of the lamps, and her beautiful breast rose and shivered in a sudden great gasping breath which was like a sob.

The man stood like one drunken. In his dazed and whirling mind rose a single thought—the conviction that all his life and all these months of wanderings had been to this one end, that he should find her so, in the soft southern night, incredibly beautiful, bathed in golden radiance.

"I—came," he said unsteadily. "It was a long—long way, but I came—at last." He said it, or the spirit of enchantment in which he dwelt said the words for him.

The girl covered her face with her slim hands, and a fit of sobbing bowed her and shook all her slender body. But after a little she looked up again—he had gone to his knees before her—and she put out her hands and touched his face and his heart, and left them at last in his hands, and she said a single word, in her own tongue, which means at once "very dearest one" and "lord" and "sun in the sky."

Afterward, when the other women had slipped away into the gloom and the two were alone together, seated in the lamplight, island fashion, face to face, knee to knee, he said:

"It was because I was a fool—blind! It is incredible that a human being could be such a fool! And I was afraid. Even then I think I knew—I felt—but I was afraid. I was so fresh from my own world——"

"I know," said she, "I know."

"And since then I have gone searching for something through all the South Sea. I didn't know what it was, but I went searching. And now I know— And it is you."

"Oh, very dearest one!" she cried and hid her face from him.

The man forced himself into the critic's cool poise of judgment. He looked at her with such impersonality as his charmed soul could muster, and in every way she was a thing more exquisite than words could ever hope to tell. Her skin was a golden brown, but every line of her beautiful face and body was as delicately cut and chiseled and finished as ever a sculptor dreamed or a mortal eye has seen. Here was no coarse-blown flower of the tropic, but a goddess of old Greece tinted with warm color by a southern sun. The girl was a marvel of perfection.

After the two had talked a long while:

"And what can they give you," she said, pleading with him, "in that cold dark North of yours that I cannot give? Money? What can money do but buy happiness? Can I

not give you that? Love? Oh, very dearest one, have they more love to give than I? Listen!"

And later:

"Have I said that I wished to go, Nara?" he groaned. "Have I not said that I have been searching for you all my life?"

"Yet I am afraid, lord," said the girl, her hands at her breast. "Yet I am afraid! Like—calls to like—like mates with like. Oh, very dearest one, do not go with your ship to-night! If you stay until the next ship comes you will stay always. Do not go to-night. I cannot lose you again."

"Have I not been a blind fool once and so let you go?" said he. "Shall a man be twice a fool? Nara! Nara!"

But after an hour of this he rose to leave her. There were his belongings to take off the ship. The girl would have sent a man for them, but he said he must go himself; that the ship's people would not give them up to another.

She besought him passionately, her great eyes black and very wide with fear, saying that if he should leave her now he would never return. She clung to him with her little hands, and it was hard to resist her pleadings. But at the last she rose with him, very grave and still.

"You will not come back, my lord," she said. He laughed at her, but she shook her head.

"And I shall understand. Like calls to like. I would not hold you against your will, but—I am losing you, and that is—losing life."

"You shall see!" said the man, and she nodded, still very gravely, and he took her into his arms and kissed her lips. The kiss turned him suddenly as grave as was she who trembled against him. He went upon his knees and kissed her hands. She cried out against it and would have prevented him, but he had his way.

"You are a chief's daughter, Nara," said he. "That is to say, a princess. It is right that I should kiss your hands." And thereupon she stood still and straight and proud before him till he rose once more to face her.

She spoke but once again.

"Come back to me if—you still wish to, lord," she said. "After you have seen your friends of the ship. If you do not come, I shall understand—and not blame." Then

he went away into the darkness. Once, at a little distance, he turned to look back, and the girl was standing quite still where he had left her—still and slender and exquisite, a thing of incredible beauty in the pulsing golden light.

He found as he stumbled through the gloom under the palm-trees that his head was whirling like a drunken man's and that his heart beat in great, pounding, savage throbs that kept pace with his hurrying feet. Once he laughed aloud, a shaking laugh, at her fear that he would not return. She should see! She should see!

At the pier head he came upon the ship's second mate, a New Zealander, with whom he had struck up a sort of friendship. The rattle and shriek of the winches was still, but the ship, it appeared, was not to sail until after midnight—a matter of two hours or so.

"I'm off to Henry's on the cliff road yonder for a wee bit of a drink," the second mate said. "The reek of that d—— copra has got in my throat. Come along?" The Englishman hesitated.

"Well—I hardly know," said he. "Thanks very much, of course, but I was going to have the steward get my things together. I'm going to stay here—for a while."

The second mate was profanely astonished.

"Here in Vavau?" he cried. "Why, I thought you were coming on with us to Fiji." The Englishman muttered something vague about changing his mind, and the other bent forward and peered curiously into his face by the light of a lantern that flared near. Then he gave a little laugh.

"Have a care, my boy!" he said humorously. "Have a care. Don't you go letting your head get turned here in these islands. It's fatal." He laughed again, but abruptly turned grave and stood considering. At last he said:

"Well, in any case, there's nothing to prevent our having a quiet nip at Henry's. We've two hours ahead of us, and if you're going to stay in Vavau, you'll have to put up there anyhow. We'll just see if Henry can manage for you."

The Englishman hesitated for a moment longer. He was afire to have done with his task and be back where that slim golden girl waited in the lighted space under the palm-trees, but he did not wish the ship's people to know what he was doing. For her sake more than for his own, he wished no wagging tongues nor jeering laughs. He said to himself that after all it were better to lodge this night at "Henry's."



NARA.

But to-morrow——!

They turned into that road which ran along the sea cliff, and bowed their heads to enter a low-roofed veranda. There was a small living room within, and beyond this a larger room, square, with two or three iron tables and chairs of cane or of canvas. The long windows gave upon a deep balcony, and this balcony seemingly hung over the quiet-moonlit sea. In a canvas deck chair let down to its lowest notch slumbered an enormous fair man with a mottled purple face and an old-fashioned Guardsman's mustache. He was clad in soiled white drill. One hand lay upon a low table beside him, the fat fingers half crooked round a glass with ice and lime skins in it.

The second mate shook the gigantic fair man by one huge shoulder, and the man half awoke, nodded good-naturedly and, after a moment, clapped his hands together. A native boy appeared from nowhere in particular, and the fair man waved an arm and said something very indistinct about gentlemen and orders. He seemed about to go to sleep again, but the second mate shoved his friend forward into the light, saying:

"Wake up, Henry! This is Mr. Manners from England. He came with us from Nukualofa. Maybe he'll stay on with you a bit."

Then the big man, with an agility surprising for one of his bulk, hoisted himself out of his chair and offered a hand. The young Englishman was mildly astonished to find that he spoke like a gentleman though he looked like an obese and unclean beach-comber, and very probably had been one.

"It's a pleasure," the man said, "to meet somebody from home. It's—well, it's twenty years since I saw London, and we don't get many Englishmen hereabouts. They're mostly Colonials—like Castle, here." He said that he would be glad to put Manners up for as long as he cared to stay, and the three sat down to their drinks, the giant taking gin neat with a lime squeezed into it.

They fell into talk of the islands, of the high price of copra, and of the experiments the Germans were making in Apia with cocoa beans, and of the decay of the schooner trade—the usual island shop-talk; but after half an hour of it the second mate was called back to his ship by a message from the captain—some matter of a confusion in tally sheets—and the two Englishmen were left together.

The younger man rose from his chair and moved restlessly about the room. His thoughts had gone back to the thatched hut under the palm-trees and to the girl who waited there. He stepped out upon the broad balcony, where there were no lamps, and the cool savor of the sea rose out of the gloom to his nostrils. The harbor below him was still in the moonlight and without sign of life, for a little rocky point hid the pier and the ship moored to it. The moon was behind him, he could not see that, but the sky had a million stars—not blue and coldly brilliant as in the North, but warm and living lights; pearls, not diamonds, for here below the Line the sky has its pearls as the sea has hers. All the velvet splendor of the night filled the lad with a fresh intoxication, set his blood to coursing anew.

He took a deep breath and turned back into the shabby room. When he spoke his voice broke from him in a sort of exultant shout.

"I want to stay here!" he cried. "I want to stay here forever. My God! I have never known what life could be, nor what beauty is. Look at that night out there! Feel it! Smell it! Breathe it into you!"

"I tell you," he said, "I tell you I'm drunk with it! And I never want to be sober again. I never want to go up yonder again, and eat fogs and be afraid and suspicious and dull and stolid. I want to stay here always!"

The great fair man, sprawling in his low chair, looked up with a sort of dull curiosity at the lad's flushed face and bright eyes, and after a little time nodded his head in answer. He seemed to feel that he ought to say something and so he nodded again and said:

"Yes! Quite so! Quite so!" He felt for the bottle of "Square Face" which had recently been opened for him and, finding it empty, scowled and called for another, which the native boy brought and set at his hand.

"Why not?" he said, pouring half the bottle into his tall glass. "It's the best place I know of. Why not stay here?"

The younger man dropped into one of the near-by chairs and dragged the chair closer to his companion's.

"Ah, now! That's just what I want to know," said he. "You're just the man I should choose to come to about it. You've lived at home—I mean in England—and you've lived here for a long time. Did you say twenty years? Are you glad or sorry? Are you contented to stay on here always or do



HE SAT IN THE KAVA CIRCLE, AND DRANK HIS DRAFT IN THE GRAVE FORM OF THE CEREMONIAL.

you wish you could go home—I mean to England—to-morrow? Tell me that!”

The question is not a question one asks of shabby Englishmen in the South Seas, and the big fair man looked for a moment very sharply and suspiciously at the boy before him, but the lad's flushed face was frank and open—there was no guile in it—and after a moment the elder man looked away again.

“Go back?” said he. “Go back? Lord love you, no! What for? Oh, I don't say I shouldn't like a little look in, just a wee look in, for a week or a month. I expect there's changes in town? What? I expect I should see some new things about, but—oh no, I don't want to go back. I'm comfy enough here.

“After all,” he added, “what's the use? What's there in England to beat this? White people? They're all after your money. Or if you haven't any, they kick you out. These Tongas don't care whether you've any money or not. What's it good for, anyhow, except to buy you comforts?”

“That's it!” broke in the lad excitedly. “That's it, by Jove! Some one—some one else said that to me an hour ago! By Jove, a Daniel come to judgment! What *can* it buy you but happiness! And sometimes happiness doesn't have to be bought. I'm glad you said that. I'm glad.”

“I've got everything I want,” went on the elder man. “And I don't have to sweat for it either. I don't have to do anything but sit around with a drink and a fan and it all comes to me.” He was speaking a little more slowly and, now and then, his tongue slurred over a word, for he had drunk a prodigious quantity of gin since the arrival of his visitors, and doubtless a quantity still more prodigious before that.

“I own a li'l—a little plantation—copra—on the other side of the island,” he said, “and that brings me in enough to live on, and I've a wife to make me cozy. The prettiest girl in the Tongas, by Gad:—see there!” He twisted himself half about and pointed to the wall. “Thass her,” said he. “Thass both of us, day we were married—fifteen years ago. The pretties' girl in the Tongas she was—an' *is*, by gad! There ain't one can touch her.”

The young Englishman rose to his feet and moved closer to the wall to see. The photograph was old and yellowed, and the two people it represented looked oddly old-fashioned, too—in some quite indescribable way, since

there was no matter of antiquated costume to mark a bygone period. The man was gigantic then, as now, but he did not look like a sodden beach-comber. He carried no more weight than his giant frame demanded, and he looked clean and hard-conditioned—and like a gentleman. The slim girl beside him was in native costume, a girdle of dracæna leaves dropping from waist to knees, in lieu of the latter-day *pareo* of cloth, and a long necklace of plaited flowers hanging down upon her breast.

“I'll call her in!” said the man behind him, and clapped his hands thrice.

Some one stirred in a room beyond, a voice called out in question, and young Manners swung about as a very stout woman in an ungirt print wrapper came to the doorway and stood there, smiling amiably. For a moment he waited, thinking that the woman might be servant—nurse—mother-in-law—anything but that slender child in the girdle of dracæna leaves, but the elder man, sprawled in his low chair, waved a hand with the ever empty glass in it, saying with a fatuous chuckle:

“The pretties' girl in the Tongas, by gad!” He said:

“My dear, this 's Mr. Manners. He's comin' stay with us. You make 'im com-fer'ble!” The lad went stiffly across the room and shook hands with the woman in the doorway, who continued to smile but seemingly had nothing to say.

When she had disappeared he turned back again, and he stumbled clumsily, and groped for his chair.

The other man's face widened into a proud grin until the mottled cheeks hung pendulous.

“Think I wan' anything more to make me happy?” he demanded. “Plenty to eat, plen'ny drink—an' the pretties' girl in the Tongas. *Who* wan's more'n that? Eh? Show 'im to me!” He leaned forward in the low chair, breathing hard, and he shook a fat, impressive finger in his guest's still face. He said:

“You listen me! You stay here in Vavau. It's the fines' place in worl'. Pretties' girls in Pacific. *I* know. You marry girl an' live here. Bes' thing to do.” He leaned back again and tapped himself dramatically upon the chest.

“Look a' me!” he cried in a sudden, truculent roar. “Look a' me! *I* was like you once—miser'ble wanderin' Englishman. *I*



"MALOLO-LEI! MALOLO-LEI!" THEY ALL SAID.

didn't know what it was to be happy. *Now* look a' me. You marry pretty girl like me 'n' settle down. Thass it! Settle down in Vavau, nice 'n' cozy."

He stared fiercely for a little time at the younger man, but his heavy eyes began to glaze like the eyes of a gorged old bird, and he nodded once or twice, and recovered himself and presently slept, breathing stertorously.

Young Manners sprang to his feet and made his way out upon the balcony that hung in darkness over the sea. He found that he was shivering oddly from head to feet, and that his brow was wet with perspiration. He stared out into the moonlit gloom of the harbor and the wooded heights across its narrow stretch, but he saw nothing, for there was a still fear at his heart which was cold as ice, and he shook with it.

A sudden great throe of anguish wrung him, and he was like a little, frightened, bewildered child. He wanted his mother's lap to hide his head in, and, very passionately—with an unbearable agony of longing—he wanted the old familiar home things round him—the sights and sounds and smells of home.

There came hurrying steps in the outer room, and he turned to meet the second mate. The second mate looked at the sleeping giant in the chair and raised his eyebrows humorously, but the young Englishman took him by the arm, turning him about, and they went softly out to the road together.

"We're off in a half hour," the second mate said. "I've had the steward put your things together, but I left them on board because I thought you might possibly change your mind. How about it? What?"

The Englishman halted in the moonlit road. He looked back at the little house they had left and shivered slightly, and he turned and looked landward where, against a starry sky, the palm-trees stood black and still. It is probable that in that moment—freed of the horrors of the past hour—some breath at least of the great enchantment stole back to his nostrils and was very sweet there. It is probable that—the sudden ache of homesickness past and gone—a picture came before him upon the night: a slim girl with pleading eyes, incredibly beautiful, bathed in golden light. So he stood in the middle of that moonlit road, silent, motionless, his eyes fixed upon the distance. But after a little the second mate stirred impatiently beside him and touched his arm.

"We sail in a half hour," the second mate said. "I've got to be getting back to the ship. How about it? Do you go or stay?"

And at that the Englishman put up his hands over his face, and, to the astonishment of the second mate, a sound that was like a groan and a sob together burst through his straining fingers.

"I don't know!" cried the Englishman. "My God, I don't know! I don't know!"

## Thought

By ARCHER M. HUNTINGTON

THE thought is flashed to being, heralded  
By moment's doubting. Then the sudden leap,  
Stupendous, out of nothing, as from sleep  
A maiden starteth by dreams garlanded.  
Aflame and perfect, lo, with wings outspread,  
A passing visitant, its eyes still keep  
The grave unfathomed mystery of the deep  
Of outer dark, where first it raised its head.  
And so, to bear this gleaming torch divine,  
Our bodies are outworn, and seek again  
Communion swift with earth's oblivion.  
Yet shall these lights innumerable shine  
From all the watch-towers of the souls of men,  
Stars of Immutable Vast, outflashed and done.



# THE RACING GAME

By CLARENCE L. CULLEN

With Sketches by E. H. Miner, and Photographs

*EDITOR'S NOTE.*—In race-track gambling, as in stock gambling, the direct victims are the weak and the unskilled; the indirect victims are women and children. This evil, like a cancerous growth, permeates our whole civilization. There is no city office-boy nor clerk who is not under daily temptation to "put up" his twenty-five cents or two dollars on a "straight tip". Legislation has failed to stop the gambling on race-tracks. Recognizing this, Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas have entirely abolished thoroughbred racing within their borders; Kentucky is considering doing so. And now New York, with many millions invested in the "sport," has heard its Governor pledge himself to fight race-track gambling to the end of his term, and longer, if necessary. The following article is written by a man who knows the "racing game" as it can be known only by one who has made a profession of reporting its daily progress for the press. He presents a picture, not an argument. It shows the kind of atmosphere and the kind of man created at the betting ring. It leaves the reader to decide whether he cares to see the youth of the land thrown in increasing numbers into such an atmosphere among such men.



RECENTLY a human derelict, nabbed for some matter of petty pilfering, stood, quaking, before Magistrate "Battery Dan" Finn, a rugged dispenser of police-court justice in New York. The wreck's plight was due, confessedly, to the persuasive promptings of an old, deeply embedded, and destructive passion for the ponies. Reduced to penury through indulgence of this passion, the down-and-out one had surreptitiously seized upon a trifle of money belonging to an acquaintance—and had been caught with hands imbrued. "Battery Dan," the magistrate, knew these circumstances; he had been on nodding terms with the horse gambler when the years were better.

"The Sport of Kings, eh?" said the brusque, hard-reared, people's magistrate, leaning back, reflective. "I've heard it called

that. But I've me own name for it. The Sport of Suckers—that's what I'd call it. The Sport of Knaves. The Sport of Rogues. The Sport of Thieves—The Sport of Kings? Well, it's like a king's sport: 'Heads I win, tails you lose'; there's something kingly about the way of it. I would like to own a king's shilling for every man I myself have known that has been made into a bum by this same Sport of Kings. You, me man, have picked up a tandem mate—Whisky—for your Sport of Kings. Well, it's the great pair to draw to—Rum and the Horses. Did you ever expect to fill that hand? And if you filled it, once in a way, wouldn't you know that the cards were stacked against you? Well, go your way. Forget the ponies. Let them run for Sweeney—you'll be knowing what that means. Here's a bit of a note for yourself," and the woman-hearted, rough justice, dismissing the derelict, handed him a bill.

Then, under his breath, so that only those who were standing very close, on the bridge, could hear, the magistrate growled to himself:

"The Sport of Kings! There's too d—— much poethry and pictoorial effect in this speech we have!"

Magistrates have a way of taking the darker side. Yet this magistrate's pronouncement had pith. Plainly the Sport of Kings phrase had embittered him. Its too casual iteration has irritated others.

Yet no one man's view of racing will serve. The game has grown too big in the United States, counts too many indurated devotees, wields too general a sway over an enormous

did his father before him. But he has never gambled upon his horses' chances.

Yet horse-racing undeniably is mainly a gambling sport. The rawest turf recruit knows that it could not exist were it to be shorn of its gambling features. That experiment has been made, and the point has been proved. Your elevator boy, who, perhaps, will carry you past your floor this morning because of his profound absorption in the "dope" of the New Orleans tracks, does not love this or that thoroughbred because the horse is a kingly creature, a conqueror; he has not, in truth, the slightest sentimental interest in the horses. But he loves winners. He loves to "pick



"PIKERS," THE HANGERS-ON WHO HOVER ON THE FLANKS OF THE RACING ARMY.

class of habitual or occasional dabster-bettors on the horses, to be viewed from any single or prejudiced angle. Any game that possesses, for so many varieties of people, such an indubitable fascination as horse-racing, must be worth inquiring into, if only to seek out the essence of the appeal it makes. Men of every grade, in this country, frankly acknowledge their infection by the horse bug. To represent the gambling feature as the main element underlying this passion would not be fair in its application to men who are called pillars of the turf. James R. Keene, "America's first horseman," master-manipulator of Wall Street, has never been a horse gambler. Last year, horses of his own breeding won more than \$400,000 in stakes and purses, a world's record. But it was money gained by the prowess of the Keene thoroughbreds in competition with the best, and no penny of those earnings represented a gamble. So here is a cold, hard-headed man of big affairs whose veritable passion for racing hangs solely upon his innate love for a conquering horse. August Belmont, the Czar of American racing, races thoroughbreds for the love of their beauty and their might, as

'em," and he knows the location of a pool-room or a handbook, where he can get his dollar down on his "one best bet," or his "guaranteed special," or his "combination of all six t' cop." The waiter at your lunchery, the one with the wistful, far-away look in his eyes and the dog-eared bundle of "dope-sheets" tucked handily beneath his apron, hasn't a thought in the world for the so-called majestic conformation of the Oakland stake race favorite upon which he has already gambled his two-dollar note in the handbook; his trancelike appearance is entirely due to his inward perturbation as to whether he will get as good as even money "ag'in that baby in case he connects."

Yes, racing is a gambling game. During the regular eight months' racing season, forty millions of dollars, in round terms, are wagered upon the chances of the horses at the New York tracks alone. When that is over, the professional followers of the game, those who survive the buffetings of the regular season, move on to the winter tracks and continue the age-old job of wooing and wheedling the Lady Fortune.

Where do these Pony Followers, these Race-



THE DOMAIN OF THE BOOK-MAKER.

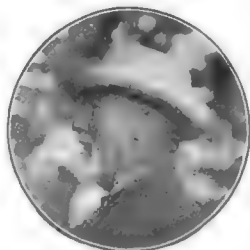
Track Regulars, come from? What sort of people are they? How are they recruited? What makes them get the horse bug? Do they profit through that microbe? How do they contrive to live so well as one sees some of them living, sowing not nor spinning? Is the game good? Does expertism count in it? Or is it all luck?

In the first place, a word as to the difference between those who "play the ponies" and those who "follow the horses." It is as if you were to say "fiddler" and then "violinist." The difference would be about equal. The performance of the chap who merely "plays the ponies" (there is a certain squalidness in the very phrase) is mean and trifling enough, even without its usual coda of disaster. But there is something of virtuosity in the method of the man who "follows the horses." He is, at the least, a specialist. Indurated gambler he may be. But he knows his medium. He does not fool with edged tools, as does the "pony player." He works with them. He is a proficient. He understands his materials, and the danger thereof. Scratch ever so lightly the pelt of the "pony player," and you find under your hand, wriggling ticklishly, the Piker—a superbly laconic word (strictly Americanese) for

the man who, by nature, is little, inconsequential, afraid. Scratch ever so gently the hide of the fellow who "follows the horses," and you discover a somebody who, whatever his demerits or deviations, is "dead game"; is absolutely and, in a way, admirably *not* afraid; is compact of the essences that, given the opportunity, will make the Plunger. Not a world merely, but a universe, separates the born Piker and the potential Plunger.

"Following the horses" expresses a highly diversified business. Something like fifty thousand persons "follow the horses" in the United States year in and year out. Comprehensively, and in its wider application, the phrase "following the horses" takes in all hands, men, boys, and a sprinkling of women, who derive a livelihood from the racing game. It embraces the owners of the running thoroughbreds; the horses' trainers

and handlers; the jockeys who ride the horses; the book-makers who "lay" odds against or on the horses, and the book-makers' crews; the oscillating, rumor-ridden bettors who accept the odds; touts; professional tipsters; stable hands; program sellers; barkeepers who flit from track to track with the change in racing scene and season; and a horde of hangers-on who hover, as it were, on the flanks of the racing



Photograph by C. C. Cook.

EDWARD CORRIGAN, PART  
OWNER OF EVERY TRACK  
IN THE WEST.



THE BETTING RING—ON THE LEFT—WHERE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS ARE WON AND LOST AT THE LIFTING OF A FINGER.

army, picking up crumbs and precarious baksheesh.

This racing army is never disbanded. It makes long marches, some of them "forced"; but it holds together. Its field of mobilization extends from ocean to ocean and from Lakes to Gulf. It is as well-organized, as compact in its divisions, and as thoroughly drilled in mid-winter as it is when the infields of the Eastern race-tracks are waving with the rank, lush grass of midsummer. For horse-racing is the one, ceaseless, unintermittent sport of the country. It is the one sport that holds its devotees so enthralled that they cannot endure to suspend their indulgence in its feverish activities even during the rigor of the northern winter.

In its employment by men who know the racing game, however, the term "following the horses" has a more restricted meaning. To the insiders, the "followers of the horses" are the Regulars, those who pursue the game solely to gamble on the races. They cherish, as Regulars, no sentiment in connection with racing; they laugh at that overworked phrase, "the Sport of Kings"; and they entertain no delusions with respect to that hollow sophistry (mainly promulgated by turf authorities in fear of adverse legislative action) that horse-racing in these days is carried on "for the improvement in the breed of thoroughbred horses." It is nothing to the Regular, either, that a Colin or a Sysonby or a Hermis be acclaimed "the horse of the century." The horse that is the best gambling medium is the one that appeals to the Regular, whether that horse be habitually referred to by turf writers as "mighty" or "majestic" or "peerless," or dubbed by the same writers a "money horse," or a "sucker's skate," or a "bookie's baby." The animal "liked," if not beloved, by the Regular is the one that "fetches the coin down to the wire with a price about him."

The Regulars must not be confused with the "Talent." The Regulars are a part of the Talent, but not all of it. The Talent includes the Casuals—the men who make an occasional holiday of it at the race-track, the tyros or "easy marks" of the game—as well as the Regulars. The Casuals might be called the Volun-

teers. They bring into the game the "fresh money" that keeps racing alive. Without the Casuals the Regulars could not exist. The increment wagered by the Casuals is called "foolish money." The "foolish money" is needed to pad the satchels of the book-makers, to offset losses through the "educated coin" of the Regulars.

But the Regulars are the inveterate ones who "follow the horses," the unflinching gamblers of the turf who "stick around" with the game from one year's end to the other. The Regulars "have their hours." They "go down and out" occasionally, but they "come back." To-day, the Regular rides the top crest of gambling success and basks in the warmth of "Easy Street," only to be flicked, to-morrow, "into the discard," by a mere tap of the fan in the hands of the Lady Fortune. To-day the world is the Regular's oyster; to-morrow it is his battle-field. He dines to-day at Rector's, ordering a meal that is a gastro-nomic symphony; the meal to-morrow, mayhap, is "ham and—" at a beanery; in either case the seasoned Regular blows complacent smoke-rings at shifting Destiny. He is the real picaroon of the modern world.

Let it not be supposed—as often it is erroneously supposed—that these Regulars of the race-track are the "bullet-heads," "low-brows," or "plug-uglies" ordinarily rated as "dead-game sports." The multitudinous sources of their recruiting easily explain why they are nothing of the sort. Every branch of business, almost every profession, and some, indeed, of the arts, are represented in the ranks of the racing Regulars.



*Photograph by C. C. Cook.*  
JOHN A. DRAKE AND JOHN E. MADDEN.

Lawyers there are a-plenty among them—"rising" or "promising" young lawyers they were before "the grip of the gee-gees grabbed them"; physicians who also were "promising" or "rising" in their profession; musicians, including many excellent ones; architects; writers not a few;

artists, some of them of no mean order of merit; stockbrokers; politicians, not to mention some few near-statesmen; men of affairs, big and little; actors by the score, and not a



*Photograph by C. C. Cook.*

AUGUST BELMONT, THE CENTER FIGURE, AND A. J. JOYNER ON HIS LEFT.

few actresses; yea, verily (whisper!), even a rare clergyman or so; all are to be found speeding trackward to-day, in the winter-flowery regions, among the Regulars.

The thudding of the horses' hoofs as they pound down the stretch to the wire; the flashing in the sunlight of the jockeys' harlequin-esque colors; the frenzied, if controlled, joy of seeing the "right one" "tow-roping" and "spread-eagling" the struggling field by open daylight expressed in "lengths"; the hoarse, elemental cacophony of hysteric acclaim that greets, from the swaying stands, the majestic winner; the strange, whimsy hazards of the betting ring; the tense consciousness that every event in the gambling warfare is, after all, a battle of brains matched against brains—these things get into the blood. They mock the sedate, hard-pan existence of the plodder; they grimace at the grubbing life; they make the work-wrung dollar look foolish; they spread a net from which there

is barely a chance of escape; and they make race-track Regulars.

As a rule, Regulars begin as casual race-goers. The velocity of the game quickly appeals to them, bringing to the surface the latent appetite for chance-taking. "Beating the horses" inevitably looks easy to the novice—almost as absurdly easy as poker to the tyro. The earliest wagers, more often than not, are winning ones. Thus it looks all the easier. The world swims in rose. These holiday-makers at the race-tracks had not known that the accumulating of wealth was such child's play. Their visits to the track become more frequent. Their business? Their profession? That's plodding! That's drudgery! But the horses! All of that swirling money in the betting ring to be "picked up" by the exercise of a little luck; riches to be "copped out" (supposing the "right one" be "played") within the little flat minute that it takes a fair horse to cover the distance of a five-furlong sprint; what is a dull, digging business or a dry, drudging profession compared to all this? And the tyro ends by going to the race-track every racing day. When he is not at the track he thinks horse, dreams horse, talks horse; almost, one might say, eats horse.

Reverses come, of course. The bitten one correctly concludes that he doesn't sufficiently understand the game. So he stops being a chance or "hunch" player, and becomes, instead, a "student of form," begins to "fumble the dope"—that is, to study the "past performance charts," which all Regulars religiously preserve in their little leather-backed books and carry about in their breast pockets for constant reference. He studies

the "form" of the horses. He studies the jockeys—whether they are sprint riders or long-distance "pilots." He begins to poke around the paddock at saddling time, with a

receptive ear attuned to what he may hear in that "wise" enclosure. He watches the betting market—trails after the Plungers and their commissioners to ascertain how the "big money" is being "sent in."

All of the time he is making racing acquaintances. He picks up a word from an owner here, a trainer there. He falls in with a "wise," straw-chewing, ruminative stable hand or two. He even meets one of those absurdly precocious and puissant midgets, a fashionable jockey. He watches the preliminary warming-up gallops of the horses before he makes his wagers.

He gets on chummy terms with a book-maker or so, and he knows some book-makers' "outside men"—runners—by their first names. He has an eye out for owners and trainers who "dope" their horses to-day and, to-morrow, run the same horses "dead." Every day he picks up some new kink of the game.

And presently the game has hooked him. He begins to develop the Regular's contempt for the "long shots"—the horses with the big odds against them. His nerve becomes a bit tapped after a series of setbacks, and he begins to scrutinize the fields for sure-enough "contenders," permitting the "long shots" to "run for Sweeney," the symbolical Chief of the Easy Marks. He is not yet a Regular; but he is willing, indeed, keen, to be one.

However, visiting the track and betting on the horses every day doesn't make one a Regular. The game has its "weed-outs"—



Photograph by C. C. Cook.

JAMES R. KEENE, WHOSE HORSES LAST YEAR WON OVER \$400,000 IN STAKES.

in fact, the "weed-outs" far exceed in number those who finally join the Regulars. To become a Regular, the candidate must be likable—"a mixer." He must gain the good-will of the Regulars already in. They watch him, subjecting him to their tests. No track habitué who regards indulgence in horse gambling as a legitimate excuse for heavy potations gains admittance to the Regulars' ranks; and the loud-mouthed are excluded. But if the candidate is sober, close-mouthed, quiet in the teeth of defeat, non-voluble when riding the crest of triumph, he is approved. Eventually some Regular of standing will honor him by asking him for a bit of a loan—by "touching" him, in short. He "comes through" for the amount of the "touch." Word of that gets about. He is "there." He has "made good." Then he is privileged, when the need comes, to call upon the other Regulars for loans. They "come through." He begins to call them by their first names—Smitty, Maxie, Abie, Bill, Jim, Jake. He goes West or South, at the close of the regular racing season, to one or another of

American race-track Plungers—he was worth between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 at his death—was graduated into a Regular, and then into a Plunger, from the pool-rooms.

Once taken on with the Regulars, the horse follower finds that he is a member of a sort of unorganized fraternal association. The Regulars extend the helping hand to one another. They don't give ostentatious lifts. But they are "there" when called upon. No properly ordained Regular can ever be permanently "down and out." If he have a run of bad luck in "playing them from the ground" (i. e., betting on his judgment of the horses), there's work for him in the betting ring if he wants it and asks for it. He knows all of the "layers"—book-makers. The book-makers are perfectly willing to give the Regular a lift. The warfare of the Regulars upon the book-makers is purely nominal. They're all friendly. The temporarily "cleaned" Regular can go to work for the book-maker as sheet-writer (registrar of wagers), as cashier, as "outside man"—a runner whose work it is to obtain for the book-maker the drift of the



Photograph by C. C. Cook.

A START AT THE CRESCENT CITY JOCKEY CLUB'S TRACK AT NEW ORLEANS.

the winter tracks. His name occasionally appears in the racing notes.

He is a Regular.

The pool-rooms, too, furnish a big body of recruits. The Regulars who graduate from the pool-rooms are mostly clerks, business men in a small way; even waiters, coachmen, elevator-boys. "Pittsburg Phil" (George E. Smith), the most consistently successful of all

betting in the other books. Once I knew a Regular who had been an officer in the United States Army. The last time I saw him he was shouldering his way through the densely packed Sheepshead Bay betting ring, "getting the prices" for the "bookie" who employed him.

Some of the Regulars become book-makers. Not a few of them become owners and trainers

of horses. And a few of the elect among the Regulars become Plungers.

The Plunger is the comet of the racing game. The only fixed star of the whole dazzling crew of American Plungers, the only man of the lot who remained "out in front," plunging, and winning his plunges, year in and year out until he died, was "Pittsburg Phil." He seemed to be a man devoid of nerves. Gambling on the horses was the coldest matter of business with him. He was emotionless, though not heartless—his charities were as extensive as they were furtive and secret. Perhaps, had he lived—and he was still a young man when he died—his nerve would have broken down. Perhaps the book-makers would have "got him," as they have "got" all of the other Plungers of time gone by, without exception.

As you or I would speak of marbles, so the Plunger speaks of money. A hundred dollars is "supper money" to him. A thousand dollars is "gasoline money for the buzz-buggy." He sees "a suit of clothes or two and a little gift for the girl" in a couple of thousands. Five thousand is a "piking push-in" (i. e., modest bet) to him. He holds up his ten fingers in front of a book-maker. "Bet you ten, George," he says to the "chalker," naming the horse he wants to bet on. Ten dollars, does that mean? Not at all. His "digit" or "marker" bet means ten thousand dollars. And he goes "down the line" making other bets of that same size till you watch him with a sort of fascination.

Plunging, you see, causes the Plunger to lose his sense of values. The "biggest" imaginable money means mere speculating wampum to him—his "pile" might just as well consist of sea shells, could he gamble with the units. To the Plunger gold is a mere ephemeral, not to say ethereal, medium. He builds not his hopes upon it.

To-day the Plunger has an assortment of motor-cars to choose from, diamonds, wallets stuffed with yellowbacks of big denominations; he drinks old, web-incrusted vintages, dines like a Lucullus; servants cringe before

him; tailors and haberdashers fawn upon him—the world and its most amiable luxuries and deviltries are compressed and congealed into one bluepoint, as it were, for his consumption. To-morrow, the Plunger is "cleaned"; his cargo of gold and valuables is jettisoned; motor cars are sold or "hocked"; gauds and gewgaws of personal adornment are one with the snows of yesteryear so far as his possession of them is concerned. But he rides out to the race-track (in the race train with the Regulars, instead of in his motor-car), cheery, smiling, "broke" but unbroken, plucked but still potential, "dented" but dauntless, brushing off the débris of disaster as if it were sifted cinders from the engine, grinning in the teeth of calamity as if calamity were a child that must be humored, or something good to eat.

A little story: Once, two days before the beginning of a New Orleans winter meeting, I saw a "down and out" Plunger "hocking" a handsome Gladstone traveling-bag in a New York pawn-shop. He had a railroad ticket for the ride to New Orleans, but no sleeping-car ticket. His credit was good for thousands—tens of thousands. He could have borrowed any reasonable sum of money from any one of five hundred New York racing friends. But he wouldn't borrow. He had a superstition, or a "hunch," that it was unlucky to start off on a journey on borrowed money. The pawnbroker, who knew and deferred to the "cleaned" Plunger, let him have twenty dollars on the Gladstone traveling-bag.

I did not see that Plunger again until the New York racing season was under way in the spring following. Fifteen two-year-olds were careering around the race-track turn into the stretch. The Plunger who had pawned his bag for twenty dollars was watching

the shifting field of baby horses from a little knoll on the lawn in front of the betting ring.

"Dandelion wins," he murmured to himself, taking his field-glasses from his eyes and snapping them back into their case.

Dandelion, at the moment he spoke—the horses were then at the top of the stretch—



WHEN THE PLUNGER BETS, EACH FINGER MEANS A THOUSAND DOLLARS.



*Photograph by C. C. Cook.*

JOHN W. GATES.



*Photograph by C. C. Cook.*

FRANK FARRELL AND "BIG TIM" SULLIVAN.



*Photograph by C. C. Cook.*

GEORGE WHEELOCK.

was next to the last horse in the struggling, unwieldy field. But Dandelion won by a nose at the wire. The Plunger had won \$50,000. But when Dandelion was winning by a nose, the Plunger, lounging around the lawn, with no eye for the finish, was eating a nickel's worth of figs on a toothpick, which he had purchased at a little booth after putting his field-glasses back in the case.

As Dandelion, passing the other horses as though they were anchored, pranced down the stretch, an excited little man, hanging far out over the lawn rail, was bawling with all the strength of his lungs:

"Oh, you baby hawss Dandelion! Bring home them coon-skins, baby hawss! Bring home the kale to dad! Yee-ow! Come on! Whee! Get 'em! Come on a-clomping! Oh, you little old hawss! Fetch home them turnips! Yee-ow! You gotta win, Dandelion! Yip-pee! You gotta cop, little old baby hawss! Whee! Yee-ow! Dandelion, he win!"

Then the excited little man deliberately tossed his straw hat to the grass and stamped upon it with both feet out of pure, unrestrainable ecstasy. He had bet two dollars on Dandelion at two to one, taking down four dollars for his winnings on Dandelion's victory—I happened to be in the same pay-off line when he collected.

There was the difference between a Plunger and a Piker.

The Plunger is never out of the public eye. Every move that he makes is recorded. His

"bumper" bets and the style of his straw hat are noted. Yet he rarely or never exhibits the slightest symptoms of "the big head." He goes his way, impervious to flattery, immovable under fire, a curious combination of Sphinx and Brahman.

Is this a pose? There are keen students of the Plunger who say that it is; that it is his way of exhibiting a sort of John Oakhurst "dead-gameness"; that it is careful and really accomplished acting. These students of the Plunger maintain that, under the cuticle, the Plunger suffers as keenly over big losses, rejoices as gloatingly over big coups, as any average mortal. And this theory is shored up by supporting props a-plenty, too. Plungers are not a long-lived lot. It would seem that unseen flames scorch them. Odd and rare nervous troubles seize upon many of them early in life. Not a few of them have been known to lapse into a sort of non-pulmonary decline, a queer consuming of the vital forces. Locomotor ataxia has halted a number of them. A fire must burn, and it must have fuel. Plunging uses up the fuel, and Plungers, self-contained and self-controlled though they may be, are not of adamant. The Plunger may yawn and look profoundly indifferent over a hard blow. But he cannot smother the internal fires that plunging must ignite.

It is inevitable that some of the Regulars should degenerate into Touts—for there is no evading the fact that the year-in-and-year-out Tout is just as much of a Regular, in his

fallen, ignoble way, as the Plunger. I have seen so acknowledged a Regular as a jockey, and that one of the most famous and most extraordinarily proficient of his time, degenerate into a Tout after having made in the saddle—and scattered to the winds—so round and engaging a sum as \$500,000. But the space of a separate article would be needed to portray the activities and the whimsicalities of the race-track Tout.

Does it "pay" to be a race-track Regular?

The answer may be made most positively, out of hand: It does not. It doesn't "pay for shucks," in the long run. Any grizzled Regular, marooned in a hotel lobby on a lonesome rainy night, will tell you that and tell you why. If the race-track Regular be eternally on the alert, he is, now and again, fed, housed, clothed better than the average run of men who work hard for what they get—although every Regular must have his periods of hardship in between the cozy stretches. But the great majority of racing Regulars infallibly arrive at the sign-post upon which the word Disappointment is scrawled. The big prize—a "salted" competence—ever eludes nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand of them. The recurring periods of hard luck and therefore hardship "take it out of them," and more than counterbalance in their rigor the benignness of the occasional streaks of prosperity. The strain of the wagering business, the ceaseless battle against the bare, relentless arithmetic of a gambling game that permits comparatively few of the Regulars to be steady winners—these things make old men of Regulars who are still comparatively young in years. The race-track novice, considering the game "easy," naïvely wonders why he doesn't win most of his little piking bets. The Regular, after many years of it, comes to wonder how any man ever, by any chance, really wins a bet on a horse-race. The game grows ever and ever harder to him.

If the Regular, with his expertism and his almost uncanny knowledge of the ins and outs of the myriad-faceted racing game, does not, and knows in his soul that he *cannot*, in the long run, "beat 'em"—what possible or impossible chance does the Piker cling to, what license does he hold, to "beat 'em"? By Piker is meant the vast, ever-increasing, ever-hoping horde of men, mostly youngish and optimistically imaginative, who "slough

off" their hard-wrung yet trivial "velvet", one-, two-, and five-dollar bills (and, often enough, when in straits, notes of more impressive size that don't belong to them), on the always dim and dimmer chance of "snagging out a bank-roll" that will enable them to "chuck the job" and "nudge into the game for keeps", that is to say, to become Regulars. For the most part the Pikers are clerks, mere office-boys, bookkeepers, salesmen, mechanics, even draymen, waiters, and the like, all of them men who have to work hard and who, even without gambling, are never much more than "four jumps" in front of the wolf of Need. The disaster, the ruin without remedy, the criminality, into which so many hundreds, one might almost say thousands, of these little horse bettors bring themselves through their passion for the racing "dope" is, I take it, more pitiable and more hopeless than any other feature connected with the sonorously termed Sport of Kings. Eternally the figures are opposed to them, everlastingly the racing cards are stacked against the inept, untrained, "hunch"-tossed little outside gamblers of the turf. But they "play" on, dream on, stint and deny themselves and their families, go shabby, hungry, miserable—for the Ponies. The piking game holds them as does hasheesh its votaries; and they scheme, contrive, and, in the end, not a few of them cheat and steal, in order to get the money wherewith to go on "playing 'em." This is the drab side of the game that even the Regular, busy at the tracks, does not often see. But every observant man who lives in an American city knows this drab side of racing, and the squalor and misery of it.

The Pikers drop out or are forced out, but the Regular "sticks around." Yet even for the Regular, there comes a time when the racing game loses its old glamour. The snap and sparkle fall away from it. When it at length becomes his "business," and his only "business," very humanly he begins to "get sick of it." But by the time he reaches that stage the Regular, by his reckless mode of life, has usually rendered himself wholly unfit for anything else. He can't "break away." The sea is ever calling, calling for its own; and so, in a way, is the race-track. Probe to the midriff of the average Regular, and you are likely to find him a saddened, if not an embittered man. "Gameness," it is true, becomes a habit with him. But he has his regrets and even his fears, if he rarely expresses them. One of these men,

plainly tired to the bone of the whirl of the game, once broke out suddenly to me:

"Say, it must be the gorgeous thing, hey, pal, to live 'way off in the country, right on the edge of Nowhere, just raisin' chickens—hey?"

Which reminds me that one October afternoon last year I heard "Davy" Johnson, the main Plunger of the past two racing seasons, say a few words that gave me an acute perception of the meaning of this weariness that must come to the race-track Regular.

Johnson was \$60,000 to the good on his day's gambling on the horses. He had "picked the card," as the saying runs, and had "cleaned up" on all six races.

"Best old world you ever lived in, eh, Davy?" asked a friend of the Plunger's, ranging alongside Johnson and putting an arm through his.

"Oh, not so bad," rather musingly replied Johnson, catching the mild railery of the allusion to his lucky day. "But there'll be a to-morrow and a next day. Say," suddenly straightening up and gazing a bit wistfully at a bunch of boys with hockey-sticks skylarking on a lot across the way from the track railway station, "d'ye know where I'd like to spend to-morrow and the day after to-morrow? Why, right on that lot over the way there, playing shinny with those shavers—I would, by blazes! I'm so infernally tired of this fool game—tired—tired—tired," waving a hand about to include the track and all its works. And the burly steel-nerved

man looked tired—and tired in the way he meant.

That Plunger-man came pretty close to symbolizing the state of mind of many a "saddle-sore" Regular of the race-tracks. Many of them often feel—I know it, for I know them—that they'd like to "flag the old game" and spend a whole long time "playing shinny with the kids" off on a vacant lot somewhere; or "cut out the ponies" and settle down to the peacefulness of "raisin' chickens"; or "sidestep the gee-gees" and put in the balance of their time "a-fishin' in the old crick."

The homeliest and truest maxim of the running turf is this: "The ponies will get your shirt if you stick around with 'em long enough." "Your shirt" is a rude paddock metaphor. It means your ambition; your nerve; your battling and winning chance in the world of men who worthily and bravely strive and compete for what they gain. It means that, if you "stick around with them long enough," the ponies will beat down under their flying hoofs every normal human interest with which you started out in life; that they will finish (if the turf's "mortality figures" tell the truth) by trampling you into the ground, so to speak.

If it were only "your shirt," literally, that the ponies took for toll! Shirts there are and will be a-plenty, already fashioned and yet to be wrought; but, unhappily, we can be provided with but one outfit of the other things that the ponies "get"—if we "stick around with 'em long enough"!



"REGULARS."



## WET LILACS

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Illustrations by Karl Anderson

MEMORY had always played almost an abnormal part in his life. It kept his past so vividly before him, in fact, that it even stood in the way of his accepting new friends, new associations, new beliefs. And because there is always something wistful about a memory, even the memory of pleasant events, the wistfulness of "the days that are no more," it saddened many of his hours, often turning him suddenly grave amid gay company, who saw no cause for his change.

When, therefore, he alighted from the New York train in Boston one May afternoon, and was precipitated, as it were, into a vortex of familiar scenes, a mood of trembling sensitiveness to old associations, old memories, came upon him that was not to be shaken off, still less ignored.

Five years in Boston bring fewer changes than elsewhere. To him, a New Yorker now, the city seemed, indeed, to epitomize changelessness. The same department stores were there that once had loomed so large when he trailed through them, counter high, in tow of his mother, and always lost his bearings, so that when he emerged the sun was inevitably shining in the north. How small they seemed now! He went up Winter Street on the narrow sidewalk and greeted the Park Street Church with very real affection. Park Street itself, beautiful with stately trees and quiet brick fronts, still climbed the slope to the State House, and the golden dome still crowned the green Common. It seemed to him but yesterday that the horse-cars had run along Tremont Street; those

hideous little subway stations on Brimstone Corner (the "litter of the Public Library") did not belong in the picture at all. As he crossed to them, he walked in memory with his father, a grave, elderly man, bound for the brick club on the hill. There other grave, elderly men would sit discussing solemn subjects with his father, while he watched the children whose fathers didn't belong to clubs playing on the Common, or admired the brass buttons on the grave, elderly servant's wine-colored livery.

Even the car that bore him out through the Back Bay to Cambridge was full of appeals to his memory. As it drew into Cambridgeport, he saw above the ancient drug store on the corner the gilded bust of Galen, more weather-worn than of old but as aggressively pug-nosed; and there rushed over him the memory of his first sight of it, that September morning nine years before, when he had crossed the bridge alone to begin his life as a freshman at Harvard. Until that day he had never noticed it, but thereafter, for four years, he never failed to greet it as he passed, because it came to stand, in some mysterious way, as the good genius of the place, welcoming freshmen at the very threshold of Cambridge to the rich life that awaited them. But now its look seemed to be over and beyond him; it did not greet him; its eyes were on a trolley-car farther down the avenue.

His part in the life of Cambridge was over and done with. And yet that life spoke to him at every turn, tugged—through memory—at every fiber of his being! In entering Cambridge he was entering his own very existence; yet he was entering as a stranger! His face grew graver as the car rolled up the avenue. Did one lose the past so easily then? If so, why could one not lose it altogether? Why must one trail along the sad wraith of it through life, half spoiling so many hours that might have been happy? At any rate, one should not have to come back into one's own past like an alien!

He dropped off the car at Harvard Square and entered the famous tobacco store, to leave his suit-case for a time and to buy a pipe. He would feel more at home with a real brier in his teeth and the fragrance of the old mixture in his nose! The two proprietors of the store remembered him, which was gratifying, and the mixture was still on sale, and that was even more gratifying, for the first taste of it brought a thousand pleasant

thoughts—memories of those delicious pipes after dinner in the Yard, or under the oaks up the Charles, or on Syd's window-seat in the semidarkness of a June evening.

Sydney had been his closest friend in college. He had never been without many good friends who were precious to him; but for none of them had he experienced the affection that he felt for Sydney, affection that was almost worship in his college days, and would have been so still had not fate parted them soon after graduation. Sydney was pure as a girl, handsome as a young Greek, something of a poet, certainly with a fastidious and keen appreciation of poetry, physically strong and athletic, manly among men, and charming among women. Memory of this man was his finest treasure of those college years, and as he strolled into the Yard the shade of Sydney seemed to walk with him, an arm flung over his shoulder as of old. Yet actually his friend was on the other side of the Rockies, living a life in which he no longer shared. They were bound together now only by a memory. And the realization hurt him. His old self, which had shared Sydney's comradeship, seemed like a third person, of whom he was jealous.

A thousand and one recollections flooded over him as he paced the familiar Yard, looking up at his old rooms in Holworthy now and then, half expecting to see his own face in the window. The Yard was warm and green; the boys loitered with note-books, sat on the grass, hastened by with tennis-rackets. It was all care-free, leisurely, light-hearted, as of old. Yet underneath were smoldering dreams and desires and lyric emotions such as youth alone knows.

He remembered how he himself had sat beneath that elm where now a youth sprawled over a book, at an hour when the sun was setting in watery gold behind the cemetery opposite the gate, and how God had spoken to him out of the radiant west, bidding him follow Beauty all his days. He remembered how the cool shapeliness of old University, clothed in ivy, had glimmered one midnight under the moon and had filled him with a lasting passion for comeliness in buildings. The emotions, the enthusiasms of those days had a freshness, a frank mastery about them that he knew no longer. And he looked at the Yard full of buoyant youth sadly—as he had watched "Peter Pan" with moist eyes, while the rest of the audience laughed. After all, just growing up is the great tragedy!

He was about to depart when he caught sight of the Yard postman coming out of Matthews. An overpowering wave of memory swept upon him at that glimpse of gray uniform. How many days he had sat reading or working in his room till the hour for the postman, and then had dropped his book to listen with beating heart for the step on the stair, the "click, click" of the letter slots below him, and finally the click of his own and the thud of his letter on the floor. Then he would rush to get it. Or sometimes—pretty often, he recalled now—there would be no click of his slot, and he would go back to his work with a sickening sense of disappointment.

How much she had meant to him! How his love for her—the daybreak passion of a high-strung, sensitive boy—had colored all the world for him, opening, indeed, the very treasures of poetry and music, explaining Keats and Chopin! After all, the trail of her palpable presence was over even the college Yard. Yet she meant nothing to him now, nor did he mean aught to her. Nothing? This at least she meant, he suddenly realized, that as the object of his first love, as the recipient of all those golden

love! If he could only forget them, then perhaps that other, golden head that he now saw so often and with such pleasure would put on "the aura of enchantment" and he could complete his life. But how to forget?

He found his sister, a Radcliffe freshman whom he had come on to see, busy preparing for an examination with all the nervous conscientiousness of the college girl. So after dinner he wandered down to his old clubhouse, and bored himself till bedtime.

The next day, Sunday, it was raining when he woke, at nine o'clock. The house was still; the world outside was still save for the patter of the rain and the song of a robin. He lay in bed a long while, enjoying the silence—so refreshing after the omnipresent noises of New York—and the smell of wet lilacs that drifted in at his open window.

The smell of lilacs! What a host of pictures that odor called up in his brain! He saw again the window square that faced his bed in childhood grow gray and then rose-colored and then golden with the break of day, while outside the robins sang, and the perfume of the lilacs floated in to him. He felt again the drowsy heat of the schoolroom on his eye-



SHE WAS PLAYING A SONG THAT THEY BOTH KNEW.

dreams and desires of his youth, she stood in some mysterious way between him and any future affection, an affection that he ardently desired and had seemed on the point of achieving, though always something had intervened—he understood now that it was her ghost. She had robbed him of those first dreams and longings that are the essence of

lids, the drone of the teacher's voice in his ears, the heavy scent of the great, purple blooms that hung just over the window-sill by his desk. Again he dozed, or dreamed with half-closed eyes, not of fractions nor of spelling, but of the cool swimming-hole beneath the willows. Then, later, it was the scent of lilacs that had almost suffocated him

in the crowded rooms where his father lay cold in death, the grave, elderly man who had kept silent watch over his childhood, not the less loving because unexpressive. And above all, it was the scent of lilacs that had flooded him about when he had sat with her in her parlor, or hung over the piano when she sang, or kissed her good night with passionate, lingering tenderness, on the shaded side steps of the veranda. And the lilacs had been wet with rain, warm, spring rain, that night when they parted. Parted—his tortured memory must not be allowed to run on at this rate! He jumped from bed and sought his sister out.

But as the afternoon waned, she went back to her grinding and he set forth in the rain for a stroll up Brattle Street. Beautiful always to his eyes—accustomed to treeless, grim, unhomelike New York—this street of quiet, spacious houses, wide, shaded lawns, magnificent trees, and well-bred quiet was like a strain of sweet, soothing, sedate music. With its wistful appeal to his memory, under the rain, it suggested the *andante* of Mozart's E-flat symphony, and unconsciously he hummed the theme. But even as he did so, his umbrella brushed a lilac hedge that hung its rain-laden blooms out over the sidewalk, and the odor came to him overpoweringly. He paused, reflecting. After all, why not? They had not quarreled, merely parted, victims of the mysterious force that drives us on our ways and causes human affinities to wane as well as wax. Perhaps if he should see her it would, paradoxically, help him to forget, by showing him of how little use it is to hold memories of the past before the present.

Perhaps thus he might get back his day-break dreams, which he so longed for to complete his regard for the girl who was in all other ways the maid his heart desired. If he had met her first, how he would have loved her! It was not right that his first love should have flowered and borne no fruit but a memory to poison all future affections. It was not right that his past should kill his present through no fault of his, but merely because he had spent the force of his passion in vain, and could no longer give the fresh, spiritual wonder without which, for him at least, love seemed impossible, a mockery. Yes, he would go to her and get his dreams back. How, he did not know. Some way would be found.

When he alighted from the train, the rain had nearly ceased, and the sunset had pierced

a red hole through the clouds in the west. But the streets were muddy, and he waited till one of the village institutions known as "depot carriages" should appear at the station. As he waited, hoping that he would not be recognized by any of his boyhood acquaintances, Bill Langdon, the proprietor of the "depot carriage" stables, spied him and came across the tracks to talk. After numerous inquiries as to his whereabouts, his fortunes, his life in general, Bill shifted his tobacco to the other cheek and remarked pleasantly, "Well, yer' old girl's married, ain't she?"

He was too astonished at the news to laugh at the characteristic village frankness of the utterance, and as he showed his ignorance by his astonishment, the particulars came without prodding on his part. His first impulse was to take the next train back, avoiding the possible unseemliness of his call. But the counter-impulse of his original resolution, and perhaps a new curiosity, prevailed, and when a carriage arrived he drove toward her home. It was still the house of her parents—the same home in which he had known her—for her sisters had married and moved away, and the house was too large for a lonely old couple.

He alighted at the corner, some distance away, and, under shadow of the twilight, walked past her house till he could approach the side entrance under the lilac bushes unobserved. There was no light save in the parlor, and he heard her singing. Drawing near the open window, he saw that she was alone, playing without notes a song that they both knew well enough. How strange that she should be singing that song just then! He had often wondered why she loved Franz so well, since her taste was not as a rule subtle nor by any means impeccable. Perhaps it was the melancholy that lurks in his work, in "*Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen*" above all, that drew her to him, for she had a strain of vague melancholy in her own temperament. The listener at the window noted that in five years her voice had grown more mature, richer; but there was by no means the improvement in technique that real study should have brought, nor any added delicacy of interpretation. She still sentimentalized—the result, no doubt, of a taste not well-grounded and of suburban audiences. He had heard the song sung so much better on numerous occasions since their parting that he waited with impatience for her to

finish. Even memory could not conquer the artist—or the critic—in him!

As she finished, he threw a handful of pebbles against the pane, his old signal. He saw her start, put her hand quickly to her bosom; and then, without turning, she said, "Is it you?"

"Yes," he answered out of the dark.

"Why have you come?"

"I want my dreams back."

The girl came to the window and sat on the sill, looking out at him. She was startlingly unchanged. Her hair still drooped virginally over her low forehead, and her mouth was both pensive and full-lipped, like a solitary, sensitive child's, belying her rather commonplace eyes. As he looked at this mouth, old memories sang within him a troubled song, a troubled, dangerous song. Still regarding his face, she said, "What do you mean?"

"I don't know if I know myself what I mean," he answered. "You're married, aren't you? Happily? And you don't think very often about me, if at all? And you love Bob just as much as if you'd never known me?"

"I love him even more," she replied gravely. "Why should I not? I told you when we parted that I owed you a great deal, and one of the things was—how shall I put it?—knowledge of life. I had a richer life to give to Bob, and that made me grateful to you, for I knew how to meet him better, and help him, I hope, and understand him. Don't you owe anything to me in this way?"

She looked at him earnestly, sympathetically, inquiringly. As he gazed back into her face, shaded by the position of the lamp behind her, the light caught in her hair and placed an aura about her head. The rain had ceased. A star was shining in the west. The heavy scent of the wet lilacs behind him smote upon his senses insistently.

"The lilacs," he said slowly, "always the lilacs, damp and heavy with the spring rain! Make me forget the lilacs!"

The girl started up uneasily. "Come in—by the side door," she said hastily. "Somebody may pass through the yard. People often do."

She waited in the parlor, but the side door was locked, and when he rattled the knob she came to let him in. In the dim hall they shook hands. Each, at the touch of the other, hardened into a rigid attitude, and so they stood in silence, their hands clasped, looking

into each other's faces, which were white and glimmering in the dusk.

"Will, Will, Will! Don't!" she suddenly cried, snatching her hand away.

"And yet I don't love you, I don't love you at all," he said, in a curious whisper. "It is your ghost whose hand I held, your ghost that stands between me and my future."

"And I don't love you!" she cried out again. "I don't love you one bit. I love Bob with all my heart. Oh, what does it mean?"

"It means," he answered, "that part of you is mine, and part of me is yours—the parts we gave years ago when the wonder of life was on us, and thought we had given back again that night we kissed each other good-by under the wet lilac bushes. But we didn't give them back—you didn't give me mine, at any rate. You still have my soul's dreams and longings, my first love kisses. You have them, and I can't forget. The memory of them comes back now with that deadly perfume and the glimmer of your face. No, I don't love you; but my memory loves the ghost of you and runs to meet your kiss."

The girl drew back. "It's not memory with me," she said. "It's you, you, you! The touch of you makes me forget who I am, makes me feel the way I did that night when you first kissed me, under the lilacs, so long ago. I'd just put my hair up that day—" She put her hands suddenly over her face. "Oh, why did I say that?" she moaned. "Why did you let me say that? Why don't you go away? Please go away!"

"I must get back my dreams," he answered. "I, too, want to love again and be happy. But I can't use our first love as a stepping-stone, as you have done. I've spent my passion. You must give it back to me."

"Will, Will," she urged, "what you say doesn't mean anything. If you don't love me now, you *can* love somebody else. You *must* love somebody else, for both our sakes. For both our sakes, I tell you!"

Then the girl lifted her face to his and suddenly shot out, "Who is she?"

The words were like a spark on tinder. Their faces drew together, their arms in-folded each other, their lips met. And so they stood in still, passionate embrace while the heavy scent of the wet lilacs drifted in through the open door and from the orchard up the hill came the plaintive call of a whip-



"PLEASE BELIEVE IT WAS ONLY MY GHOST THAT KISSED YOU!"

poor-will, over and over, now near, now more distant, but unheard of these two, who, with eyes closed, heard only the mad throbbing of their hearts.

Presently the girl sank out of his arms with a cry, burying her face against the wall, her body shaken with dry sobs.

"What have I done? What have I done?" she moaned. "I don't even love you. You were right. It was the memory of those old days. Oh, Will, it was only my ghost that kissed you! Please believe it was only my ghost that kissed you!"

"What have you done?" he repeated slowly, as if in a daze. "You have given me back my dreams. Perhaps you don't know how, but you have. You have done nothing wrong. You will be glad, maybe, of this night, some time. Please don't brood over it. I shall never trouble you again. Good-by."

He leaned to touch his lips to her hair, but she divined his purpose and shrank away. "No," she said more calmly, "not even that! I know how I have given you back your dreams. Indeed, I never had your dreams; I thought I did, and you thought I did, but you see I didn't. But you had mine. I didn't know then why you loved me! But you have given them back to me! Oh, you sha'n't get the better of me in that!"

He stood silent, wondering if her intuition had plunged at the truth.

She went on hastily, with an undertone of the defensive, and yet of curious triumph, in her voice: "We can be frank now—we never were before. I was never what you painted me, and deep down in your heart you knew it. I was a peg to hang your dreams upon; the real me you loved only for my kisses. It was my body, my body, my body! I hate my body, I hate it, I tell you! A woman doesn't want to be loved for that—except as a last resort—I suppose it's better than nothing—anything is better than *no* love. But I have Bob! He laughs when I laugh, he is sober when I am; he understands my moods, and sympathizes. Oh, all you did was to lord it over me with your own moods! You tried to pull me up into the clouds with you, because you loved my kisses! That is why it didn't last. Now I know, now I know!"

She rose to her feet and faced him. She was no longer sobbing. She was mistress of herself. "Isn't it so?" she demanded.

"Yes," he replied, in a sober whisper. "Forgive me for coming!"

"Forgive you? Oh, Will, you don't un-

derstand as well as I do, now! Don't you see you *had* to come? We should both have gone on thinking all our lives that we had missed the goal, that the fairest ideal had never been attained. Each would have been in the other's background all the time like a lost, disturbing dream."

"And yet the dream was very sweet," said he.

"It was," she answered. "But we can both have sweeter, now—now that we have faced the truth. Oh, how good the truth is, how it clears things up!"

She put out her hand. It was cool and strong and friendly. "Good-by," she said.

"Good-by," he answered. "How strong and fine you have grown! I should like you for a friend now!"

"I am your friend," she answered. "Remember me as that; it is better so. May you be as happy now with her as I am with Bob."

"She is strong, too," he said. "Perhaps our loves are really finer when we have lived and learned. Good-by, and God bless you."

Under the lilacs he paused, hearing a step on the front walk. It was Bob, who entered the house and called to his wife. The man under the lilacs heard her go to him; he heard the faint sound of their kiss, brief, hearty, conjugal. "What have you been doing, little woman?" asked her husband cheerily.

"Oh, singing and wondering if you'd ever get home," she answered, with a deep, contralto note of affection in her voice.

"No callers to cheer you up?" he asked.

There was a pause. "No," she slowly answered, "not a soul."

The man under the lilacs moved quickly through their shadow and the shadow of the maples by the wall to the street, crossed to the shadow on the other side, and hastened away. "She spares him, and she spares me," he thought. "I am a fool; and I was almost a brute!"

He turned back for a last look at the familiar house on its shadowed lawn, with its wet roof gleaming now in the moonlight, and the lilac bushes pushing out a black patch around the corner. But the sight brought no poignant memory of the woman he had left. Instead, there came into his brain the picture of a head, another head than hers, and there was an aura upon the hair. He faced about once more and walked rapidly to the depot. And never had the night air seemed so sweet, so pure. He felt that he had been born anew.



## Paris and the Parasites

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

Drawings by Hamilton Williams after Sketches by A. G. Learned

THERE is a statue of Joan of Arc in the Place de Rivoli, in Paris, abutting upon the Hotel Regina, a fine, gilded statue of the Maid, on a high base and a higher horse, surrounded by a spiked iron fence. When you turn the corner to go to old Mrs. Pyramid's brasserie to get "*a demi of Pils*" from the genial brigand who has charge of the tables outside the door, you have a good view of it, shining in the sun. It is a warlike statue, showing the late incinerated Joan clad in armor of the most approved cut of the days when she needed garments of that kind, with a jaunty helmet, and shoes that run out to a curling point which explains, perhaps, where the French shoemakers got their ideas for the gondolas that female Parisians wear.

Should you be so fortunate as to come down the rue de Rivoli in the morning, along about dawn, when the birds are beginning to sing in the Tuileries across the way, you would be impressed. The early sun slants across the golden girl and glorifies her, and you are supposed to have poetical thoughts about the martyr and her career. At any rate, that is what happened to a tourist last summer, an American who lived at the Hotel Regina and who had been investigating Paris by gas-, electric-, rush-, and moon-light. He saw the statue. He had seen it a dozen times before, but this morning he was in the mood. He grew—or had grown—sentimental. Standing with bared head, holding tenaciously

to the iron fence for reasons not unconnected with his investigations, he recited his opinion of Joan of Arc with great declamatory effect.

"Immortal Maid!" he said. "Immortal Maid! sitting there in all the glory of a coat of gold paint and the beams of the rising sun! Would that I might find words to express the admiration, nay, the veneration I feel when I gaze on your inspired features and your iron clothes. How did you get them on!—but I digress. Immortal Maid! let it not be said that a visitor to these shores failed to appreciate the heroic heroism of your—of your—of your——"

Happily, a woman pushing a flower cart came along and tided the orator over this difficult spot. "Halt, madam," he said; "I would have dealings with you."

She halted. He took an armful of flowers, gave her a gold piece, which, to the humiliation of the French be it said, he still had left, and went back to the statue, wavering a bit, but filled with high resolve.

"Immortal Maid!" he began again, "I shall decorate your statue. I shall lay at your feet these priceless treasures of the gardens of France—of La Belle France, I may say—as a slight tribute from a humble citizen of the great Republic across the sea to one who was so lovely and so brave."

He climbed the iron fence. It took him fifteen minutes, but he climbed it and pulled the flowers through the pickets. Then he

clambered up the base of the statue, which involved some more complicated acrobatics, and began strewing the flowers, strewing them amid fervent apostrophes to the life and character and achievements of Joan.

He had been out a long time. He was tired. The morning sun was warm, and the front legs of the horse offered a cozy resting-place for a man utterly fatigued. So he sat beneath the horse, leaned against those legs, and went to sleep, with his arms full of flowers.

Half an hour later, the head porter of the Hotel Regina came out and saw him sleeping peacefully underneath the horse. The head porter effervesced like a bottle of pop. Here was a thing that had never been done. It was something. But what? All the other porters came running out to help the head porter effervesce. They blew up one after another and spouted language. It was something. That was a certainty. But what? The noise awakened everybody on the block. Even old Mrs. Pyramid stuck a night-capped head through one of her windows and inquired why it was that a respectable woman, tired with her day's labors, could not be allowed to sleep? They went to the statue, examined it from every side. The stranger slumbered.

Suddenly, the head porter, throwing a more convulsive word-fit than before, announced that it was a man. It was even so! They climbed the fence, dragged the dazed American from his perch, lifted him over the fence, and examined him, this crazy man who had desecrated the statue. There was another fit, for it was discovered that the stranger was a guest at the Hotel Regina—oh, the scandal of it! They led him in, and later in the day reported his case to the dignified director of the hotel. There was a consultation, not participated in by the American, because he was in bed. It was finally decided that the American must go. No such thing had ever happened in the Place de Rivoli before. No person had ever gone to sleep on the statue of Joan of Arc while strewing it with flowers. It was incendiary. He must go.

They told him that afternoon, and he got his baggage down and went. As he passed

out, he walked to the statue and again took off his hat. "Joan of Arc," he said, "I salute you. The United States against the world. I have this day made a new record for our proud country. I am the only person on earth who, for any reason whatsoever, has ever been put out of a Paris hotel."

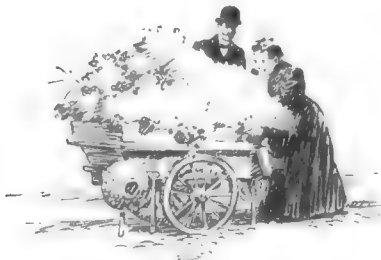
Wherein he was probably right, for they have their own ideas of the proprieties in Paris, ideas that have stood the long wear and tear of French use and of foreign invasion and have remained substantially as they were when originally formulated. Paris, you know, is Gay Paree. It is where we go to be wicked, oh, wicked as the dickens; where we get experience of "life" that we go home and talk about ever afterward. Wickedness that has not the Parisian brand is merely pale, inoffensive sin, but the Paris kind, ah—!

Likewise, Paris is the best advertised municipality in the world. People have been writing about it ever since Mr. J. Caesar came along and added the three parts of Gaul to his imperial estates, writing about it and throwing side-lights on the forbidden things one can do there and still maintain a respectable standing in society, because what is forbidden elsewhere is forgotten in Paris. They show you the island where Lutetia, the original Paris, was, and you are quite sure that in those days the unfortunate Frenchman who lived out in the woods used to wink knowingly and nod wisely when Lutetia was the subject of a talk and say: "It is dull here, but up at Lutetia is where one can have his fling." And they probably went into Lutetia in those days to have that fling, when they had accumulated the price, just as everybody nowadays goes to Paris to be devilish and debonair and as reck-

less as can be imagined; to be wicked, in fine, for Paris, as we have all read, is the wickedest place on earth, and the most fun.

There are a great many things to see in Paris that are worth seeing, pictures, buildings, statues, palaces, avenues, boulevards, churches, and all that, and most tourists see some of them, at least. But when night

comes and the lights are lit, the centuries of press notices begin to have their effect. It is Paris, you know, and the only way to see Paris is to see the real Paris, after dark, with all its



"HALT, MADAM," HE SAID.

glories, its glitter, and its gleam. What would they think back home? Hush, you are not back home. You are in Paris, a Parisian for the time being, and, besides, what's the use of coming to Paris if you are only going to tramp through the Louvre until your brain gets numb wondering when the

thought about it in the morning—or in the mornings, if you go more than once, as you will—you begin to have a dim suspicion that perhaps—it is just possible—it wasn't so tremendously wicked after all. It may even be that wickedness is one of the staples of Paris, sold to the tourist at so much a thrill, large



IT IS WHERE WE GO TO BE WICKED AS THE DICKENS.

old masters had any time to eat and sleep—they painted so many pictures—and other things like that? Must a visitor to Paris be confined to art-galleries and old churches and to sitting in the cafés and drinking coffee and watching other tourists sitting in the cafés and drinking coffee? Certainly not! You know what you want and you go out to get it. Everybody goes along; even mamma goes to some—only some—of the places, all trembly with excitement and shivery with apprehension. Oh, such sights! the regular tourist sights: Maxim's, and the Bal Tabarin, and the Moulin Rouge, the Abbaye, the Dead Rat, the cabarets, and all the rest of it—wicked, wicked, wicked.

Then, when you have looked it all over, and

supply constantly in stock, warranted up-to-date, but as artificial as most of the diamond necklaces you saw.

Well, brethren of the Great Association of the Stung in Paris, that is exactly what it is. The Frenchman is a shrewd and grasping person. He will sleuth a franc for hours and hours. He is not unmindful that the vast literature about Gay Paree has had its effect upon the strange beings who come from other parts of the world padded with money, and he makes Paree gay and gets the upholstery. The wickedness the tourists rush so avidly to see is carefully planned and laid out for those tourists by the foot rule and chromatic scale. It is statistical, rectangular, blue print, specified abandon, for so much per. The people

who participate work at it as they would at any other trade. They do what they have to do as perfunctorily as they would wash windows.

Those student balls have property students and property dancers. Those heiresses who look so artistically young and altogether delightful at Maxim's are working right there night after night. You go to the Abbaye and listen to the red-coated orchestra. Suddenly, while the band is sawing away at some intoxicating dance, a beautifully gowned girl, who has been sitting at one of the tables, is apparently overcome by the lure of the music, and timidly gets up and does a dance in the middle of the floor, to the loud applause of the Americans and English who are present. It is so spontaneous! She retires, blushing, when she has finished. There are regular dancers in spangled dresses, and she must be a visitor, who just yielded to an impulse to add some joy to the evening. Spontaneous? Certainly; and the next night at the same time the same girl gets up timidly and does the same dance.

It is so in the cabarets. Property poets recite property poems, and property singers sing property songs. Property improvisators make property improvisations. Cabarets, supposed to be the resorts of the Bohemians,

of whom we have read so much; put out handbills advertising themselves. Come in and be bohemian. The same chemical ladies walk the same beats on the same streets, the same people are attached to the same cafés, week after week. It is all so regular, so methodical, so apparent that you begin to wonder if it is worth the money, which it isn't.



THE GENDARME.

Draw a circle a mile or so in diameter around the center of Paris and there you have it all, practically; or, at least, all the gaiety the average visitor ever sees, and more. Outside of this circle is a big, provincial city, filled with people who get up early in the morning, labor all day and until late at night, and get up next day and do it all over again. They are hard driven, poorly paid, and have as little fun as any set of working people on earth. If one wants to dispossess himself of the idea that all Parisians are gay, la-la-la people, it is only necessary to go to the Central Market any morning early and observe the toil and the fruits of toil one may see there, the thousands of slaving men and women who buy and sell all sorts of market supplies. They work every minute, at the hardest kind of labor, and it is so in the shops and the factories and elsewhere. They are very far from being a joyous and care-free people. For the most



THE SAME CHEMICAL LADIES WALK THE SAME BEATS, WEEK AFTER WEEK

part, they seem to be possessed with the idea that unless they are constantly busy they will not have enough to buy bread and cheap wine with; and they probably will not.

Inside the circle, there is a perfect organization for the acquirement of tourist money. Knowing that the tourists want to be wicked when they get to Paris, the Parisians have provided ample opportunity, purely as busi-

ness enterprises. This core of Paris is no more the real Paris than the Tenderloin is the real New York, but it passes for that with most people who go there, and the provident French, having methodical minds, notwithstanding their artistic tendencies, put on their shows, collect their tolls, and consider it all in the day's work. It is as mathematical as the multiplication table. Ardent, impulsive, artistic, volatile, mercurial Parisians! Yes, all of that, but they lust for that foreign gold with

a rapacious lust, and for the sake of it will show you anything you want to be shown. A Frenchman is greedier for money than even an Englishman. An Englishman will cheat you out of an extra shilling in the pound and congratulate himself; he might even deign to beat you out of a sixpence; but if a Frenchman cannot take away from you illegally a franc or two, he will cheerfully cheat you out of so



THEY GOT TOGETHER AT VARIOUS PLACES IN THE QUARTER, AND WERE PAINSTAKINGLY DEVIL-MAY-CARE.

ness enterprises. This core of Paris is no more the real Paris than the Tenderloin is the real New York, but it passes for that with most people who go there, and the provident French, having methodical minds, notwithstanding their artistic tendencies, put on their shows, collect their tolls, and consider it all in the day's work. It is as mathematical as the multiplication table. Ardent, impulsive, artistic, volatile, mercurial Parisians! Yes, all of that, but they lust for that foreign gold with

small a sum as ten sous and consider he has done a good stroke of business.

He's thrifty, too. He can get money from loose-fingered Americans in the most adroit manner, but when he gets it, it has vanished, mostly from circulation. It makes a Frenchman yell with pain to spend a franc. He is no prodigal, to throw away his substance. He buys his pleasures cheaply. He is the only person on earth who can sit in the same seat in a café from four o'clock in the afternoon until



ARDENT, IMPULSIVE, ARTISTIC, VOLATILE, MERCURIAL PARISIANS!

midnight and have a fine time writing letters on paper the café furnishes to him for nothing, consuming the while four cents' worth of gooseberry sirup and water. He looks with astonishment at the strange folks from other countries who think nothing of scattering a louis or two about in a night. He cannot comprehend them. All he can do is to try to get some of the change.

Presumably there are hotels in Paris where travelers from other parts of France—Frenchmen—stop. Apparently, only tourists stay at the hotels in the core. These are conducted for tourists, and priced for tourists, and they milk the tourists until the screams of rage drown the rattle of the cabs. Also, there are plenty of places where people can stay for small sums—if they want to; but the hotels in the center of the city are not operated for that class of trade. The Paris hotel keeper in the center has but one definite object in view, which is to get all the money he can, as quickly

as he can—to take it all at once, for he knows nobody will stop with him a second time.

A Paris hotel is a Paris hotel. "You must remember," said an indignant expatriate, in a letter to a paper last fall, answering the complaint of an American who had been swindled, "that you cannot expect American service in these hotels. They are mostly built after the plans of old castles, with courts in the middle of them, and they are not constructed for the acme of service we get at home." Not many Americans had thought of that. Probably the Paris hotel keepers hadn't, either, or it would have appeared in the bill. It is true that the biggest hotels have courts, which are fine appendages. It adds much to the enjoyment of a small inside room that costs fifty francs a day, to have the baggage wagons come into the court early in the morning and to have the cabs and automobiles going in and out all night long. It conduces to rest.

There are some new hotels, though, built or

rebuilt in the past ten years, since the stream of American gold became swollen. At one or two of these the prices are so high that New York hotel keepers who have investigated the tariffs have gone home blue and despondent because they had so much to learn about their business. The service is a jest. If you try to send up a card to a person stopping at one of these hotels, nine times out of ten the boy wanders around with the card and finally brings it back to you with the information that the person whose name is on the card—yourself—is not to be found. And any one who has never tried to use a telephone in a Paris hotel has no knowledge of what real trouble is.

An American woman had a \$500 bill. She wanted to get it changed in order to pay for her steamship ticket. She gave it to a hotel cashier, who looked at it and handed her change for 500 francs—\$100. She protested. The cashier shrugged his shoulders. He declared that he had no \$500 bill. That was all there was to it.

An American man, coming by, stopped to see what was the matter. The woman told her story. The American man insisted that the cashier show the money in his drawer. He refused. The manager was sent for. He held a conversation with the cashier in French

and announced that there was nothing to do. The cashier had no \$500 bill.

"He has a \$500 bill either in the drawer or in his pocket," said the American. "I know this lady is not mistaken. Now, you take out that drawer and show me the money in it, or I will tear down this grating and look for myself."

There was much excitement, but the American persisted, and some other Americans, happening along, helped out. The cashier took out his drawer. The \$500 bill was at the bottom, under all the other money.

What happened? Did the manager apologize? Was the cashier discharged? Not at all. Both manager and cashier shrugged their shoulders and said: "Ah, it was a mistake!" It was an American woman—legitimate prey. It would have been a fine, profitable, Gallic joke if they had stolen that \$400.

Now, that was in one of the leading hotels of Paris, and it is a sample of the way Americans are fleeced every day by people to whom they pay large prices for inferior accommodations. And the hotels are not the only ones. The whole core is organized to swindle visitors, either by abnormally high prices or by tricks like that.



THEY ARE THE GREATEST ARTISTS AT THE DEFERENTIAL PHRASE AND THE OBSEQUIOUS BOW.

They have little shops on some of the avenues for the sale of toy dogs, cunning Pomeranians and King Charles spaniels and black-and-tans. The dogs are curled and perfumed and ribboned, and are expensive. Still, if you want a dog of that kind, you generally can afford to pay what is asked. So you buy a Pomeranian, bright and cute and active, for whatever the price is. In one case it was \$300. The dog is apparently in the best of health when he is turned over to you, but that night, or the next day, he gets sick; his eyes become glassy, and you think he is about to die.

You hurry back with him to the dog store. There is much agitation. The dog seller cannot understand how it is that poor little Pierre, yesterday so active and so engaging, can to-day be so sick. He will, as a great favor, see what he can do to bring the dog back to health. It will take time. In a few days you go back to get your dog. Alas! the dog man grieves to tell you, the night before poor little Pierre breathed his last. He has been buried. It is all over. Such a misfortune for Madame or Monsieur. Still, the ways of Providence are inscrutable. Would Madame care to buy another dog? Ah, Madame, the dog was in health when it was delivered! There can be no recompense. And there is none.

The dog was drugged before it was delivered. It quickly revived when it was treated at the store after its return, and it did not die at all. It was sold to some one else.

Travelers expect to be swindled. That is part of the game. And not much sympathy should be wasted on persons who have money enough to buy Pomeranian pups. These incidents are set down here merely to illustrate what you get from our friends, the ingenious Parisians.

One opportunity for extortion that the American influx has done away with, in a great measure, is the menu card with no prices on it. Some of the cafés do not print their prices even now, but most of them do; so when a dinner is ordered there is a chance that the diner will know within fifteen or twenty francs of what the total will be. Of course, it will be impossible for him, a traveler, to know exactly before the waiter



presents the bill, for he cannot figure in the service charges and how much the butter and bread cost. Nor will he ever know, until he finds it on the bill, just what some of the distinguished food purveyors charge for "satisfaction." That may be four francs or eight francs, or whatever the host thinks you should pay him for the privilege of spending your money in his place.

During the American season in Paris, from May until the end of October, the famous restaurants are so crowded during the dinner hours that it is hard to get a seat. The tourist hears of the little places where the food is exceptional and where only a select few are entertained, but he rarely gets to them. He goes to the restaurants known all over the world, and he gets good food, but the patrons are so many, generally, that the service is hurried. The waiters whisk on a course and whisk it away again, hoping you will finish and give others a chance. The clatter is deafening. People are jostling in and jostling out. It is like dining in a railway restaurant—except that the food is good.

There are all sorts of restaurants. You may dine in the treetops, or in the cellar. You may dine in the woods by the side of the river, or in the street, if you like. If you know how to order, you can dine well and inexpensively. You can always dine well, whether you are skilful enough to make it cost little or not. There are numerous ways of impressing the stranger with the superiority of the French as food financiers. One is the fruit dodge. Fruit, in Paris, appears to be the most expensive commodity they have in the restaurants, although you can buy it cheaply enough from the street vendors and at the markets.

'Ware fruit, if you would be happy. It is beautiful. The peaches and the grapes and the pears and the apples are so perfect they look as if they had been molded and painted. A big dish of fruit after dinner is tempting, but 'ware fruit.

There was a party of five Americans at the Café de Paris. The host had been in Paris many times. The others were making their first visit, and were delighted with the whole affair. The fruit came along.

"Oh," gurgled one of the ladies. "What lovely fruit!"



"Yes," said the host, "it is very nice, but wouldn't you like some coffee?"

"Doesn't it look perfectly delicious?" gurgled another lady, as she took a peach.

"I think they have fine liqueurs here," observed the host tentatively.

"Liqueurs can wait," they exclaimed; "we want some of those beautiful peaches."

Everybody took a peach—but the host. He lighted a cigar and sat back in his chair and watched the carnage. Some took two peaches. They were fine. Eight, altogether, were disposed of, for two of the guests took one apiece to carry to the hotel. The host was game, but he turned over the corner of the bill so that one of the uninitiated men could see it. Those peaches cost him six francs, or \$1.20, each, and it was in the peach season. 'Ware fruit in Paris.

All the big restaurants have *cabinets particuliers*—private rooms—scattered up-stairs and down, and most of the places have several dining-rooms of one kind and another on two or three floors. The *cabinet particulière* is a time-honored Parisian institution. It is indigenous.

"Meet me at Marguery's at one to-morrow for luncheon," said an American who lives in Paris to a friend from home.

The friend from home went to Marguery's. It was crowded. He looked about for his host, but he had not arrived, so he stood around in the way of the hurrying waiters for a few moments and finally landed in a passage back of the dining-rooms, at the foot of the stairs, where there were a few chairs.

At one end of this passageway was the desk, with a beaming and ample Frenchwoman presiding over it, aided by two younger women. The three women saw the stranger sitting there and giggled. The head-waiter appeared, and the women pointed to the waiting citizen and giggled again. The head-waiter came over and made a profound bow: "Ah, monsieur, welcome! And when will the lady arrive?"

"There is no lady. I am waiting for a man."

The head-waiter shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and waved his hands. Monsieur was pleased to joke. Would he desire to order his meal now, and what would he have, and which *cabinet particulière* would he prefer?

"But there is no lady."

The head-waiter laughed heartily. He walked back to the desk, and presently the ample Frenchwoman came over. It was so

dreary for monsieur waiting here. These young women never would keep their engagements on time. They were so careless. For her part, she would hurry feverishly if she knew so good-looking a young man were waiting for her, and would not monsieur indicate that they might honor themselves by serving himself and his lady when she arrived?

The waiters who were passing along the corridor became interested. It was true. Here was an American who was waiting for a lady, and she did not come. Ah, how sorrowful! The young women at the desk were sympathetic. Then came the head-waiter. "Ah, monsieur, still here? Yet have courage! It is raining very hard, and that may have delayed her. And that *cabinet particulière* is ready. Oh, you may be sure of that!"

Every waiter in the place was watching by this time. The ample lady from the desk made another visit and proffered more sympathy. A tall, feather-boaed Frenchwoman came through the passageway. All held their breath. She passed without noticing the embarrassed man in the chair. There were sympathetic "ah-h-h-s!"

"In a moment," soothed the ample lady. "She will be here in a moment. Of that I am sure."

"But there is no she," exploded the American.

"La la la, why be so secretive? One wouldn't be a Frenchwoman if one did not love a romance."

And they all smiled on the blushing visitor, who was ready to bolt.

Just then the host came in. "Pardon me, old chap," he said. "I was detained a few minutes. I'm sorry."

They went out together to eat. The head-waiter, the ample lady, and the two assistants were stunned. It was beyond their comprehension that a man should wait in a restaurant for another man.

The Latin Quarter is not what it once was. There is authority for that statement. Any person who has been two consecutive weeks in Paris will tell you so with sobs. The lamentations of those who have been there six months are heart-rending when they relate the same sorrowful story. It seems to be a personal grief, some bereavement that has saddened them for life. I don't know why, for the Latin Quarter seemed to be doing business when I was there. At any rate, there were droves of students, or persons I took to be students, with funny whiskers and long hair

and flowing ties, and they got together at various places in the Quarter and drank beer or wine and sang songs and were quite studiously and painstakingly devil-may-care. And I went to one of their balls. It was most preconceivedly riotous. Everybody seemed to have a particular bit of wickedness—or what passed as wickedness—to do, and every one did his or her part at the right time and with all the outward symptoms of gusto. So far as I could learn, the students do what they please. If they ever did more than that, then the Quarter has deteriorated. The trouble is, probably, that the persons who think it is not so gay and care-free as it once was, have grown a bit less careless and gay themselves. They have changed their view-point. However, it is the proper thing to say the Quarter has gone back. It makes people think you know all about it. So you can hear the lamentations any time you run across a traveler.

It is a passion with the Parisian to sit out on the street to take his refreshment. No Parisian is happy unless he can be seen. He sits at a café table, along the boulevard, when he is so cold his nose is blue, with his feet on a charcoal warmer, and imagines he is happy. In the summer time the cafés are the wonders of the city. There are miles of them along the boulevards, with thousands of little tables, at which the Parisians and the tourists solemnly pose, mostly staring at the people who are walking by and being stared at by them. The men who sell indecent post cards and pictures slither along the edges. The guides stand around on the corners and accost every American they see, and they see them all. "Want a guide, sir?" they whisper. If you do not, they cheerfully tackle you next time you come along. They never make a mistake. They can tell an American half a block. "How do you do it?" I asked one of them, and he confided the secret. They tell Americans by their shoes. After that explanation it was simple enough, as any one will admit who has ever taken note of the things the Frenchmen wear for shoes.

The boulevards swarm with people from early afternoon until midnight. It is quite likely that every one, nearly, who goes to Europe walks, at one time or another, in front of the Café de la Paix and down the boulevards a few times. In summer there is as much English spoken as there is French, in the restaurants, the shops, the cafés, and along the streets. The Frenchman is an adaptable person. He knows he must speak English

in order to do business, and he learns it. There is no pride of tongue or race about him. He would learn to speak Esquimaux if there were any Esquimaux business to be had.

Thus, the core of Paris, the tourist Paris, the Paris that is Gay Paree, organized for and supported by foreign money, is one great conglomeration of restaurants, cafés, *brasseries*, hotels, moving-picture shows, theatres, phonograph parlors, shops where there are three prices—the lowest for the French, the next lowest for the English, and the highest for the American—and American bars. The American bar flourishes. It is called an American bar because there is nothing like it in America and because somebody in it can make what he fondly calls a cocktail. That is the continental idea of an American: a person who exudes money at every pore and drinks nothing but cocktails. Therefore, all that is necessary for an American bar is a cocktail mixer and mixture, and the Americans will do the rest by supplying the money and taking the drinks. Likewise, American bars are so called because they are frequented by Americans who are temporarily embarrassed for funds, whose remittances have not arrived or who are otherwise pathetically in hard luck. As all Americans are susceptible to pathos, the wise ones remain away from the American bars. It spoils one's day so to be obliged to weep with an unfortunate countryman, and it spoils it still more to be obliged to lend him money, which one always must do if one has wept, you know.

The gendarme is a gloomy person who stands in deep meditation in the middle of the street and awaits to arrest you for obstructing the traffic if a cab knocks you down, which is proper, for you are supposed to fly from pavement to pavement. One always wonders what the gendarme would do with his funny little sword if he ever really got into action, but wise persons do not experiment to find out. The French soldier in heavy marching order appears to have looted a hardware store. He is hung with pots and pans from head to heel and clinks, as he walks, like a load of steel rails going over a rocky road. His uniform was undoubtedly invented by a bow-legged man, for by reason of the peculiar draping of his pantaloons every French soldier's legs resemble a pair of parentheses.

It is in Paris that the whisker reaches its highest state of cultivation and development. The luxuriant verdure on the faces of some of the Parisians who strut along the boulevard

every day can be compared to nothing but the riot of vegetation in the tropics. Every Parisian has whiskers, much whiskers if he can, but some whiskers, at any rate. He supplements nature's efforts with the best aids of the barber, and trains and nurtures his hirsute appurtenances with anxious care. Why the Parisian runs so strongly to whiskers has never been explained. Nobody knows. It has been the subject of many an earnest discussion among travelers, who have been astounded by the effulgence of the beards they have met. There is no law about it. The Parisian needn't have whiskers unless he wants them. The only tangible explanation is that he thinks they add to his personal beauty, which may be true. Almost anything that would put a few completing touches on the Gallic countenance would do that.

The Parisians spend hours on their beards and educate them into formal gardens, set pieces, shrubbery, terrace, and vista effects. They lay out hairsapes with them, arrange them in undulating meadows and twine them on pergolas. There is the long, spade concoction much sought by men with black beards, which consists of about a foot of hair cut square across the bottom, and adds much glory to the wearer, for the whiskers always shine and glisten in the sun. There are side-winders and pointed ones, the heart-shaped and the curved, the waved and the plain. A man who can train his whiskers to grow in a new way is as much of a celebrity as a man who writes a good poem or paints a good picture. There is much rejoicing when the young Parisian discovers that the beard will sprout uniformly over his face. Still, nature is coy with most of them. The usual Parisian face is fertile for whiskers only in spots. This causes no embarrassment. It merely gives the budding boulevardier a chance to exercise his artistic ingenuity and his loving care. Obviously, if a man's whiskers grow in patches he can apply a different treatment to each patch, and that is what the Parisians do, attaining a crazy-quilt consummation that is as fascinating as it is extraordinary.

Germany, as a whole, cannot be said to have done much for France in an economic or an artistic way, but the Emperor William did do one thing that partially compensates for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. He invented the fashion of turning the mustache, at both ends, sharply toward the eyes and training it to remain in that affrighted con-

dition. The Parisians seized on this triumph of the hirsute art and claimed it for their own. Every Paris mustache is taught to grow that way, which adds spice to the general whisker composition, puts some ginger into it, so to speak.

There are newspapers in Paris for every shade of public opinion. Every political faction has an organ, and so has every religious faction and every other kind of faction. There are Hebrew newspapers and anti-Hebrew newspapers; socialist newspapers and anti-socialist newspapers, and newspapers for every variety of socialism; royalist newspapers, republican newspapers; agnostic newspapers, religious newspapers—all sorts of newspapers, each one defending a slant of the public mind and fostering it. The news-stands are loaded down with these sheets, most of them poorly printed and having but a few pages. News is a matter of no concern. If they get what is going on, all well and good. If not, they clip it from the paper that did get it and print it next day. But they have the opinions of their special writers on the political questions that are uppermost or are interesting to the clique that maintains the paper for which each one of these crusaders writes. Some of the journalists are mighty clever and some of them are pretty stupid. All try to be extremely Gallic, which palls some after you have read them for a time. They affect the short paragraph and the exclamatory style, which is tiresome, for continual verbal sky-rockets get on the nerves.

Paris cannot boast many reporters, in the American sense of the term. The men who make the Paris newspapers write opinions, not news. But, supposing one of the best of the French newspaper men were told by his director to go over to the Latin Quarter and write the story of a murder, this is what would result: The paper would have a column or more beginning with the all-important fact that the writer was in the office, attending to his correspondence or polishing his whiskers, or something, when he was informed by the editor that there had been a murder at such a number rue St. Séverin. It was his duty to his paper to go to the spot and ascertain the truth of the report, and get the facts, but, just here, he desired to say he was intimately familiar with the rue St. Séverin and the ruelles du Chat-qui-Pêche—ah—most historic—and associated with these memories are anecdotes with which he fills the first quarter of a column.

Then, let it be known, he went to the street, buying on the way a flower from Marie, the flower-girl, and meeting his colleague, So-and-So. They discussed the latest play at the Comédie Française, during which discussion the writer gave his opinion, which is set down in the next quarter of a column. Several other distinguished men were met on the way to the scene of the crime, and what the writer said to them is put down, the writer always getting the best of the passages. He reached the house in the rue St. Séverin. There was a colloquy with the concierge, and the writer got off a *bon mot* that seemed to him excellent, and that is duly recorded. The daughter of the concierge escorted him up the stairs. There, too, the writer shone as a maker of *bon mots*, and he got the better of the daughter of the concierge with a witty sally which is embalmed in the story, then a column and a half long.

They reached the door—ah—they entered the room—ah—they approached the spot—ah! It was true. There had been a murder—ah-h-h! Yes, indeed, it was true. There had been a veritable murder. Ah-h-h!

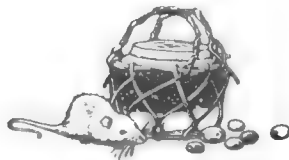
And then he signs his name and lets it go at that.

Among the myths about the Parisians that have been fastened on the world at large, is the notion that they are the politest people we have. That is a good, old one, but when you come to analyze it, its mythical qualities soon show. The Parisians are conversationally polite. They are the greatest artists at the deferential phrase and the obsequious bow. Actually, the Parisian is not polite. He is not even passably polite. He is discourteous and disagreeable. He walks along the streets as if he owned them, and refuses to turn out no matter what the circumstances are. He bumps into passers-by who are used to the ordinary street courtesy, swoops upon the best seats in the public conveyances, will not budge an inch when your theatre seats are beyond him, crowds you in the restaurants and cafés, ogles every woman he meets, and is generally offensive. To be sure, if he sees a

chance to get anything away from you or to advance his own interest at your expense, he says: "*Pardon*"—and does what he has in mind. His politeness consists of that one word: "*Pardon*." So far as his language goes, he is courteous. But it is all conversation.

As a class, the Parisian—the Parisian within the core of Paris—is a joke. He is vain, egoistic, foppish, and full of piffle. He talks about himself for hours at a time, boasts of his conquests of women, poses—without accomplishment—as a literary man or artist, parades along the boulevards and sits on exhibition at the cafés. He knows nothing about any other country and cares less. His ignorance of what is going on in the world is abysmal. His idea of the universe embraces only the core of Paris. He is loud with talk of his personal bravery and runs like a rabbit when any one pulls his whiskers. His idea of a retort to an aggressor is to stand and shriek "*Yah, yah yah!*" which is as far as he can get in that line. To be sure, there are men in Paris who are great writers, great painters, great statesmen, great lawyers and doctors, and great merchants. But the Parisian who is in evidence, the Parisian who predominates, is a joke.

But remember, that means the Parisian who predominates in the core. The Parisian who lives and works outside this core—it would not be fair to call it heart—is thrifty, frugal, hard-headed, and industrious, sensible and self-respecting. And the idea that all Parisians are careless, immoral, and non-domestic gets a rude shock when one goes to the parks on a Sunday feast-day. The ordinary Parisian, the one outside the core, goes picnicking with his whole family—father, mother, children, and all. There are hundreds of these little family groups on any fine Sunday, eating beneath the trees or on the lawns, and playing games. They are the people who enable the Bank of France to maintain more gold than England and Germany have together—the most domestic people on earth.



# THE SHADOW WORLD

## A Realistic Account of Occult Phenomena

By **HAMLIN GARLAND**

*Author of "The Tyranny of the Dark"*

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—We present herewith a brilliant study upon a subject of universal interest—the mysteries of what is known as "the spirit world." All of us have heard weird tales of strange, unseen forces; these forces have even touched closely the lives of many of us. The police reports offer us daily stories of charlatanism; learned treatises, couched in bewildering terminology, are always available in the public libraries. But it seldom happens that we have a chance to share the first-hand experiences of one who is at the same time an absolutely reliable investigator and an entertaining writer. This is the equipment of Mr. Hamlin Garland. The series commencing here is a faithful narrative of his own experiments. It is an unbiased, thrilling story, made possible only by his exceptional opportunities for witnessing the marvelous. His freedom from emotionalism is an assurance of impartiality of judgment. The breadth of his research is indicated by his work in the American Psychical Society, of Boston, in association with such authorities as Rev. M. J. Savage, Rabbi Schindler, B. O. Flower, and A. E. Dolbear, professor of physics at Tufts College. The estimation in which Mr. Garland's work was held by the Society was manifested by his election to the Presidency, after two years' service on the Board of Directors. In these articles Mr. Garland is not exposing mediums, nor is he championing a theory. They form no part of a propaganda. They are the vivid report of a sane, not to say skeptical, investigator of things that puzzle scientists, alarm weaklings, and never fail to fascinate the curious.

**AUTHOR'S NOTE.**—The following articles are drawn from records of my actual personal experiments, and in all essentials they are as true as the reports that I made to the American Psychical Society. For literary purposes I have thrown them into a series of conversations, and for other, more obvious reasons I have concealed names and places; but no important phenomena have been consciously distorted. Without allegiance to any theory, I have followed where the evidence led.



A HUSH fell over the dinner-table, and every ear was open and inclined as Cameron, the host, continued: "No, I wouldn't say that. There are some things that are pretty well established—telepathy, for instance."

"I don't believe even in telepathy," asserted Mrs. Quigg, a very positive journalist, who sat at his right. "I think even *that* is mere coincidence."

Several voices rose in a chorus of protest. "Oh, no! Telepathy is real. Why, I've had experiences——"

"There you go!" replied Mrs. Quigg, still in the heat of her opposition. "You will all tell the same story. Your friend was dying in Bombay or Vienna and his spirit appeared to you, *à la* Psychic Research, with a message, at the exact hour, computing difference in time (which no one ever does), and so on. I know that kind of thing—but that isn't telepathy."

"What is telepathy, then?" asked little Miss Brush, who paints miniatures.

"I can't describe a thing that doesn't exist," replied Mrs. Quigg. "The word

means feeling at a distance, does it not, professor?"

Harris, a teacher of English, who seldom took a serious view of anything, answered, "I should call it a long-distance touch."

"Do you believe in hypnotism, Dr. Miller?" asked Miss Brush, addressing her neighbor, a young scientist whose specialty was chemistry.

"No," replied he; "I don't believe in a single one of these supernatural forces."

"You mean you don't believe in anything you have not seen yourself," said I.

#### WHAT IS THERE IN HYPNOTISM?

To this Miller slowly replied: "I believe in Vienna, which I have never seen, but I don't believe in a Vienna doctor who claims to be able to hypnotize a man so that he can smile while his leg is being taken off."

"Oh, that's a fact," stated Brierly, the portrait painter; "that happens every day in our hospitals here in New York City."

"Have you ever seen it done?" asked Miller, bristling with opposition.

"No."

"Well," asserted Miller, "I wouldn't believe it even if I saw the operation performed."

"You don't believe in any mystery unless it is familiar," said I, warming to the contest.

"I certainly do not believe in these childish mysteries," responded Miller, "and it is strange to me that men like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes should believe in slate-writing and levitation and all the rest of that hocus-pocus."

"Nevertheless, hypnotism is a fact," insisted Brierly. "You must have some faith in the big books on the subject filled with proof. Think of the tests——"

"I don't call it a test to stick pins into a person's tongue," said Mrs. Quigg. "We newspaper people all know that there are in the hypnotic business what they call 'horses'—that is to say, wretched men and boys, women sometimes, who have trained themselves so that they can hold hot pennies, eat red pepper, and do other 'stunts'—we've had their confessions times enough."

"Yes, but their confessions are never quite complete," retorted young Howard. "When I was in college I had one of these 'horses' appeal to me for help. He was out of a job, and I told him I'd blow him to the supper of his life if he would render up the secrets of his trade. He took my offer, but jarred me by

confessing that the professor really could hypnotize him. He had to make believe only part of the time. His 'stunts' were mostly real."

"It's the same way with mediums," said I. "I have had a good deal of experience with them, and I've come to the conclusion that they all start with at least some small basis of abnormal power. Is it not rather suggestive that the number of practising mediums does not materially increase? If it were a mere matter of deception, would there not be thousands at the trade? As a matter of fact, there are not fifty advertising mediums in New York at this moment, though of course the number is kept down by the feeling that it is a bit disreputable to have these powers."

"You're too easy on them," said Howard. "I never saw one that wasn't a cheap skate."

Again I protested. "Don't be hasty. There are nice ones. My own mother had this power in her youth, so my father tells me. Her people were living in Wisconsin at the time, and the settlers from many miles around came to see her perform. An uncle, when a boy of four, did automatic writing, and an aunt recently wrote to me in relation to my book 'The Tyranny of the Dark,' that for two years (beginning when she was about seventeen) these powers of darkness made her life a hell. There are many decent people who are possessed by strange forces, but are shy of confessing their abnormalities. Ask your family physician. He will tell you that he always has at least one patient who is troubled by occult powers."

"They call it 'hysteria,'" said Harris.

"Which doesn't explain anything," I answered. "Many apparently healthy people possess the more elementary of these powers—often without knowing it."

"We are all telepathic in some degree," declared Brierly.

#### THE READING OF SEALED LETTERS.

"Perhaps all the so-called messages from the dead come from living minds," I suggested—"I mean the minds of those about us. Dr. Reed, a friend of mine, once arranged to go with a patient to have a test sitting with a very celebrated psychic who claimed to be able to read sealed letters. Just before the appointed day, Reed's patient died suddenly of heart disease, leaving a sealed letter on his desk. The doctor, fully alive to the singular opportunity, put the letter in his pocket and hastened to the medium. The

magician took it in his hand and pondered. At last he said: 'This was written by a man now in the spirit world. I cannot read it. There isn't a medium in the world who can read it, but if you will send it to any person anywhere on the planet and have it read and resealed, I will tell you what is in it. I cannot get the words unless some mind in the earth-plane has absorbed them.'

Harris spoke first. "That would seem to prove a sort of universal mind reservoir, wouldn't it?"

"That is the way my friend figured it. But isn't that a staggering hypothesis?"

The hostess rose. "Suppose we go into the library and have more ghost stories. Come, Mr. Garland, we can't leave you men here to talk yourselves out on these interesting subjects. You must let us all hear what you have to say."

In more or less jocose mood the company trooped out to the library, where a fire was glowing in the grate and easy chairs abounded. The younger people, bringing cushions, placed themselves beside the hearth, whilst I took a seat near Mrs. Cameron and Harris.

#### THE ILLUSORY SIDE OF LIFE

"There!" said Miss Brush, with a gurgle of delight. "This is more like the proper light and surroundings for creepy tales. Please go on, Mr. Garland. You said you'd had a good deal of experience—tell us all about it. How did you happen to get into it?"

"It came about while I was living in Boston. It was in 1891, or possibly 1892. A friend, the editor of the *Arena*, asked me to become a member of the American Psychical Society, which he was helping to form. He wished me to go on the board of directors, because, as he said, I was 'young, a keen observer, and without emotional bias'—by which he meant that I had not been bereaved."

"Quite right: the loss of a child or a wife weakens even such a man as Lodge or Wallace," commented Harris. "No man who is mourning a relative has any business to be calling himself an investigator of spiritualism."

"Well, the upshot was, I joined the society, became a member of the executive board and of a special committee on 'physical phenomena,' that is to say, slate-writing, levitation, and the like, and set to work. It was like entering a new, vague, and mysterious world.

The first case I investigated brought out one of the most fundamental of these facts, which is, that this shadow world lies very close to the sunny, so-called normal day. The secretary of the society had already begun to receive calls for help. A mechanic had written from South Boston asking us to see his wife's automatic writing, and a farmer had come down from Concord to tell us of a haunted house and the mysterious rappings on its walls. Almost in a day I was made aware of the illusory side of life."

#### SHADOW WORLD CLOSE TO NORMAL LIFE

"Why illusory?" asked Brierly.

"Let us call it that for the present," I answered. "Among those who wrote to us was a woman from Lynn, whose daughter had developed strange powers. Her account, so straightforward and so precise, determined us to investigate the case. Therefore, our secretary (a young clergyman) and I took the train for Lynn one autumn afternoon. We found Mrs. Jones living in a small, old-fashioned frame house standing hard against the sidewalk, and through the parlor windows, while we awaited the psychic, I could watch an endless line of derby hats as the town's mechanics plodded by—inconstant reminders of the practical, hard-headed world that filled the street. This was indeed a typical case. In half an hour we were all sitting about the table in a dim light, with the dear, sweet old lady talking to 'Charley,' her 'poltergeist'—"

"What is that, please?" asked Mrs. Quigg.

"The word means a rollicking spirit who throws things about. I did not value what happened at this sitting, for the conditions were all the psychic's own. By the way, she was a large, blonde, strapping girl of twenty or so—one of the mill-hands—not in the least the sickly, morbid creature I had expected to see. As I say, the conditions were such as to make what took place of no scientific value, and I turned in no report upon it; but it was all very curious."

"What happened? Don't skip," bade Mrs. Cameron.

"Oh, the table rapped and heaved and slid about. A chair crawled to my lap and at last to the top of the table, apparently of its own motion. A little rocking-chair moved to and fro precisely as if some one were sitting in it, and so on. It was all unconvincing at the time, but as I look back upon it now, after

years of experience, I am inclined to think part of it, at least, was genuine. And this brings me to say to Mrs. Quigg and to any other doubter, that you have only to step aside into silence and shadow and wait for a moment—and the bewildering will happen, or you will imagine it to happen. I will agree to furnish from this company a medium that will astonish even our materialistic friend Miller."

There was a loud outcry—"What do you mean? Explain yourself!"

#### A PSYCHIC SOCIETY FORMED

"I am perfectly certain that if this company will sit as I direct for twenty-one days at the same hour, in the same room, under the same conditions, events will follow that will not merely amaze but scare some of you; and as for you, Mrs. Quigg, you who are so certain that nothing ever happens, you will be the first to turn pale with awe."

"Try me! I am wild to be 'shown.'"

Harris was not so boastful. "You mean, of course, that some of these highly cultured ladies would develop hysteria?"

"I am not naming the condition; I only say that I have seen some very hard-headed and self-contained people cut strange capers. The trance and 'impersonation' usually come first."

"Let's do it!" cried out Miss Brush. "It would be such fun!"

"You'd be the first to 'go off,'" said I, banteringly.

Harris agreed. "She is neuropathic."

"I propose we start a psychic society here and now," said Cameron. "I'll be president, Mrs. Quigg secretary, and Garland can be the director of the awful rites. Miss Brush, you shall be the 'mejum.'"

"I accept the arrangement provided you do not hold me responsible for any ill effects," I said. "It's ticklish business."

"Is the house ready for the question?" asked Cameron.

"Aye, aye!" shouted every one present.

"The society is formed," announced Cameron. "As president, I suggest a sitting right now. How about it, Garland?"

"Certainly!" I answered, "for I have an itching in my thumbs that tells me something witching this way comes."

The guests rose in a flutter of pleased excitement, while I busied myself arranging my

properties. "The first requisite is a small table——"

"Why a table?" asked Mrs. Quigg.

"It will help us to concentrate our minds, and it will also furnish a convenient place to rest our hands," I replied pacifically. "We may also require a pencil and a pad."

Miller was on his dignity. "I decline to sit at a table in this foolish way. I shall look on in lonely grandeur."

The others were eager to "sit in," as young Howard called it, and soon nine of us were seated about a little mahogany table. Brierly was very serious, Miss Brush ecstatic, and Mrs. I arris rather nervous.

I was careful to prepare them all for failure. "This is only a trial sitting, you know, merely to get our hands in," I warned.

"Must we keep still?"

"Oh, no! You may talk, if you do so quietly. Please touch fingers, so as to make a complete circuit. I don't think it really necessary, but it sometimes helps to produce the proper mental state; singing softly also tends to harmonize the 'conditions,' as the professionals say. Don't argue and don't be too eager. Lean back and rest. Take a passive attitude toward the whole problem. I find it very restful. Harris, will you turn down the lights before——"

"There!" said Miller, "the hocus-pocus begins. Why not perform in the light?"

"Subdued light will bring the proper negative and inward condition sooner," I replied.

#### WAITING FOR "THE GUIDES"

"Now will some one sing 'Annie Laurie,' or any other sweet, low song? Let us get into genial, receptive mood. Miller, you retire to the far end of the room."

In a voice that trembled a little, Mrs. Harris started the dear old melody, and all joined in, producing a soft and lulling chorus.

At the end of the song I asked matter-of-factly: "Are the conditions right? Are we sitting right?"

Mrs. Quigg sharply queried, "Whom are you talking to?"

"The 'guides,'" I answered.

"The 'guides!'" she exclaimed. "Do you believe in the guides?"

"I believe in the *belief* of the guides," was my cryptic rejoinder. "Sing again, please."

I really had no faith in the conditions of the circle. But for the joke of it I kept my sitters in place for nearly an hour by dint

of pretending to hear creakings and to feel throbbings, until at last little Miss Brush became very deeply concerned. "I feel them too," she declared. "Did some one blow on my hands? I felt a cold wave."

Harris got up abruptly. "I'll join Miller," said he. "This tomfoolery is too idiotic for me."

Cameron followed, and Mrs. Quigg also rose. "I'll go with you," she said decidedly. I was willing to quit too, but Mrs. Harris and Miss Brush pleaded with me to continue.

"Close up the circle, then. Probably Harris was the hoodoo. Things will happen now," I said briskly, though still without any faith in the experiment.

Hardly had Harris left the table when a shudder passed over Mrs. Harris, her head lifted, and her eyes closed.

"What's the matter, Dolly?" whispered Mrs. Cameron. "Do you feel faint?"

#### AMAZING DEVELOPMENTS

"Don't be alarmed! Mrs. Harris is only passing into a sleep. Not a word, Harris!" I said warningly. "Please move farther away."

In the dusky light the faces of all the women looked suddenly blanched and strange as Mrs. Harris seized upon the table with her hands, shaking it hard from side to side. The table seemed to wake to diabolic energy under her palms. This was an unexpected development, and I was much interested.

"Sing again," I commanded softly.

As they sang, Mrs. Harris withdrew her hands from the table and sat rigidly erect, yet with a peaceful look upon her face. At length one hand lifted and dropped limply upon the table. "It wants to write," said I. "Where is the pad? I have a pencil."

As I put a pencil under the hand, it was seized in a very singular way, and almost instantly Mrs. Cameron gasped, "That's very strange!"

"Hush!" said I. "Wait!"

Holding the pencil in all its fingers as a crippled person's might do, the hand crept over the paper and at last, after writing several lines, stopped and lay laxly open. I passed the pad to Brierly. "Read it aloud," I said.

"Sara, be not skeptical. Believe and you will be happier. Life is only the minutest segment of the great circle."

"MARTIN."

"My father!" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron. "Let me see the writing." Brierly handed the pad to her. She stared in blank wonder. "It is his exact signature—and Dolly held the pen just as he did—he was paralyzed toward the last—and could only write——"

"Look! it's moving again," I exclaimed.

#### A MESSAGE TO A PAINTER

The hand caught up the pencil and, holding it in a peculiar way, began moving it in the air. Brierly, who sat opposite, translated these movements. "She is drawing in the air. She is sketching the outline of a boat. See how she measures and plumbs her lines? Are you addressing me?" he asked of Mrs. Harris.

The sleeper nodded.

"Can't you write?" I asked. "Can't you speak?"

A low gurgle in the throat was the only answer at the moment, but after a few trials a husky whisper began to be heard. "I will try," she said, and suddenly began to chuckle, rolling upon one hip and throwing one foot over the other like a man taking an easy attitude. She now held the pencil like a cigarette, laughing again with such generous tone that the other women recoiled. Then she spoke. "You know—San Remo—Sands," came brokenly from her lips.

"Sands?" queried the painter; "who is Sands?"

"Sands—San Remo—boats."

The painter was puzzled. "I don't remember any Sands at San Remo. It must be some student I knew in Paris. Is that what you mean?"

Mrs. Harris violently nodded. As abruptly as it came, this action left her, and then slowly, imperceptibly, a look of ineffable maternal sweetness came into her face; she seemed to cradle a tiny babe upon her arm. At last she sighed, "Oh, the pity of it! Oh, the pity, the pity of it!"

For a minute we sat in silence, so compelling were her gesture and her tone. At last I asked, "Has any one here lost a little child?"

Mrs. Cameron spoke hesitatingly. "Yes—I lost a little baby—years ago."

"She is addressing you—perhaps."

Mrs. Harris did not respond to this suggestion, but changed into a rollicking girl of common fiber. "Hello, Sally!" she cried out, and Mrs. Cameron stared at her

in blank dismay as she asked: "Are you talking to me?"

"You bet I am, you old bag o' wool. Remember Geny? Remember the night on the door-step? Ooo! but it was cold! *You* were to blame."

#### THE PERSISTENCE OF THE MESSAGES

"What is she talking about?" I asked, seeing that Mrs. Cameron was reluctant to answer this challenge.

"She seems to be impersonating an old classmate of mine at college——"

"That's what!" broke in the voice.

Mrs. Cameron went on: "Her name was Eugenia Hull——"

"Is yet," laughed the voice. "Same old sport. Couldn't find any man good enough. You didn't like me, but no matter; I want to tell you that you're in danger of fire. Don't play with fire. Be careful of fire——"

Again a calm fell upon the psychic's delicate and sensitive face, and the hand once more slowly closed upon the pencil.

"My father again!" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron. "How could Dolly have known that he held his pen in just that way? She never saw him."

"Do not place too much value on such performances," I cautioned. "She has probably heard you describe it. Or she might have taken it out of your subconscious mind."

The pencil dropped. The hand lifted. The form of the sleeper expanded with power. Her face took on benignity and lofty serenity. She rose slowly, impressively, and with her hand upraised in a peculiar gesture, laid a blessing upon the head of her hostess. There was so much of sweetness and tolerance in her face, so much of dignity and power in every movement that I was moved to applaud the actress. As we all sat thus, deeply impressed by the figure that seemed to tower above us, Mrs. Cameron whispered: "Why, it is Bishop Blank! That is exactly the way he held his hand—his robe!"

"Is it the bishop?" I asked.

Mrs. Harris bowed and in solemn answer spoke. "Tell James all will yet be well," she said and, making the sign of blessing once more, sank back into her chair.

Voice succeeded voice, almost without pause. The sweet mother with the child, the painter of San Remo, the jovial and slangy girl, the commanding and majestic figure of

the bishop, all returned repeatedly, in bewildering mixture, dropping away with disappointing suddenness. And yet each time the messages grew a little more definite, a little more coherent, until at last they all cleared up, and this *in opposition to our thought, to our first interpretations*. It developed that the painter was not named "Sands," but "Felipi," and that he was only trying to tell Brierly that to succeed he should paint rocks and sands and old boats at San Remo. "Pauline," the woman who had seemed to hold a babe, was a friend of Mrs. Cameron's who had died in childbirth. And then swiftly, unaccountably, all these gentle or genial influences were scattered as if by something hellish, something diabolic. The face of the sweet little woman became fiendish in line. Her lips snarled, her hands clawed like those of a cat, and out of her mouth came a hoarse imprecation. "I'll tear your heart out!" she snarled. "I'll kill you soul and body—I'll rip you limb from limb!" We all sat in amazement and wonder. It was as if she had suddenly gone insane.

I confess to a feeling of profound astonishment. I had never met Mrs. Harris before, but she was an intimate friend of Mrs. Cameron, and very evidently a woman of culture. I could not think her so practised a joker as to be "putting this on."

#### A GHASTLY IMPERSONATION

While still we sat in silence, another voice uttered a wail of infinite terror and despair. "I didn't do it! *Don't* kill me! It was not *my* work." And then still more horrible to hear, a sound like the gurgling of blood came from the sleeper's lips, mixed with babbled, frantic words. I had a vivid impression that she was impersonating some one with his throat cut. Her grimaces were disgusting. The women shivered with horror. Then her face changed; the hideous mask became white, rigid, exalted terror. Her arms were drawn back as if tied at the elbow behind her back. Her head was uplifted, and in a low, monotonous, hushed voice she prayed: "Lord Jesus, receive——"

A gasping, gurgling cry cut short her prayer, and with tongue protruding from her mouth, she presented such a picture of a strangling woman that a conception of what it all meant came to me. "She's impersonating a woman on the scaffold," I explained. "She has shown us a murder and

now she is depicting an execution. Is it Mrs. R. of Vermont?" I asked.

She nodded slowly. "Save me!" she whispered.

"Waken her, please. Don't let her do that any more," pleaded Mrs. Cameron in poignant distress.

"Yes," said Harris, who had been watching his wife in amazement, "it's time to stop this."

Thereupon, taking Mrs. Harris's hand, I said sharply: "That is enough! Wake! Wake!" In answer to my command, she ceased to groan. Her face smoothed out, and with a bewildered smile she opened her eyes. "What are you saying? Have I been asleep?"

"You have, indeed," I replied, "and you've disclosed a deal of dubious family history. How do you feel?"

#### DANGER TO NOVICES

"I feel very funny around my neck," she answered wonderingly. "What have you been doing to me?" She rubbed her throat. "My neck feels as if it had a band round it, and my tongue seems swollen. What have you been about?"

I held up a warning hand to the others. "You went off into a quiet little trance, that's all. I was mistaken. You were the psychic, instead of Miss Brush."

As we stood thus confronting one another, Mrs. Cameron came between us, saying, "Do you know, Pauline came and talked with me——"

At the word *Pauline* the spell seemed to fall again over the bright spirit of Mrs. Harris. Her eyelids drooped, her limbs lost their power, and she sank into her chair as before, a helpless victim, apparently, to the hidden forces. For a moment I was at a loss. I could not believe that she was deceiving us, but it was possible that she was deceiving herself. "In either case, she must be brought out of this," I decided, and putting my hands on her shoulders I said: "If there is any 'control' here, let them stop this. We want no more of it. Stop it!"

My command was again obeyed, and the psychic slowly came back to herself, and as she did so I said warningly to Mrs. Cameron: "Do not utter another word of this in Mrs. Harris's presence. She seems to be extremely sensitive to hypnotic influence, and I think she had better go out into the air at once."

And turning to the others, I added: "You see, *this is not a game for novices to play at.*"

Harris, who had been studying his wife with half-humorous intentness, now took command. "If you've been shamming, you need discipline; and if you haven't, you need a doctor. I think we'll go home and have it out," he added, as he led her away.

No sooner were the Harrises out of the door than the women of the party fell upon me.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Garland?" asked Mrs. Cameron.

"If Mrs. Harris were not a lady, and if I had not seen other performances of the same sort, I should instantly say that she was having her joke with us. But I have seen too much of this sort of thing to take it altogether lightly. That's the way this investigating goes. One thing corroborates another. 'Impersonation' on the part of a public medium may mean nothing—on the part of a psychic like Mrs. Harris it means a very great deal. In support of this, let me tell you of a similar case. I have a friend, a perfectly trustworthy woman, and of keen intelligence, whose 'stunt,' as she laughingly calls it, is to impersonate nameless and suffering spirits who have been hurled into outer darkness by reason of their own misdeeds or by some singular chance of their taking off. My friend seems to be able in some way to free these poor 'earth-bound souls' and send them flying upward to some heaven. It's all very creepy," I added.

"Oh, delightful! Let it be *very* creepy," called Mrs. Quigg.

#### SENSATIONS DURING A TRANCE

"To begin with, my friend is as keen-eyed, as level-headed as any woman I know—the last person in the world to be taken for a 'sensitive.' I had never suspected it in her; but one night she laughingly admitted having been 'in the work' at one time, and I begged for a sitting. We were dining at her house—Jack Ross, a Miss Wilcox, and I, all intimate friends of hers, and she consented. After sitting a few minutes she turned to me and said: 'My guide is here. Be sure to keep near me; don't let me fall.' She still spoke in a humorous tone.

"'You see,' she explained, 'I seem to leave the body and to withdraw a little distance above my chair. From this height I survey my material self, which seems to be animated by an entirely alien influence. Sometimes my body is moved by these forces to rise and

walk about the room. In such cases it is necessary for some friend to follow close behind me, for between the going of "the spirit" and the return of my "astral self" there lies an appreciable interval when my body is as limp as an empty sack. I came very near having a bad fall once."

"In a few moments a change came over her face. She sank into a curious negative state between trance and reverie. Her lips parted, and a soft voice came from them. She spoke to Miss Wilcox, who sat opposite her: 'Sister—I am very happy. I am surrounded by children. It is beautiful here in the happy valley—warm and golden—and oh, the merry children!'"

#### NAMELESS WANDERING "SPIRITS"

"Miss Wilcox was deeply moved by this message and for a moment could not reply. At length she recovered her voice and asked, 'Are you speaking to me?'"

"Yes. I am worried about mother. She is sick. Go to her. She needs help. Good-by!" The smile faded; my friend's face resumed its impersonal calm.

"Did you recognize the spirit?" I asked.

"Miss Wilcox hesitated, but at last said: 'My sister was active in the work of caring for orphan children. But that proves nothing. Anna may have known it—there is no test in this. It may be only mind-reading.'"

"You are quite right," I replied. "But the message concerning your mother can be tested, can it not?"

"At this moment the face of the psychic squared, and a deep, slow voice came pulsing forth. 'Why do you wilfully blind your eyes? The truth will prevail. Mystery is all about you. Why doubt that which would comfort you?'"

"Who are you?" I inquired.

"I am Theodore Parker, the psychic's control," was the answer.

"Soon after this my friend opened her eyes and smiled. 'Do you know what you've said?' I asked. 'I always have a dim notion of what is going on,' she answered, 'but how I do it I don't know. It is just the same when I write automatically. I know when I do it, but I can't see the connection between my own mind and the writing.'"

"She now passed into another period of immobility and so sat for a long time. Suddenly her face hardened, became coarse, common,

vicious in line. Flinging out her hand, she struck me in the breast. 'What do you want of me?' she demanded, in the voice of a haridan. 'What are you all doing here? You're a nice lot of fools.'

"Who are you?" I asked.

"You know who I am," she answered with a hoarse laugh. 'A sweet bunch you are! Where is Jim?'"

"Does any one recognize this "party"? I asked. 'Ross, this must be one of your set.'

"Ross laughed, and the 'influence,' thrusting her face close to his, blurted out menacingly: 'Don't know me, hey? Well, here I am. I wanted a show and they let me in. What you goin' to do about it?'"

"I reckon you lit in the wrong dooryard," I replied; 'nobody knows you here. Skiddoo!'"

"She made an ugly face at me and struck at me with her claw-like hand. 'I'd like to smash you.'

"Good-by," said I. 'Get out!' and she was gone.

"Before a word could be spoken, a look of hopeless, heart-piercing woe came over my friend's face. She began to moan and wring her hands most piteously. 'Oh, where am I?' she wailed. 'It is so cold, so cold! So cold and dark! Won't somebody help me? Oh, help me!'"

"I gently asked: 'Who are you? Can't you tell us your name?'"

"Oh, I don't know, I can't tell," moaned the voice. 'It's all so dark and cold and lonely. Please tell me where I am. I've lost my name. All is so dark and cold. Oh, pity me! Let me come in. Let me feel your light. I'm freezing! Oh, pity me. I'm so lonely. It's so dark.'

"Come in," I said. 'We will help you.'

"The hands of the psychic crept timidly up my arm and touched my cheek. 'Thank you! Thank you! Oh, the cheer! Oh, the light!' she cried ecstatically. 'I see! I know! Good-by!' and with a sigh of ecstasy the voice ceased.

"I can hardly express to you the vivid and yet somber impression this made upon me. It was as if a chilled and weary bird, having winged its way into a warm room from the winter's midnight, had been heartened and invigorated, and had rushed away confident and swift to the sun-lands of the South.

"One by one other 'earth-bound souls' who were unable to find their way upward came into our ken like chilled and desperate bats condemned to whirl in endless outer dark-

ness and silence—poor abortive, anomalous shadows whose voices pleaded piteously for release.

"Some of them appeared to be suffering all the terrors of the damned, and as they moaned and pleaded for light, the lovely face of my friend was convulsed with agony and her hands fluttered about like wounded birds. Singular conception! Wonderful power of suggestion!

"At length, with a glad cry, the last of these blind souls saw, sighed with happiness, and seemed to vanish upward, as if into some unfathomable, fourth-dimension heaven. Then the sweet first spirit, the woman with the glad children, returned to say to Miss Wilcox, 'Be happy—George is coming back to you.'

"After she passed, my friend opened her eyes as before, clearly, smilingly, and said, 'Have you had enough?'

"Plenty," said I. "You nearly took my eye out in your dramatic fervor. I must say your ghosts are most unhappy creatures."

"She became very serious. 'I *do* have the worst collection of "influences." My work is purely philanthropic, so Theodore Parker used to tell mother. It was my duty, he said, to comfort the cheerless, to liberate the earth-bound. That's why I gave it up. It got to be too dreadful. We never could tell what would come next. Murderers and barn-burners and every other accursed spirit seemed to be privileged to come into my poor empty house and abuse it, although Parker and his band promised to protect me. I stopped it. I will not sit again,' she said curtly. 'I don't like it. It would be bad enough to be dominated by one's dead friends, or the dead friends of one's friends, but to be helpless in the hands of all the demons and suicides and miscreants of the other world is intolerable. And if I am not dominated by dead people, I fear I am acting in response to the minds of vicious living people, and I don't like that. It's a dreadful feeling—can't you see it is?—this being open to every wandering gust of passion. Don't ask me to sit again, and please don't let my friends know of my "gift."'

"Of course we promised, but the effect of that sitting I shall not soon forget. By the way, Miss Wilcox 'phoned and proved the

truth of her message. Her mother really was ill and in need of her."

As I closed this story Cameron said: "Garland, you tell that as if you believed in it."

"I certainly do believe in my friend. She is quite certain that she is controlled by those 'on the other side.' You may call it hysteria, somnambulism, hypnotism, anything you like, but that certain people are moved subconsciously to impersonate the dead I am quite ready to believe. However, 'impersonation' is the least convincing (from my point of view) of all the phases of mediumship. I paid very little attention to it in the course of my investigation. You are still in the tattered fringes of 'spiritism' even when you have seen all that impersonation can show you."

#### PLANS FOR THE NEXT MEETING

"As I told you at beginning, I have had a great deal of experience with these elusive 'facts,' and it chances that a practised though non-professional psychic with whom I have held many baffling sittings, is in the city. I may be able to induce her to sit for us."

"Oh, do, do!" cried Mrs. Cameron and Miss Brush together.

"Who is she?" asked Miller.

"I'll tell you more about her—next time," I said tantalizingly. "She is very puzzling, I assure you. When and where shall we meet?"

"Here," said Cameron promptly. "I'm getting interested. Bring on your marvels."

"Yes," said Miller, and his mouth shut like a steel trap. "Bring on your faker. It won't take us long to expose her little game."

"Bigger scientific bigots than you have been conquered," I answered. "All right. I'll see what I can do. We'll meet one week from to-day."

"Yes," said Cameron; "come for dinner."

As I was going out, Mrs. Quigg detained me. "If it had been anybody but nice little Mrs. Harris I should say that you had made this all up between you. As it is, I guess I'll have to admit that there is something in thought transference and hypnotism. *You were her control.*"

"That will serve for one evening," I retorted. "I'll make you doubt the existence of matter before we finish this series of sittings." And with this we parted.

In the May number, Mr. Garland will recount further experiments in "*The Shadow World.*"

# Governor Johnson—New Style Politician

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

*Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good," "Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?" etc.*

ALL the signs of the advancing mind of man are not limited to his works in and about the exact sciences; some of them are reflected in the slow and long-delayed but certain decline of his affectations.

Statesmanship, for instance. Consider how much in our own times the symbols of this delightful but tenuous occupation have changed! That portrait of Daniel Webster with the protuberant brow of solemn care and the chin thrust down inside the shirt collar, how deep was the gloom it cast upon two generations of American public life!

Scarcely any public man for sixty years was free from its baleful influence; if a governor or a senator could not for reasons of nature dig his chin into his collar, he could always wear a long frock coat, or stand with one hand thrust into his bosom, or look grand, gloomy, and peculiar. These were the badge and attributes of office; if one could not strut and be solemn and speak with a long pulled lip, one was out of the statesman guild and no better than the people.

I have known a man to sit six years in the House of Representatives and six more in the Senate for no other reason in the world than his ability to look grand and sad. Ingalls once called this man "a vascular and gloomy chump." Nor was he alone in these glories, not by many! The Senate Chamber of the United States has often resounded with the stately tread of majestic creatures as dull as he; and to behold the average governor of an average state ponderously grinding platitudes or revealing himself to the awe and wonder of the inferior peasantry is a spectacle ever to be cherished in one's memory. The best of men have fallen unconsciously into these posings and pratings, have habituated themselves to say "Ah!" with the full orotund, have learned to shake hands as if conferring a favor from an incalculable elevation, and have practised the

like foolish tricks, to the boundless laughter of the gods of mirth and the durable grief of the judicious.

But here is a man that has been for nearly four years governor of a great state, and though he has accomplished many remarkable things, made history, and achieved a national prominence, there is about him no more trace of the pose of statesmanship than there is about the gentleman that delivers your groceries. Beautiful it is to see how the fusty old ideals of the greatness of office seem to have perished in John Albert Johnson, Governor of Minnesota. If one may judge by his demeanor and his deeds, he is a type of a new kind of public servant, and one immeasurably better fitted to an age of general intelligence.

There is reason to believe that Governor Johnson does not think himself peculiarly great. There is reason to believe that he has no time for the superstition of superiority. He acts and talks at all times as if he thought himself only the hired man of the State of Minnesota, and not as if he believed high heaven had appointed him because of his surpassing gifts and powerful intellect to tell everybody what to do about everything. He acts just like any other hired man. It seems never to have occurred to him that he is in a position in any way superior to the position held by his fellow citizens; he seems only to think that he has been employed by the state to do a certain job, and he is trying to do it.

As an example, therefore, of a wholly new and modern idea of modern office-holding he would seem to be worth observing, even if he had not been mentioned as a promising candidate for President.

He is in other ways also rather different from the public men to whom we have been most accustomed. To judge by results (and some other things) he is one of the ablest, most adroit, and most successful politicians

we have ever had; yet there is about him none of the usual signs of the politician—signs as certain as the stamp of a coin. You know how the politician always looks at you as if he were measuring you for something; you know how you can always hear him asking himself what he can get out of you; you know, if you have observed these human comedies, how furtive and wary he is; how he looks out of the corner of his eye; how thin is the mask of bland and smug cordiality he draws over his face; how terrified he is lest he should commit himself to anything.

Governor Johnson seems to show none of these signs. He seems to have nothing to conceal; he can talk for hours and hours in a perfectly frank, human way, never saying a word that would antagonize a Southern delegation nor scare a Wall Street reactionary, and yet never seeming to dodge a thing. You ask him what he thinks about a current issue, and he will tell you with as much sign of trepidation as if you had asked the time of day. If, as often happens, he has never considered much about that topic, he will tell you so. He thinks wrong on many subjects, but so far he seems to own his thoughts, and to utter them without dreading lest there should be a bomb behind each word.

Yet he seems to have been able to accomplish many things that, with the ways of the old-time statesman or the old-time politician, would have been impossible; there is in his state much excellent legislation that is ascribed to his initiative and his power to inspire a belief in his sincerity.

We need not join the chorus of Johnson eulogists (from whose ranks I thus early declare myself aloof) to think that this is rather remarkable and worth pondering and trying to understand. Because, if what is said of John Albert Johnson, Governor of Minnesota, be true, and the methods ascribed to him are to spread or become common in our happy land, we may find it necessary to remake some of our ancient customs and to revise our most cherished ideals in our blessed politics and sacred business. A governor belonging to one political party who can induce a legislature of another and a hostile party to follow, cheer, and esteem him, and to join him heartily in plans for new and advanced legislation, ought to be an interesting phenomenon in politics and surely may be a power for good—if he will dodge out of Tariff Mews, Cleveland Court, Minnesota Street, and not let the corporations get him.

Then what is it in this singular person that has accomplished these wonders? Many descriptions of him you have read. You know, doubtless, that he is tall and spare and angular and stoops a little; that he is no beauty show; that his mouth and nose are large; that he is good-natured and unpretentious, quiet and forceful; and all these things fail to give you any clue to the secret of his power.

Of course. To look at the man himself, to study him at close range would give no such clue; hence, of necessity, description's art is but vain. Come and talk with him. We go up that hill in St. Paul whereon, in the midst of repulsive surroundings, old bill-boards and old rubbish, stands the beautiful new capitol of Minnesota, and we want to see Governor Johnson. Well, walk in and see him, then; any one can do that.

There he sits in an unconventional attitude on the arm of a chair talking to a visitor in his reception-room. As we come in, he extends the hinges of his long form and stands up. He is just as tall as he has been painted and has just the same slight stoop; but he is lankier and looks more the student and less the man of affairs. He is quietly attired in dark gray, his coat is wearing shiny; he evidently thinks little of dress, and you have a vague impression that if he were not carefully superintended by a good wife he might be negligent about his appearance. A man of much nervous force, he moves about restlessly while he talks. You must observe him from all angles to have him in correct perspective; for instance, only a side view reveals the best things in his ruddy, wholesome face.

He is clean-shaven and lean about the strong jaws; his dark-brown hair is growing a little thin, and at times is much rumpled by an eloquent and restless hand; he has a good head, not quite full enough in some places, a rather sensitive mouth, but firm enough, a long nose (a good feature), an expression perfectly frank and good-humored. The eyes are very fine, clear, and steady, blue, but too dark, to my thinking—for it is the light-eyed men that tear up the old things and start the new; out of them looks the man with a certain level, composed, and candid way that is most taking. He has good hands, good teeth, a really wonderful voice for smoothness, tone, and quality, and a manner that ought to make him popular in any democracy, it is so absolutely without pose, without affectation, without arrogance, and without deference. And from

these items you compose an impression that is undeniably agreeable and at once calculated to win the confidence of any man.

To be sure, you must allow something to race and descent. Strong virtues abide in the Scandinavian blood. This way Governor Johnson has of meeting you eye to eye, so frankly human and so friendly, is nothing assumed nor acted; he cannot help it. The typical Scandinavian makes friends with everybody; there is no hospitality like Scandinavian hospitality. This man is Scandinavian; his father and mother were born in Sweden; he has the kindly and decent impulses of his ancestors. And yet in thought and mental operations he is wholly American.

Typically American, in some ways. He has the American's iron-bound conservatism and rurally narrow horizon. He does not know, for instance, or he seems not to know, that most of the sociology with which we are blundering and floundering has been tried out and wholly cast away by the greater part of Europe; he has no real knowledge of the changes wrought elsewhere by a civilization that has outstripped ours. He has never looked out of Minnesota to see what the world is really doing.

That is what makes him typical; he has the prevailing attitude. He thinks we need some improvement here and some restraint there, but he is shocked at the suggestion that we ought to change our basic methods as enlightened peoples elsewhere are changing theirs. He wants to keep on traveling around and around the same old circle, but he thinks we should travel with cleaner hands and less reciprocal pocket-picking. That is what the American people think; that is what John Albert Johnson thinks.

And now we have stumbled upon the secret of his power and his success. He is one of those men that instinctively and unconsciously and without effort or introspection feel and express the sense of their community and have no impulse to do more. He is the symbol of the majority of us; he is the perfect ideal and reflex of the average mind. His mental operations keep exact pace with the mental operations of the rest of us. And in this he has no choice; it is in no sense a matter of will; not if he tried could he do otherwise.

When you come to think of it, this is well, and better than well—provided that such a man keeps out of the corporations' clutches. In these days we should have far outgrown

the fantastic notion of the vastly superior intellect. Possibly there may have been vastly superior intellects when rulers were let down from heaven and departed again thither; possibly there may be such things now in the regions that still acknowledge government by divine right. A republic has no room for such attributes.

In a representative republic like ours, where the clumsy devices of the eighteenth century still keep the people from actually managing their own affairs, the most valuable executive is one that, having this instinctive sympathy, understands what the people wish to have done and proceeds to do it. This, clearly enough, was the great strength of Abraham Lincoln. He had this peculiar, infallible sympathy with the collective sense of the masses of people; his intellectual processes were like theirs; he was an expression of the common sense of the community; he did what the people would have ordered to be done if this had been a real instead of a simulated democracy. An intelligent people does not need a boss, a seer, a prophet, nor an inspired leader; all it needs is a good hired man. And John Albert Johnson seems, in his record so far, to have been of that sort.

The chorus of eulogy has instituted in other regards a likeness to Lincoln. You know how similar were their early days of poverty and toil. Lincoln got his education by reading at night beside a burning pine-knot; Johnson got his by reading at night when he was a clerk in a drug store. He made his own school in the town library of St. Peter. He had to fight his way inch by inch, for he started with every disadvantage; but being of this Lincoln-like order of mind, without vanity and without the taint of aristocracy, his experiences did not harden him; they only made him more of a piece with the rest of the community that works. And to all this who shall object? No doubt a good sort of man, if he can keep his head and avoid the pitfalls that organized wealth places plentifully in the path of the young man that believes he has a career to make. But even as a representative of the popular mind, alack! with how much room to grow! At present he dwells in one court of Minnesota Street, and though Minnesota is one of the best, grandest, and loveliest members of this Union, it is not the broad United States.

Here is the illustration of what I mean. Strange as it may seem, almost comical perhaps, the tariff is an issue in Minnesota; peo-



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JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON, GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA.

ple there actually feel and talk about it. So Governor Johnson feels and talks about it. We had been sitting maybe half an hour in his private office discoursing of journalism (a trade or profession or art or whatever it is of which Johnson is a seasoned practitioner), when he suddenly faced about and said:

"And now what do you want me to talk about?"

I said: "About fundamental issues and questions now before the public."

That started him off. He said:

"The first fundamental issue, in my judgment, is the tariff. The currency question does not seem to me to be fundamental. That

is more or less a matter of convenience; the currency is an assistant to exchange that will probably have to be altered from time to time as conditions may indicate. But the tariff lies with the foundations of things. It is a matter of basic principle. Our present tariff is arranged to lay the masses of people under tribute for the benefit of a few. Therefore it comes at once to a fundamental issue of free government."

By this time he had gotten one foot doubled under him and was sitting on it, and he leaned sideways so that his right elbow rested upon the desk at which he sat and he could gesticulate freely with his right hand; which he

did often, for he is rather intense when he is talking about something he is much interested in.

"What!" said I, "are you a free-trader?" as if one should ask him if he were a Moham-medan or a murderer.

"A free-trader!" said he, as one might that was steadfastly regarding the map of New England or of Pennsylvania. "No, I'm no free-trader. Understand: I do not wish to see the tariff abolished. You can't get rid of the tariff for centuries to come, if at all. But I should like to see it changed so that it will not enable a few men to get rich at the expense of all the consumers. Here are some of our infant industries that go abroad and sell the product of American labor for less than American labor can purchase it for at home. I should like to see that stopped. Then here is Canada; labor is as dear there as here. So we need no protection against Canadian cheap labor, for there is no Canadian cheap labor. But because of the pretense that there is, we in Minnesota cannot trade with the Canadians, although we are practically one people."

"Oh, well, what's the use?" said I. "You can never get any popular response on that issue now. The people at large don't care."

"They will care when they stop to think

about it. Anyway, it is the right position to take. We cannot go on in this way."

"Why don't you talk about the trusts?" said I. "There's something alive. The tariff is like the Missouri Compromise."

He got up and came over to my side of his big desk and sat upon it in a position that belongs strictly to the editorial room. That is, he sat upon his hands, palms downward, and swung his feet.

"Settle the tariff and you settle the trusts," said he. "There never would have been these great monopolies if they had not been fostered by a protective tariff. Reduce the tariff wall, allow the people to buy abroad the commodities now monopolized here, and you kill the monopoly. In 1896, and to a less extent in 1900, the Republican Party and those that profit by protection raised the currency issue to distract attention from the tariff. I do not believe they can repeat that maneuver now."

"It's the other way about now," said I. "The corporations and the money power are trying to raise the tariff issue to distract attention from the issue of predatory wealth. Why don't you say something about the corporations?"

"They ought to be restricted, certainly.



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GOVERNOR JOHNSON ENTERING AUTOBIBLE CHIEF EXECUTIVE CLERK HARVEY GRIMMER AT THE WHEEL

But not by the nation. That ought to be done by the states. You know it is impossible to proceed with our industrial development except by means of combinations of capital."

"Don't you believe in government ownership of railroads, for instance?"

"Not until all other remedies have been tried and found ineffectual. As to municipal ownership, I believe in that only so far as it is related to light and water supplies. All men must have light and water, hence the municipality should supply them. But all men are not obliged to ride in trolley-cars. I am not in favor of the government's doing anything that private capital can do better."

"Private capital seems to do things of that nature pretty badly," said I. "Look at the story of the Union Traction in Chicago. Look at the wreck of the Metropolitan in New York. Once the greatest and most profitable street-car system in the world, and now scooped hollow, so that the stock will be wiped out of existence. What about such things?"

He snatched away one hand and smote the desk.

"Stop the stock-watering!" he said.

"How?"

"Make it impossible to issue one dollar of stock that has not one full dollar of actual value back of it. But that is work for the states, not for the nation. I do not believe the states should surrender to the national government one vestige of the powers they now have. We are near enough to centralization. Look here! Congress meets; it is in session now. Do you know what it will do? It will do exactly what it is told to do by two or three men. Well, that seems out of place in a republic."

"How is a state to regulate corporations over which it has no control? The Metropolitan Traction Company is a New Jersey corporation. The State of New York can do nothing with that."

"Matters between states should be regulated by the federal government; that is the Constitution. Matters within a state should be regulated by the state itself. I believe in the state supervision of corporations, but not in the federal supervision of corporations, except as corporations affect more than one state."

"Do you ever consider the amount of poverty in the United States?" said I.

"I think it is decreasing," he said. Then, seeing me squirm, he added quickly: "Per-

haps not in the great population centers like New York and Chicago. But I don't know; I have never looked it up. I suppose a statistician might bowl me over with one blow on that subject."

"Seems funny to hear a public man say 'I don't know,'" said I. "I've never heard one before."

"There's a heap I don't know," said he, reflectively, nursing his knee. "But I am trying to learn."

"How about the initiative and referendum?" said I. "Why don't you get out and preach a broad democracy? We have in this country only the shadow and name of democracy, without the substance. The whole system is chained and bound down with medieval and monarchical remnants that keep the people from having their way. For instance, if you should succeed this year in persuading a majority of the people that you are right about the tariff, six years must pass before any change of policy can be effected, and the people must continue to vote the same way in each of the six years. In most European countries the people can in two weeks change the policy of their government and make it what they please."

"I believe in the initiative and referendum in local matters. I don't know how they would work in national affairs. But I believe absolutely in the will of the people and I believe the people should have every possible opportunity to express their will. I believe, for instance, in electing senators by popular vote."

"Your actions about all these things are better than your words," said I. "How would you prevent these huge aggregations of wealth, these gigantic fortunes that draw into seven or eight hands the resources of the country?"

"Income tax and inheritance tax. You can't legislate as to how much money a man's brains can make."

"In some of the cantons of Switzerland they have a graduated income tax, so that the greater the man's income the greater the rate he pays on it. How do you like that?"

"It looks good to me. I thought all income taxes were graduated. No? Well, they ought to be. The more a man is able to pay, the more he ought to be called upon to pay; the smaller his income, the smaller the proportion that the government should take. But no confiscation. Here's another thing: while you are thinking about trouble and re-

forms, do not overlook that injury wrought in American affairs by the extreme partizan spirit. There's a root of much evil. Men vote the Republican ticket or the Democratic merely because their fathers were Republicans or Democrats. We should fare better if we had divisions on questions of policy instead of questions of party. What else have you in mind? We seem to have covered the whole political arena."

"I wish you would let go something on the issue of an actual government by the people," said I.

"It's easy to say things."

"Well, then, let us talk about what you've done since you became governor."

"Not I!" he said, getting suddenly off the desk. "You get that out of somebody else. Do you think newspaper editorials are as strong as they were when we were young?" and he swung off into things far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.

So you see how it is. He is shrewd, he is able, but you might repeat his every word to the Grandmother of all Trusts and she would never be shocked. He has no idea of leading any charge against entrenched privilege. He seems to feel no grievance against the "wealthy malefactors"; the burdens of the people at the bottom of the pile seem to come no nearer to him than they come to the average well-fed American. It is too bad if this is so, because it would be pleasant to refute in his own words the stories and rumors that go about connecting his political interests with the corporations and the money power. It would be pleasant, for instance, to announce that Mr. James J. Hill and all the northwestern railroad interests are bitterly opposed to Mr. Johnson. In truth they are not, and it is impossible to think of a more curious and instructive fact. So far has the warfare gone against corporate interests that they would rather take a man of Johnson's record of anti-corporation legislation than another man that might do worse. It was not so yesterday, was it? Does not the world move?

But fear the Greeks bearing gifts, and the corporation managers offering a presidential candidate, however fair be the latter's promise. I have for many years observed these astute gentlemen, and have not found that they blundered much in practical politics. If they have wanted a man in public office they have known why they wanted him there, and the reason always has been something poisonous

to the interests of the public, even when the man himself has had no thought of being a tool. It is true that in recent years Minnesota has to some extent agreed to forgive the past. The state is so rich that the people seem to have thought there is enough for the corporation and the rest of them, and have decided to overlook the means the corporation employed to get its share. That alters in no way the fact that for forty years these interests have warred politically against the welfare of the people, and there is no reason now to believe in an essential change in their tactics.

Yet there stands the record that would seem to indicate on Governor Johnson's part no innate sympathy with such maneuvers, and without assuming in laudation's chorus a part that I by no means feel, it is time to consider just what he has done.

Here is a Democratic governor in a state sternly Republican. He is confronted by a legislature that in politics is overwhelmingly hostile to him. All the rest of the state administration is Republican; he is alone. Yet through this hostile legislature and with these hostile colleagues he contrives to pass more radical laws than exist in any other state, except the new-fledged Oklahoma. How does he achieve these things?

As an example, we may take the Two-Cent Fare Bill. That was Governor Johnson's personal property, that idea. The Minnesota Editorial Association invited him to its annual meeting, expecting him, I think, to make the usual address of flubdub and platitude. Instead, he exploded the two-cent bomb, and urged that an end be put to the giving of free passes. Then he talked the same doctrine to a Commercial Travelers' Association. The legislature met, and in his message (which was a collection of round shot) he asked for a law putting his ideas into force. Then he had such a law drawn up and introduced.

I suppose I need not say that wisdom and the corporation interests now powerfully intervened to show to the Governor the terrible error and injustice of his way. It was pointed out to him that the proposed measure meant confiscation; that the railroads could not stand it; that they would be ruined, and that terrible blows would fall in consequence upon public confidence and general prosperity. Upon all these arguments the Governor smiled blandly, but he went ahead with his bill. He had straightened up in that peculiar way of his and put his back to the thing, and it must



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MRS. JOHNSON, THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE.

needs go. It was bitter medicine to the corporation interests in the legislature. The railroad attorneys, corporation valets, bank runners, and trust agents fought and wriggled, but there was no escape. The instinct that is supposed to be this man's chief strength had told him true. A popular sentiment arose in the state too strong to be opposed. With overwhelming majorities the bill passed both houses, many a man voting for it that had been sent there to oppose all such measures. It is in effect now. It has been in effect many months. No railroad has been ruined, nor confiscated; the railroad business in Minnesota has been greater than ever. And the

fare between Chicago and St. Paul or Minneapolis, which for a generation had been \$11.50 is now \$8, thanks to that bill.

Governor Johnson secured the destruction of the pass evil also. He said in his message: "If public officers are not adequately compensated now for their services, fix the compensation to such an extent as to make it reasonable compensation, and do away with the possibility of any officer becoming a beneficiary of the favors of corporations, and by reason of gratuities being placed under some obligation to the corporation which extends the courtesy. Public opinion has become settled as to what should be accomplished along this line, and I

urge most earnestly the early enactment of a law which will forever abolish the system in Minnesota." That was all, and he got that kind of a law.

In the same message he took up railroad freight rates, and said that they were too high and that the time had come when they should be reduced. So the legislature passed a bill reducing the rates thirteen per cent. It was confiscation and ruin, no doubt, and much more easily the whole subject could have been dumped upon a handy commission; but government by commission does not go very far in Minnesota now, and the bill passed. The railroads fought it in the courts and held it up. They had started to fight the two-cent passenger rate also, but when they found how strong was the public opinion supporting the governor, they surrendered—on that point. They are still fighting the freight rates.

In the same message the governor said that the sleeping-car companies doing business in Minnesota ought to bear their share of the burden of taxation. So bills were passed imposing just taxes upon such corporations.

He said that the annual winter affliction of car-shortage could be remedied by what he called "a reciprocal demurrage act," which means that the railroads shall pay shippers for failing to furnish cars as much as shippers have been obliged to pay the railroads for detaining cars. So the legislature passed that act of simple and long-deferred justice.

He said that the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission, which had always been (as in other states) a mere dummy concern, should be turned to some use by a law providing that the orders about rates and classifications should go into effect within thirty days, and not be nullified by stays pending appeals by the railroads. So the legislature vitalized the Railroad and Warehouse Commission.

He took up the matter of insurance, in which he had always been greatly interested, for he was the originator and chairman of the Conference of State Governors at Chicago in 1905, from which came the memorable recommendations of the "Committee of Fifteen." He desired to have the chief features of those recommendations enacted in Minnesota. So the legislature enacted them.

He took up the peculiar form of corporation graft that existed in connection with the iron ore lands owned by the state. Such genial philanthropists as the Steel Trust had been paying the state twenty-five cents a ton for ore

taken from state lands and as much as eighty-five cents a ton for ore taken from private lands. The governor said this arrangement was absurd and he desired to have all the state ore lands withdrawn from lease so that the state might secure fair prices for its ore. The lands were withdrawn accordingly.

He asked for a law like the Mueller Law of Illinois permitting municipal ownership of public utilities. He got it. He asked for a permanent tax commission. He got it.

He asked for a rational revision of the law taxing mortgages. He got it.

He desired to strike at the Cordage Trust by so amending the existing law that the product of the state twine plant in the state penitentiary might be sold anywhere instead of only in Minnesota. He got the amendment.

He took up the initiative and referendum,—and while suggesting a constitutional amendment so as to establish a mandatory initiative and referendum, he asked for immediate action within the present limits of the Constitution so that there might be an advisory initiative and referendum. He did not get that. Perhaps it was too novel, strange, and revolutionary for Minnesota.

He wished a royalty tax to be imposed upon the output of the Minnesota iron mines. He did not get that. The Steel Trust headed him off by proposing to build a \$20,000,000 plant in Duluth.

He secured the establishment of a free state labor employment bureau; fought into good behavior a powerful insurance company that was going on badly, and (best of all his endeavors) he succeeded in abolishing in Minnesota that feudal monstrosity, the Fellow-servant Act, by which injured workmen were prevented from securing damages.

Now, how were all these things done? How was it possible for a Democratic governor and a Republican legislature to harmonize on so many vital issues? By the use of practical politics, or by "jamming" or fighting or bribing with patronage, or overawing with superior virtue? Not at all. These things were secured because Governor Johnson did not command them, nor try to extort them, but only showed in a quiet, persuasive way that they were right. So, of course, the legislature, a majority of which, like a majority of all men, earnestly desired the right, had no hesitation about accepting them. I believe that to be the Johnson art. He does not try to coerce men nor govern them; he does not seem to be trying to exhibit his own greatness, but only

to get some things done that the common sense of masses of men will declare ought to be done. Some persons say that the legislature would have passed all these good measures if Governor Johnson had not recommended them. And others think that because he makes so little noise he cannot be doing anything. So even in Minnesota there are two sides to the Johnson picture. But the bills were passed, that is the main thing; the people got the benefit, and Governor Johnson was rewarded with their good opinion.

He made friends of the Republicans in the legislature; he did not care how fervent they might be in their party faith so long as they were good Minnesotans. He made them believe he was sincere when in his message he proposed that the first object should be the good of the state. They tell me that there has never been a time in Minnesota when party politics and party distinctions were so insignificant. The legislature testified its regard by increasing the governor's salary, and by habitually confirming his appointments and giving heed to his ideas. It liked him and trusted him.

"Well, John Johnson's square, anyway," Republicans said to me. "He's a Democrat, but he's square. He doesn't play any tricks. You can depend upon what he says."

When the tax commissioners were to be appointed, up sprang the usual array of candidates that had no claims but party loyalty. Johnson ignored them all and chose three men on the sole grounds of their ability and their qualifications for the work. One was a professor in the State University; nobody knows what are his political affiliations. The others were lawyers, not in politics, one of them

a Republican. The House of Representatives went to the unusual length of passing a resolution thanking the governor for his selections; the Senate confirmed them unanimously.

Johnson was elected governor in 1904, when the Republican presidential ticket carried the state by 160,000 plurality. He had about 8,000. The next time, 1906, he won by about 70,000, but the Republicans easily elected all the other state officers. Elsewhere it has been

assumed that Johnson's Scandinavian descent was the secret of his strength at the polls, Minnesota having many Scandinavian voters. From all I can learn, his ancestry had no particular influence on his election. He was elected by Republican votes. The people believed that he was honest, that he was not tainted with the usual faults of the politician, that he did not take office to manipulate it for his personal advantage, that he was a kindly, just, and human man; and they came out to vote for him as they always come out to vote for any man of whom they take that view.

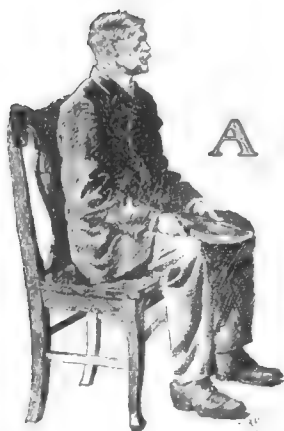
Perhaps this is the kind of man that the corporations most desire to win. However that may be, one thing is clear: to the corporation interests of the United States, a measure of influence with the President is a matter of supreme importance. To the public man of

any ambition the presidency is the summit and goal of earthly attainment. It would be melancholy if a public man reputed to be sympathetic with the cause of the people should allow himself to be lured or tempted or tricked into service on the other side of the battle-line; but such things have been known. In this conflict there seems no middle ground; a man is either against predatory wealth or for it.



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GOVERNOR JOHNSON IN HIS OFFICE.



# A Man of No Imagination

By OWEN JOHNSON

*Author of "Arrows of the Almighty," "Max Fergus," etc.*

Illustrations by Will Crawford

**I**NSPECTOR FRAWLEY, of the Canadian Secret Service, stood at attention, waiting until the scratch of a pen should cease throughout the dim, spacious office and the Honorable Secretary of Justice should acquaint him with his desires.

He held himself deferentially, body compact, eyes clear and steady, face blank and controlled, without distinction, without significance, a man mediocre as a crowd. His hands were joined loosely behind his back; his glance, without deviating, remained persistently on the profile of the Honorable Secretary, as though in that historic room the human note alone could compel his curiosity.

The thin squeak of the pen faded into the silences of the great room. The Secretary of Justice ran his fingers over his forehead, looked up, and met the Inspector's gaze—fixed, profound, and mathematical. With a sudden unease he pushed back his chair, troubled by the analysis of this banal man, who, in another turn of Fate, might pursue him as dispassionately as he now stood for his commands. With a few rapid strides he crossed the room, lit a cigar, blew into the swirl of smoke the caprice of his imagination, and returned stolidly, as became a man of facts and figures.

Flinging himself loosely in an easy chair, he threw a rapid glance at his watch, locked his fingers, and began with the nervous directness of one who wishes to be rid of formalities:

"Well, Inspector, you returned this morning?"

"An hour ago, sir."

"A creditable bit of work, Inspector Frawley—the department is pleased."

"Thank you indeed, sir."

"Does the case need you any more?"

"I should say not, sir—no, sir."

"You are ready to report for duty?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"How soon?"

"I think I'm ready now, sir—yes, sir."

"Glad to hear it, Inspector, very glad. You're the one man I wanted." As though the civilities had been sufficiently observed, the Secretary stiffened in his chair and continued rapidly: "It's that Toronto affair; you've read the details. The government lost \$350,000. We caught four of the gang, but the ringleader got away with the money. Have you studied it? What did you make of it? Sit down."

Frawley took action stiffly, hanging his hat between his knees and considering.

"It did look like work from the States," he said thoughtfully. "I beg pardon, did you say they'd caught some of the gang?"

"Four—this morning. The telegram's just in."

The Honorable Secretary, a little strange yet to the routine of the office, looked at Frawley with a sudden desire to test his memory.

"Do you know the work?" he asked; "could you recognize the ringleader?"

"That might not be so hard, sir," said Frawley, with a nod; "we know pretty well, of course, who's able to handle such jobs as that. Would you have a description anywhere?"

The Honorable Secretary rose, took from his desk a paper, and began to read. In his seat Inspector Frawley crossed his legs carefully, drew his chin under his chin, and

stared at the reader, but without focusing his glance on him. Once during the recital he started at some item of description, but immediately relaxed. The report finished, the Secretary let it drop into his lap and waited, impressed, despite himself, at the thought of the immense galleries of crime through which the Inspector was seeking his victim. All at once into the unseeing stare there flickered a light of understanding. Frawley returned to the room, saw the Secretary, and nodded.

"It's Bucky," he said tentatively. A moment his glance went reflectively to a far corner, then he nodded slowly, looked at the Secretary, and said with conviction: "It looks very much, sir, like Bucky Greenfield."

"It is Greenfield," replied the Secretary, without attempting to conceal his astonishment.

"I would like to observe," said Frawley thoughtfully, without noticing his surprise, "that there is a bit of an error in that description, sir. It's the left ear that's broken. Furthermore, he don't toe out—excepting when he does it on a purpose. So it's Bucky Greenfield I'm to bring back, sir?"

The Secretary nodded, penciling Frawley's correction on the paper.

"Bucky—well, now, that is odd!" said Frawley musingly. He rose and took a step to the desk. "Very odd." Mechanically he saw the straggling papers on the top and arranged them into orderly piles. "Well, he can't say I didn't warn him!"

"What!" broke in the Secretary in quick astonishment, "you know that fellow?"

"Indeed, yes, sir," said Frawley, with a nod. "We know most of the crooks in the States. We're good friends, too—so long as they stay over the line. It's useful, you know. So I'm to go after Bucky?"

The Secretary, judging the moment had arrived to be impressive, said solemnly:

"Inspector Frawley, if you have to stick to it until he dies of old age, you're never to let up until you get Bucky Greenfield! While the British Empire holds together, no man shall rob her Majesty of a farthing and sleep in security. You understand the situation?"

"I do, sir."

The Honorable Secretary, only half satisfied, continued:

"Your credit is unlimited—there'll be no question of that. If you need to buy up a whole South American government—buy it!

By the way, he will make for South America, will he not?"

"Probably—yes, sir. Chile or the Argentine—there's no extradition treaty there."

"But even then," broke in the Secretary with a nervous frown—"there are ways—other ways?"

"Oh, yes." Frawley, picking up a paper-cutter, stood by the mantel tapping his palm. "Oh, yes—there are other ways! So it's Bucky—well, I warned him!"

"Now, Inspector, to settle the matter," interrupted the Secretary, anxious to return to his routine, "when can you go on the case?"

"If the papers are ready, sir——"

"They are—everything. The Home Office has been cabled. To-morrow every British official throughout the world will be notified to render you assistance and honor your drafts."

Inspector Frawley heard with approval and consulted his watch.

"There's an express for New York leaves at noon," he said reflectively—then, with a glance at the clock, "thirty-five minutes; I can make that, sir."

"Good, very good."

"If I might suggest, sir—if the Inspector who has had the case in hand could go a short distance with me?"

"Inspector Keech shall join you at the station."

"Thank you, sir. Is there anything further?"

The Secretary shook his head, and springing up, held out his hand enthusiastically.

"Good luck to you, Inspector—you have a big thing ahead of you, a very big thing."

"Thank you, sir."

"By the way—you're not married?"

"No, sir."

"This is pretty short notice. How long have you been on this other case?"

"A trifle over six months, sir."

"Don't you want a couple of days to rest up? I can let you have that very easily."

"It really makes no difference—I think I'll leave to-day, sir."

"Oh, a moment more, Inspector——"

Frawley halted.

"How long do you think this ought to take you?"

Frawley considered, and answered carefully: "It'll be long, I think. You see, there are several circumstances that are unusual about the case."

"How so?"

"Well, Buck is clever—there's no gain-

saying that—quite at the top of the profession. Then, he's expecting me."

"You?"

"They're a queer lot," Frawley explained with a touch of pride. "Crooks are full of little vanities. You see, Bucky knows I've never dropped a trail, and I think it's rather gotten on his nerves. I think he wasn't satisfied until he dared me. He's very odd—very odd indeed. It's a little personal. I doubt, sir, if I bring him back alive."

"Inspector Frawley," said the new Secretary, "I hope I have sufficiently impressed upon you the importance of your mission."

Frawley stared at his chief in surprise.

"I'm to stick to him until I get him," he said in wonder; "that's all, isn't it, sir?"

The Secretary, annoyed by his lack of imagination, essayed a final phrase. "Inspector, this is my last word," he said with a frown; "remember that you represent her Majesty's government—you are her Majesty's government! I have confidence in you."

"Thank you, sir."

Frawley moved slowly to the door and with his hand on the knob hesitated. The Secretary saw in the movement a reluctance to take the decisive step that must open before him the wide stretches of the world.

"After all, he must have a speck of imagination," he thought, reassured.

"I beg pardon, sir."

Frawley had turned in embarrassment.

"Well, Inspector, what can I do for you?"

"If you please, sir," said Frawley, "I was just thinking—after all, it has been a bit of a while since I've been home—indeed, I should like it very much if I could take a good Eng-

lish mutton-chop and a musty ale at old Nell's, sir. I can still get the two o'clock express."

"Granted!"

"If you'd prefer not, sir," said Frawley, surprised at the vexation in his answer.

"Not at all—take the two o'clock—good day, good day!"

Inspector Frawley, sorely puzzled, shifted his balance, opened his mouth, then with a bob of his head answered hastily:

"A—good day, sir!"

## II

"SAM GREENFIELD, known as 'Bucky,' age about 42, height about 5 feet 10 inches, weight between 145 and 150. Hair mouse-colored, thinning out over forehead, parted in middle, showing scalp

beneath; mustache would be lighter than hair—if not dyed; usually clipped to about an inch. Waxy complexion, light blue eyes a little close together, thin nose, a prominent dimple on left cheek—may wear whiskers. Laughs in low key. Left ear lobe broken. Slightly bow-legged. While in conversation strokes chin. When standing at a counter or bar goes through motions, as if jerking himself together, crowding his elbows slowly to his side for a moment, then, throwing back his head, jumps up from his heels. When dreaming, attempts to bite mustache with lower lip. When he sits in a chair places himself sidewise and hangs both arms over back. In walking strikes back part of heel first, and is apt to waver from time to time. Dresses neatly, carries hands in side-pockets only—plays piano constantly, composing as he goes along. During day smokes twenty to thirty cigarettes, cutting them in half for cigarette-holder and throwing them away after three or four whiffs.

After dinner invariably smokes one cigar. Cut is good likeness. Cut of signature is facsimile of his original writing."

With this overwhelming indictment against the liberty of the fugitive, to escape which



"WHY, HOW D'YE DO, BUCKY?"

Greenfield would have to change his temperament as well as his physical aspect, Inspector Frawley took the first steamer from New York to the Isthmus of Panama.

He had slight doubt of Greenfield's final destination, for the flight of the criminal is a blind instinct for the south as though a frantic return to barbarism. At this time Chile and the Argentine had not yet accepted the principle of extradition, and remained the Mecca of the lawbreakers of the world.

Yet though Frawley felt certain of Greenfield's objective, he did not at once strike for the Argentine. The Honorable Secretary of Justice had eliminated the necessity for considering time. Frawley had no need to guess, nor to risk. He had simply to become a wheel in the machinery of the law, to grind slowly, tirelessly, and inexorably. This idea suited admirably his temperament and his desires.

He arrived at Colon, took train for Panama across the laborious path where a thousand little men were scratching endlessly, and on the brink of the Pacific began his search. No one had heard of Greenfield.

At the end of a week's waiting he boarded a steamer and crawled down the western coast of South America, investigating every port, braving the yellow fever at Guayaquil, Ecuador, and facing a riot at Callao, Peru, before he found at Lima the trail of the fugitive. Greenfield had passed the day there and left for Chile. Dragging each intermediate port with the same caution, Frawley followed the trail to Valparaiso. Greenfield had stayed a week and again departed.

Frawley at once took steamer for the Argentine, passed down the tongue of South America, through the Straits of Magellan, and arrived at length in the harbor of Buenos Ayres.

An hour later, as he took his place at a table in the Criterion Gardens, a hand fell on his shoulder and some one at his back said:

"Well, Bub!"

He turned. A thin man of medium height, with blue eyes and yellow complexion, was laughing in expectation of his discomfiture. Frawley laid down the menu carefully, raised his head, and answered quietly:

"Why, how d'ye do, Bucky?"

### III

"We shake, of course," said Greenfield, holding out his hand.

"Why not? Sit down."



FRAWLEY STOPPED IN PERPLEXITY AT THE MUTE, REVERENTIAL ATTITUDE.

The fugitive slid into a chair and hung his arms over the back, asking immediately:

"What took you so long? You're after me, of course?"

"Am I?" Frawley answered, looking at him steadily. Greenfield, with a twitch of his shoulders, returned to his question:

"What took you so long? Didn't you guess I'd come direct?"

"I'm not guessing," said Frawley.

"What do you say to dining on me?" said Greenfield with a malicious smile. "I owe you that. I clipped your vacation pretty short. Besides—guess you know it yourself—you can't touch me here. Why not talk things over frankly? Say, Bub, shall it be on me?"

"I'm willing."

A waiter sidled up and took the order that Greenfield gave without hesitation.

"You see, even the dinner was ready for you," he said with a wink; "see how you like it." With a gesture of impatience he pushed aside the menu, squared his arms on the table, and looked suddenly at his pursuer with

the deviltry of a schoolboy glistening in his eyes. "Well, Bub, I went into your all-fired Canady!"

"So you did—why?"

"Well," said Greenfield, drawing lines with his knife-point on the nap, "one reason was I wanted to see if her Majesty's shop has such an all-fired long arm——"

"And the other reason was I warned you to keep over the line."

"Why, Bub, you *are* a bright boy!"

"It ain't me, Bucky," Frawley answered, with a shake of his head; "it's the all-fired government that's after you."

"Good—first rate—then we'll have a little excitement!"

"You'll have plenty of that, Bucky!"

"Maybe, Bub, maybe. Well, I made a neat job of it, didn't I?"

"You did," admitted Frawley with an appreciative nod. "But you were wrong—you were wrong—you should have kept off. The Canadian Government ain't like your bloom-in' democracy. It don't forgive—it don't forget. Tack that up, Bucky. It's a principle we've got at stake with you!"

"Don't I know it?" cried Greenfield, striking the table. "What else do you think I did it for?"

Frawley gazed at him, then said slowly: "I told them it was a personal matter."

"Sure it was! Do you think I could keep out after you served notice on me? D—— your English pride and your English justice! I'm a good enough Yank to see if your dinky police is such an all-fired cute little bunch of wonder-workers as you say! Bub—you think you're going to get Mr. Greenfield—don't you?"

"I'm not thinking, Bucky——"

"Eh?"

"I'm simply sticking to you."

"Sticking to me!" cried Greenfield with a roar of disgust. "Why, you unimaginative, lumbering, beef-eating Canuck, you can't get me that way! Why in tarnation didn't you strike plump for here—instead of rubbin' yourself down the whole coast of South Ameriky?"

"Bucky, you don't understand the situation properly," objected Frawley, without varying the level tone of his voice. "Supposing it had been a bloomin' corporation had sent me—that's what I'd have done. But it's the government this time—her Majesty's government! Time ain't no consideration. I'd have raked down the whole continent

if I'd had to—though I knew where you were."

"Well, and now what? You can't touch me, Bub," he added earnestly. "I like straight talk, man to man. Now, what's your game?"

"Business."

"All right then," said Greenfield, with a frown, "but you can't touch me—now. There's an extradition treaty coming, but then there'd have to be a retroactive clause to do you any good." He paused, studying the expression on the Inspector's face. "There's enough of the likes of me here to see that don't occur. Say, Bub?"

"Well?"

"You deal a square pack, don't you?"

"That's my reputation, Bucky."

"Give me your word you'll play me square."

Inspector Frawley, leaning forward, helped himself busily. Greenfield, with pursed lips, studied every movement.

"No kidnapping tricks?"

Without lifting his eyes Frawley sharpened his knife vigorously against his fork and fell to eating.

"Well, Bub?"

"What?"

"No fancy kidnapping?"

"I'm promising nothing, Bucky."

There was a blank moment while Greenfield considered. Suddenly he shot out his hand, saying with a nod: "You're a white man, Bub, and I never heard a word against that." He filled a glass and shoved it toward Frawley. "We might as well clink on it. For I rather opinionate before we get through this little business—there'll be something worth talking about."

"Here's to you then, Bucky," said Frawley, nodding.

"Remember what I tell you," said Greenfield, looking over his glass, "there's going to be something to live for."

"I say, Bucky," said Frawley with a lazy interest, "would they serve you five-o'clock tea here, I wonder?"

Greenfield, drawing back, laughed a superior laugh.

"Bub, I'm sorry for you—'pon my word I am."

"How so, Bucky?"

"Why, you plodding little English lamb, you don't have the slightest suspicion what you're gettin' into!"

"What am I getting into, Bucky?"

Greenfield threw back his head with a chuckle.

"If you get me, it'll be the last job you ever pull off."

"Maybe, maybe."

"Since things are aboveboard—listen here," said Greenfield with sudden seriousness. "Bub, you'll not get me alive. Nothing personal, you understand, but it'll have to be your life or mine. If it comes to the pinch, look out for yourself——"

"Oh, yes," said Frawley, with a matter-of-fact nod, "I understand."

"I ain't tried to bribe you," said Greenfield, rising. "Thank me for that—though another man might have been set up for life."

"Thanks," Frawley said with a drawl. "And you'll notice I haven't advised you to come back and face the music. Seems to me we understand each other."

"Here's my address," said Greenfield, handing him a card; "may save you some trouble. I'm here every night." He held out his hand. "Turn up and meet the profesh. They're a clever lot here. They'd appreciate meeting you, too."

"Perhaps I will."

"Ta-ta, then."

Greenfield took a few steps, halted, and lounged back with a smile full of mischief.

"By the way, Bub—how long has her Majesty's dinkies given you?"

"It's a life appointment, Bucky."

"Really—bless me—then your bloomin' government has some sense after all."

The two men saluted gravely, with a parting exchange.

"Now, Bub—keep fit."

"Same to you, Bucky."

## IV

THE view of Greenfield sauntering lightly away among the noisy tables, bravado in his manner, deviltry in his heart, was the last glimpse Inspector Frawley was destined to

have of him in many months. True, Greenfield had not lied: the address was genuine, but the man was gone. For days Frawley had the city scoured without gaining a clue. No steamer had left the harbor, not even a tramp. If Greenfield was not in hiding, he must have buried himself in the interior.

It was a week before Frawley found the track. Greenfield had walked thirty miles into the country and taken the train for Rio Mendoza on the route across the Andes to Valparaiso.

Frawley followed the same day, somewhat mystified at this sudden change of base. In the train the thermometer stood at 116°. The heat made of everything a solitude. Frawley, life-

less, stifling, and numbed, glued himself to the air-holes with eyes fastened on the horizon, while the train sped across the naked, singeing back of the plains like the welt that springs to meet the fall of the lash. For two nights he watched the distended sun, exhausted by its own madness, drop back into the heated void, and the tortured stars rise over the stricken desert. At the end of thirty-six hours of agony he arrived at Rio Mendoza. Thence he reached Punta de Vacas, procured mules and a guide, and prepared for the ascent over the mountains.

At two o'clock the next morning he began the climb out of hell. The tortured plains settled below him. A divine freshness breathed upon him with a new hope of life.



FRAWLEY TRACED HIM AMID MASSACRE AND REVOLUTION TO BUDAPEST.

He left the burning conflict of summer and passed into the aroma of spring.

Then the air grew intense, a new suffocation pressed about his temples—the suffocation of too much life. In an hour he had run the gamut of the seasons. The cold of everlasting winter descended and stung his senses. Up and up and up they went—then suddenly down, with the half-breed guide and the tireless mule always at the same distance before him; and again began the insistent mechanical toiling upward. He grew listless and indifferent, acquiescent in these steep efforts that the next moment must throw away. The horror of immense distance rose about him. From time to time a stone dislodged by their passage rushed from under him, struck the brink, and spun into the void, to fall endlessly. The face of the earth grew confused and dropped in a mist from before his eyes.

Then as they toiled still upward, a gale as though sent in anger rushed down upon them, sweeping up whirlwinds of snow, raging and shrieking, dragging them to the brink, and threatening to blot them out.

Frawley clutched the saddle, then flung his arms about the neck of his mule. His head was reeling, the indignant blood rushed to his nostrils and his ears, his lungs no longer could master the divine air. Then suddenly the mules stopped, exhausted. Through the maelstrom the guide shrieked to him not to use the spur. Frawley felt himself in danger of dying, and had no resentment.

For a day they affronted the immense wilds until they had forced themselves thousands of feet above the race of men. Then they began to descend.

Below them the clouds lapped and rolled

like the elements before the creation. Still they descended, and the moist oblivion closed about them, like the curse of a world without color. The bleak mists separated and began to roll up above them, a cloud split asunder, and through the slit the earth jumped up, and the solid land spread before them as when at the dawn it obeyed the will of the Creator. They saw the hills and the mountains grow, and the rivers trickle toward the sea. The masses of brown and green began to be splashed with red and yellow as the fields became fertile and fructified; and the insect race of men began to crawl to and fro.

The half-breed, who saw the scene for the hundredth time, bent his head in awe. Frawley straightened in his saddle, stretched the stiffness out of his limbs, patted his mule solicitously, glanced at the guide, and stopped in perplexity at the mute, reverential attitude.

"What's he starin' at now?" he muttered in astonishment; then, with a glance at his watch, he added anxiously, "I say, Sammy, when do we get a bit to eat?"

## V

IN Valparaiso he readily found the track of Greenfield. Up to the time of his departure, two boats had sailed: one for the north, and one by the Straits of Magellan to Buenos Ayres. Greenfield had bought a ticket for each, after effecting the withdrawal of his account at a local bank. Frawley was in perplexity: for Greenfield to flee north was to run

into the jaws of the law. The withdrawal of the account decided him. He returned to Buenos Ayres by the route he had come, arriving the day before the steamer. To his discomfiture Greenfield was not on board. By



FRAWLEY FOUND THE TRAIL ANEW IN MADAGASCAR.

ridiculously casting away his protection he had thrown the detective off the track and gained three weeks. Without more concern than he might have shown in taking a trip from Toronto to New York, Frawley a third time crossed the Andes and set himself to correcting his first error.

He traced Greenfield laboriously up the coast back to Panama and there lost the trail. At the end of two months he learned that Greenfield had shipped as a common sailor on a freighter that touched at Hawaii. From here he followed him to Yokohama, Singapore, Ceylon, and Bombay.

Thence Greenfield, suddenly abandoning the water route, had proceeded by land to Bagdad, and across the Turkish Empire to Constantinople. Without a pause, Frawley traced him next into the Balkans, through Bulgaria, Roumania, amid massacre and revolution to Budapest, back to Odessa, and across the back of Russia by Moscow and Riga to Stockholm. A year had elapsed.

Several times he might have gained on the fugitive had he trusted to his instinct; but he bided his time, renouncing a stroke of genius, in order to be certain of committing no error, awaiting the moment when Greenfield would pause and he might overtake him. But the fugitive, as though stung by a gad-fly, continued to plunge madly over sea and continent. Four months, five months behind, Frawley continued the tireless pursuit.

From Stockholm the chase led to Copenhagen, to Christiansand, down the North Sea to Rotterdam. From thence Greenfield had rushed by rail to Lisbon and taken steamer to Africa, touching at Gibraltar, Portuguese and French Guinea, Sierra Leone, and proceeding thence into the Congo. For a month all traces disappeared in the veldt, until by chance, rather than by his own merits, Frawley found the trail anew in Madagascar, whither Greenfield had come after a desperate attempt to bury his trail on the immense plains of Southern Africa.

From Madagascar, Frawley followed him to Aden in Arabia and by steamer to Melbourne. Again for weeks he sought the confused track vainly through Australia, up through Sydney, down again to Tasmania and New Zealand on a false clue, back to Queensland, where at last in Cooktown he learned anew of the passing of his man.

The third year began without appreciable gain. Greenfield still was three months in

advance, never pausing, scurrying from continent to continent, as though instinctively aware of the progress of his pursuer.

In this year Frawley visited Sumatra, Java, and Borneo, stopped at Manila, jumped immediately to Korea, and hurried on to Vladivostok, where he found that Greenfield had procured passage on a sealer bound for Auckland. There he had taken the steamer by the Straits of Magellan back to Buenos Ayres.

There, within the first hour, he heard a report that his man had gone on to Rio Janeiro, caught the cholera, and died there. Undaunted by the epidemic, Frawley took the next boat and entered the stricken city by swimming ashore. For a week he searched the hospitals and the cemeteries. Greenfield had indeed been stricken, but, escaping with his life, had left for the northern part of Brazil. The delay resulted in a gain of three months for Frawley, but without heat or excitement he began anew the pursuit, passing up the coast to Para and the mouth of the Amazon, by Bogota and Panama into Mexico, on up toward the border of Texas. The months between him and Greenfield shortened to weeks, then to days without troubling his equanimity. At El Paso he arrived a few hours after Greenfield had left, going toward the Salt Basin and the Guadalupe Mountains. Frawley took horses and a guide and followed to the edge of the desert. At three o'clock in the afternoon a horseman grew out of the horizon, a figure that remained stationary and attentive, studying his approach through a spy-glass. Suddenly, as though satisfied, the stranger took off his hat and waved it above his head in challenge, and digging his heels into his horse, disappeared into the desert.

## VI

FRAWLEY understood the challenge—the end was to be in the desert. Failing to move his guide by threat or promise, he left him clamoring frantically on the edge of the desert and rode on toward where the figure of Greenfield had disappeared on the horizon in a puff of dust.

For three days they went their way grimly into the parched sands, husbanding every particle of strength, within plain sight of each other, always at the same unvarying walk. At night they slept by fits and starts, with an ear trained for the slightest hostile sound. Then they cast

aside their saddles, their rifles, and superfluous clothing, in a vain effort to save their mounts.

The horses, heaving and staggering, crawled over the yielding sands like silhouettes drawn by a thread. In the sky not a cloud appeared; below, the yellow monotony extended as flat as a dish. Above them a lazy buzzard, wheeling in languid circles, followed with patient conviction.

On the fourth morning Frawley's horse stopped, shuddered, and went down in a heap. Greenfield halted and surveyed his discomfiture grimly, without a sign of elation.

"That's bad, very bad," Frawley said judiciously. "I ought to have sent word to the department. Still, it's not over yet—his horse won't last long. Well, I mustn't carry much."

He abandoned his revolver, a knife, \$200 in gold, and continued on foot, preserving only the water-bag with its precious mouthful. Greenfield, who had waited immovably, allowed him to approach within a quarter of a mile before putting his horse in motion.

"He's going to make sure I stay here," said Frawley to himself, seeing that Greenfield made no attempt to increase the lead. "Well, we'll see."

Twelve hours later Greenfield's horse gave out. Frawley uttered a cry of joy, but the handicap of half a day was a serious one; he was exhausted, famished, and in the bag there remained only sufficient water to moisten his lips.

The fifth day broke with an angry sun and no sign on the horizon to relieve the eternal monotony. Only the buzzard at the same distance aloft bided his time. Hunter and hunted, united perforce by their common suffering, plodded on with the weary, hope-

less straining of human beings harnessed to a plow, covering scarcely a mile an hour. From time to time, by common consent, they sat down, gaunt, exhausted figures, eying each other with the instinct of beasts, their elbows on their bony knees. Whether from a fear of losing energy, whether under the spell of the frightful stillness, neither had uttered a word.

Frawley was afire with thirst. The desert entered his body with its dry mortal heat, and ran its consuming dryness through his veins;

his eyes started from his face as the sun above him hung out of the parched sky. He began to talk to himself, to sing. Under his feet the sand sifted like the soft protest of autumn leaves. He imagined himself back in the forest, marking the rustle of leafy branches and the intermittent dropping of acorns and twigs. All at once his legs refused to move. He stood still, his gaze concentrated on the figure of Greenfield a long moment, then his body crumpled under him and he sank without volition to the ground.

Greenfield stopped, sat down, and waited. After half an hour he drew himself to his feet, moved on, then stopped, returned, approached, and listened to the crooning of the delirious man.

Suddenly satisfied, he flung both arms into the air in frenzied triumph, turned, staggered, and reeled away, while back over the desert came the grotesque, hideous refrain, in maddened victory:

"Yankee Doodle Dandy oh!  
Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

Frawley watched him go, then with a sigh of relief turned his glance to the black revolving form in the air—at least that remained to



FOR WEEKS HE SOUGHT THE CONFUSED TRACK  
THROUGH AUSTRALIA.

break the horror of the solitude. Then he lost consciousness.

The beat of wings across his face aroused him with a start and a cry of agony. The great bird of carrion, startled in its inspection, flew clumsily off and settled fearlessly on the ground, blinking at him.

An immense revolt, a furious anger brought with it new strength. He rose and rushed at the bird with clenched fist, cursing it as it lumbered awkwardly away. Then he began desperately to struggle on, following the tracks in the sand.

At the end of an hour specks appeared on the horizon. He looked at them in his delirium and began to laugh uneasily.

"I must be out of my head," he said to himself seriously. "It's a mirage. Well, I suppose it is the end. Who'll they put on the case now? Keech, I suppose; yes, Keech; he's a good man. Of course it's a mirage."

As he continued to stumble forward, the dots assumed the shape of trees and hills. He laughed contemptuously and began to remonstrate with himself, repeating:

"It's a mirage, or I'm out of my head." He began to be worried, saying over and over: "That's a bad sign, very bad. I mustn't lose control of myself. I must stick to him—stick to him until he dies of old age. Bucky Greenfield! Well, he won't get out of this either. If the department could only know!"

The nearer he drew to life, the more indignant he became. He arrived thus at the edge of trees and green things.

"Why don't they go?" he said angrily. "They ought to, now. Come, I think I'm keeping my head remarkably well."

All at once a magnificent idea came to him—he would walk through the mirage and end it. He advanced furiously against an imaginary tree, struck his forehead, and toppled over insensible.

## VII

FRAWLEY returned to consciousness to find himself in the hut of a half-breed Indian, who was forcing a soup of herbs between his lips.

Two days later he regained his strength sufficiently to reach a ranch owned by Englishmen. Fitted out by them, he started at once to return to El Paso; to take up the unending search anew.

In the late afternoon, tired and thirsty, he arrived at a shanty where a handful of Mex-

ican children were lolling in the cool of the wall. At the sound of his approach a woman came running to the door, shrieking for assistance in a Mexican gibberish. He ran hastily to the house, his hand on his pistol. The woman, without stopping her chatter, huddled in the doorway, pointing to the dim corner opposite. Frawley, following her glance, saw the figure of a man stretched on a hasty bed of leaves. He took a few quick steps and recognized Greenfield.

At the same moment the bundle shot to a sitting position, with a cry:

"Who's that?"

Frawley, with a quick motion, covered him with his revolver, crying:

"Hands up. It's me, Bucky, and I've got you now!"

"Frawley!"

"That's it, Bucky—*Hands up!*"

Greenfield, without obeying, stared at him wildly.

"God, it is Frawley!" he cried, and fell back in a heap.

Inspector Frawley, advancing a step, repeated his command with no uncertain ring:

"*Hands up! Quick!*"

On the bed the distorted body contracted suddenly into a ball.

"Easy, Bub," Greenfield said between his teeth. "Easy; don't get excited. I'm dying."

"You?"

Frawley approached cautiously, suspiciously.

"Fact. I'm cashin' in."

"What's the matter?"

"Bug. Plain bug—the desert did the rest."

"A what?"

"Tarantula bite—don't laugh, Bub."

Frawley, at his side, needed but a glance to see that it was true. He ran his hand over Greenfield's belt and removed the pistol.

"Sorry," he said curtly, standing up.

"Quite keerect, Bub!"

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Nope."

Suddenly, without warning, Greenfield raised himself, glared at him, stretched out his hands, and fell into a passionate fit of weeping. Frawley's English reserve was outraged.

"What's the matter?" he said angrily. "You're not going to show the white feather now, are you?"

With an oath Greenfield sat bolt upright, silent and flushed.

"D—— you, Bub—show some imagina-

tion," he said after a pause. "Do you think I mind dying—me? That's a good one. It ain't that—no—it's ending, ending like this. After all I've been through, to be put out of business by a bug—an onery little bug."

Then Frawley comprehended his mistake.

"I say, Bucky, I'll take that back," he said awkwardly.

"No imagination, no imagination," Greenfield muttered, sinking back. "Why, man, if I'd chased you three times around the world and got you, I'd fall on you and beat you to a pulp or—or I'd hug you like a long-lost brother."

"I asked your pardon," said Frawley again.

"All right, Bub—all right," Greenfield answered with a short laugh. Then after a pause he added seriously: "So you've come—well, I'm glad it's over. Bub," he continued, raising himself excitedly on his elbow, "here's something strange, only you won't understand it. Do you know, the whole time I knew just where you were—I had a feeling somewhere in the back of my neck. At first you were 'way off, over the horizon; then you got to be a spot coming over the hill. Then I began to feel that spot growin' bigger and bigger—after Rio Janeiro, crawling up, creeping up. Gospel truth, I felt you sneaking up on my back. It got on my nerves. I dreamed about it, and that mornin' on the trail when you was just a speck on any old hoss—I knew! You—you don't understand such things, Bub, do you?"

Frawley made an effort, failed, and answered helplessly:

"No, Bucky, no, I can't say I do understand."

"Why do you think I ran you into Rio Janeiro?" said Greenfield, twisting on the leaves. "Into the cholery? What do you think made me lay for this desert? Bub, you were on my back, clinging like a catamount. I was bound to shake you off. I was desperate. It had to end one way or t'other. That's why I stuck to you until I thought it was over with you."

"Why didn't you make sure of it?" said Frawley with curiosity; "you could have done for me there."

Greenfield looked at him hard and nodded.

"Keerect, Bub; quite so!"

"Why didn't you?"

"Why!" cried Greenfield angrily. "Ain't you ever had any imagination? Did I want to shoot you down like a common ordinary

pickpocket after taking you three times around the world? That was no ending! God, what a chase it was!"

"It was long, Bucky," Frawley admitted. "It was a good one!"

"Can't you understand anything?" Greenfield cried querulously. "Where's anything bigger, more than what we've done? And to have it end like this—to have a bug—a miserable, squashy bug beat you after all!"

For a long moment there was no sound, while Greenfield lay, twisting, his head averted, buried in the leaves.

"It's not right, Bucky," said Frawley at last, with an effort at sympathy. "It oughtn't to have ended this way."

"It was worth it!" Greenfield cried. "Three years! There ain't much dirt we haven't kicked up! Asia, Africa—a regular Cook's tour through Europe, North and South Ameriky. And what seas, Bub!" His voice faltered. The drops of sweat stood thickly on his forehead; but he pulled himself together gamely. "Do you remember the Sea of Japan with its funny little toy junks? Man, we've beaten out Columbus, Jools Verne, and the rest of them—hollow, Bub!"

"I say, what did you do it for?"

"You are a rum un," said Greenfield with a broken laugh. The words began to come shorter and with effort. "Excitement, Bub! Deviltry and cussedness!"

"How do you feel, Bucky?" asked Frawley.

"Half in hell already—stewing for my sins—but it's not that—it's——"

"What, Bucky?"

"That bug! Me, Bucky Greenfield—to go down and out on account of a bug—a little squirmy bug! But I swear even he couldn't have done it if the desert hadn't put me out of business first! No, by God! I'm not downed so easy as that!"

Frawley, in a lame attempt to show his sympathy, went closer to the dying man:

"I say, Bucky."

"Shout away."

"Wouldn't you like to go out, standing, on your feet—with your boots on?"

Greenfield laughed, a contented laugh.

"What's the matter, pal?" said Frawley, pausing in surprise.

"You darned old Englishman," said Greenfield affectionately. "Say, Bub."

"Yes, Bucky."

"The dinkies are all right—but—but a



"WELL, NOW, WE DID JOG ABOUT A BIT!"

Yank, a real Yank, would 'a' got me in six months."

"All right, Bucky. Shall I raise you up?"

"H'ist away."

"Would you like the feeling of a gun in your hand again?" said Frawley, raising him up.

This time Greenfield did not laugh, but his hand closed convulsively over the butt, and he gave a savage sigh of delight. His limbs contracted violently, his head bore heavily on the shoulder of Frawley, who heard him whisper again:

"A bug—a little——"

Then he stopped and appeared to listen. Outside, the evening was soft and stirring. Through the door the children appeared, tumbling over one another, in grotesque attitudes.

Suddenly, as though in the breeze he had caught the sound of a step, Greenfield jerked almost free of Frawley's arms, shuddered, and fell back rigid. The pistol, flung into

the air, twirled, pitched on the floor, and remained quiet.

Frawley placed the body back on the bed of leaves, listened a moment, and rose satisfied. He threw a blanket over the face, picked up the revolver, searched a moment for his hat, and went out to arrange with the Mexican for the night. In a moment he returned and took a seat in the corner, and began carefully to jot down the details on a piece of paper. Presently he paused and looked reflectively at the bed of leaves.

"It's been a good three years," he said reflectively. He considered a moment, rapping the pencil against his teeth, and repeated: "A good three years. I think when I get home I'll ask for a week or so to stretch myself." Then he remembered with anxiety how Greenfield had railed at his lack of imagination and pondered a moment seriously. Suddenly, as though satisfied, he said with a nod of conviction:

"Well, now, we did jog about a bit!"

# THE MAN AS WELL

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrations by W. Sherman Potts

IN 1880 Temple, who had been hanging at arm's length to decency, let go. To everybody in the Southern city where he lived and had his friends it was a great surprise. He had been well liked for his big strong body, his quick mind, his laugh, which was as big and hearty as his biceps, and for the clothes he wore. The Temples were an irreproachable race, who had a habit of going north for their wives. So it was the most pleasurable excitement in the world for the sort of people who owned their carriages and who had seen Temple across the oysters and green turtle soup, to be jounced into the realization that he was a drunkard, a rake, and so delinquent a trustee that New Orleans plainclothes men had sought him after he had disappeared.

What happened to him in the next twenty-one years would not make a pretty story. It would be necessary to tell how he fared on the Pacific Coast and in some tropical islands; of various impolite manners and customs; of the condition he was in when he pulled himself together long enough to organize an enterprise for a planter in South Africa; how he made enough to buy a collar and a passage to Liverpool and then to America: and of how when he saw the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, he burst into tears for the first time in all the years; of the pound of alcohol on his rubbed liver, the careening cargo of sorrow in his heart, and the torment of a half-starved mind.

When he saw his own country's shore again, when he gazed through watery eyes at the marvel of the dream city bathed in the pink light of sundown, he had already lived thousands of unclean years and was fifty-four years old.

These fifty-four years had ridden him hard. He reflected on this as he looked into the cheap mirror of a cheap room in a cheap hotel in lower Sixth Avenue, whose doubtful comforts he had engaged. He had gone to a

place where the hallways smelled of cabbage, and elevated trains roared by bedroom windows, with the vague purpose of making the money that remained to him buy the greatest number of brown and yellow drinks for the greatest number of drab and sepia days. And as he looked into the cheap glass, the same evidence appeared against him that had for a long time gone to the jury that sat somewhere in his mind to convict him over and over again unmercifully.

His chest, losing its strength, had slid down into his abdominal cavity; his legs, even though clothed, seemed weak and thin. It was as if the personality of the middle of the man had fed and fattened on the two ends. Fat cheeks, sagging into sacks of transparent skin, had drawn his thickened lips down into red weakness; but his forehead had pulled taut and had turned the color of a tadpole's belly, twisting his eyebrows and watery eyes upward toward the thin, gray, lifeless hair that straggled down his temples, so that it gave him a peculiar leer. Across the back of his puffy right hand there was a scar, which he often scrutinized carefully as if it were an inscription. As some one had advanced the idea that it was the impression of human teeth, it may indeed have been an inscription. But what difference does it make?

The important thing, and a thing that had nothing to do with his appearance, was that within the passing of his first sixty days in New York there happened to him the most exciting experience in his life.

Within sight of the rolling, trafficking roar of feet, hoofs, and wheels at the juncture of an avenue and Broadway, there stands an old white-faced hotel in and out of whose doors finest gentlemen and smartest ladies were passing a quarter of a century ago. Temple himself had known its corridors, its steaks, and the sound of the squeaky cork beside its tables. With it he associated days of care-

less abandon, the light laughter of joyous women, the opening of full pocketbooks, moments of spendthrift love for all humanity, fresh cheeks, brilliant dress, well-kept hands, the caress of music wandering through streams of chuckles, murmurs, and exclamations. With Rand Franklin he had been there on the day that a letter with an Illinois postmark had come to him, telling him that it was all right, that she did consent, and bidding him come to her at once so that they might announce their engagement. And Rand Franklin, who was a witty blade, had laughed funny sentences at him through cigar smoke, and afterward had pressed his hand hard without saying any words at all. Sentiment took old Temple back to this hotel.

Of course, no one there knew him. There had been changes in the office, in the men at the desks, in the waiters, in the decorations on the ceilings. It was not the same old place, from any point of view, that he had subconsciously expected it to be. He waddled toward the door that led into the bar, realizing a little the absurd contrast between the ill-fitting newness of his clothes and the bold dash for fashion made by his necktie. He had purchased the latter to gratify a natural inclination to smartness of dress that followed him stealthily long after his means refused it company. Now above the hobnobbing of many bottles and below an oil-painting in green and flesh tints, a festooned bar-mirror gazed at him. He and the mirror both knew that he was a rudderless craft, rigging carried away, deserted, drifting, awash at the bows, ready to nose under the surface, with no one looking on to see the bubbles come up. So he drank down the sinuous, brown, warm liquid, and walked out into the summer sunlight of the side street.

There were rows of old-fashioned brown-stone houses on this street; in two or three places a white or cream-colored building had broken into their severe battalion front, offering to a rank of solemn veterans the usual effronteries of the new recruit. The old houses, too, had suffered such remodeling in their lower parts as to present a long line of little shops—art stores, milliners, interior decorators, confectioners, and the refreshing display of the florist.

Temple sauntered along this row of windows, halted a moment before one of them in which was displayed a water-color of the cool, open sea, and then, as if brought to realization of the sultriness of the day, took off his hat and

ran three fat fingers through his gray hair. He drew a long wheezy breath. When he turned to move forward again, a square-sided photographer's display case obstructed his path.

In the side of this case that faced him, arranged upon a background of yellow pongee silk, were brown prints of several portraits. An attractive, white-attired little girl smiled across from one corner toward an old man with a carved ebony cane across his knees, who had been placed in the other. Temple did not see these two, for between them was a picture of a woman.

Temple uttered no cry. To be sure, he stared back into the two eyes that from the photograph looked steadily into his own, with such an expression of amazement that an observer would have believed him mildly insane. After a time he again snatched off his hat, but still stood there looking and looking, his breath coming wheezily and the drops of perspiration pouring down his cheeks.

The woman looked back at him calmly. She was by no means a young woman, but whatever her years she was beautiful, if beauty lies in the unaffected grace of slender arms and shoulders, in refinement of forehead, in tenderness of eyes and warmth of mouth. Temple forgot for a moment the monstrous evolution that had made his own body a burlesque on his species. Before his eyes was this woman, appearing as the embodiment of all that he had failed to be, and in this moment there came to him the courage to formulate an idea.

It was an idea that he had never before dared to conceive, except in days of drunken frenzy when he had tortured himself with the impossibility of its fulfilment. Now the instinct of self-preservation, which had apparently long ago died out in his prayers for death, brightened his eye. He knew that he had been a hopeless derelict, he knew that only one other human being in the world could give him help, that this being was the woman whose photograph blurred before his eyes. Then still another emotion caught his heart. It shook him so that his straw hat fell from his fingers, and as he started forward dizzily, it nearly sent him sprawling on the sidewalk.

He stopped at the bottom of the long steps that led from the street toward the photographer's sign. He clenched his hands, working together his nerves, before he ascended to the open door.

Down the perspective of the narrow hall

was the reception-room. An anemic young girl, with red hair arranged in an astonishing pompadour, sat behind a desk, biting a ripe peach which she held in one hand, using the other to catch the dripping juice that with each mouthful fell toward the fashion page of a newspaper spread out before her. She wore a broad white collar about her thin, freckled neck, and a huge blue necktie, as if to indicate that by becoming the photographer's assistant she had dedicated herself to art.

"He ain't here," she said to Temple, drying her lips with a deft movement of her finger-tips. "I'm kinder new here, but if there's anything I kin tell yer——"

"There's a photograph down-stairs——" began Temple.

"In the show-case," interrupted the girl, for her manners extended to young men and to ladies with money. Temple fell within neither class.

"Yes, in the show-case," he went on, bowing slightly. "It's in the middle of the top line on the east side."

"What was the number?" she asked, affecting a brisk, business woman's air. "Course you don't know. What about it? I guess I remember the face. I didn't put it there, but I know a lot of the people who come in here." She put her hand into an open cabinet drawer and produced the same picture. It startled Temple a little, for it was as if two persons exactly alike had been found to exist in the flesh. "That it?" asked the girl, looking at the back. He nodded. "Number 327,589," she said. "That shows how big a business we do. What do you want to know about it?"

"I want to know where she lives—her address," said Temple.

The girl looked at him with unconcealed suspicion. "Do you know the lady?"

"Yes, I do," replied Temple. The girl was searching the pages of an order book. "I knew her twenty years ago. She lived in New Orleans then."

"What was her name?" The girl held a forefinger on a page of the book and smiled in a satisfied way as if she had won a great triumph in cross-examination. "We ain't allowed to tell the names of show pictures to strangers," she explained.

"Her name was Mary Aldrich Wilson——"

"Huh!" cried the young person. "You do know her, don't you? Mrs. Mary Aldrich Wilson, Farragut Road, Montwell, New Jersey."

He looked at her with widening eyes. "Isn't there a Temple on the end of it?" he exclaimed.

"No, there ain't. It's Mary Aldrich Wilson."

"You've made a mistake," he wheezed. "There ought to be——"

"Who knows best—she or you?"

"Perhaps I do," he said quietly.

"Her son oughter know. He came in here once——" she smiled sheepishly. "I wisht he'd have his picture taken. He's awful good-looking. Didcher know him too? Course you didn't—he ain't much over twenty."

Temple tried to speak; his words gagged him. He finally left the girl with her blue eyes round with astonishment and hurried down the steps. He half ran toward Broadway. Puffing and perspiring he went, for in front of him he saw the first light of life that had broken through long, dark years. Thoughts that he had never dared to think before, hopes that he had not dared to picture, love that he had not before had the courage to dream came to him as the material world comes to the consciousness of an awakening sleeper. He was going back to a wonderful world—a world of cleanness, rest, beauty, love, regeneration. The thought possessed the old wreck as a monomania. He was going back to his boy and to his wife!

He sat in a wooden armchair in the empty office of Hotel Mont Blanc, the seventy-five-cent place where he had his room, and rubbed his knees, considering the possibilities. The moderate quiet of the dingy room gave him a chance to fix his eyes on the gaudy druggist's calendar upon the opposite wall so that he might, undisturbed, rake together the rubbish of his mind and make it work for him. He reflected that nothing was to be gained by writing to his wife, then went off into a joyous revel through old memories, through a thousand little incidents of the past, refreshed and blooming again from the withered bulbs of his brain-cells. Fond dreams were launched out of the past and flew toward the future like so many irresistible projectiles shot from siege-guns. Yet they left him behind them with the problem again on his mind. The afternoon had gone. From somewhere came the click of knives and forks on plates. People were eating dinner. He decided suddenly that he would go to her at once. This was the natural, simple way, elementary, unaffected. And almost at the same moment he was thrown back into a slough of doubts,

for there was really little chance that she would consent to his return.

The office was hot. Hot, harsh noises came in from the avenue—the sound of adamant against adamant punctuated by the intermittent cry of the human animal. Temple wiped his forehead and his cheeks. He ran his fingers through his thin, gray hair, which, being wet, clung tightly to his skin; he waddled down the stairs to the saloon below with its trellised street signs. When he came out he was wiping his mouth upon his sleeve; and he plodded away down the side street toward the river, leaden in the dusk, toward the streaks of sunset, toward the New Jersey ferry. He was going to play his last card.

The summer evening had nestled comfortably against the face of the universe when Temple reached Montwell. Farragut Road runs up over the crest of a hill. At the bottom of it a little girl in short dresses, who carried glowing incense sticks in her hand, pointed out to him where Mrs. Mary Aldrich Wilson lived. He looked up and drew a long breath as if he had been relieved of what had seemed interminable weariness. He had considered the chance that his wife might be away; in the house pointed out by the little girl lights were shining. He pressed on up the slope with his watery eyes steadily fixed upon that house.

It was an old-fashioned place nested in a grove of pines; distinction was given it by the fact that the rows of houses on either side were unlighted, deserted neighbors of modern pretensions, of unmellowed newness, of the type designed by an architect who has strong notions of purity of style and cement construction. At the end of its lawn, Temple stopped in the shadow of an elm, where the rays of a sputtering arc-lamp on the summit of the hill might not shine upon him. Far away across the lower ground, the city was winking its thousand little white eyes like a malicious personality trying to shame the milky myriads of stars that lightened the black sky; wisps of night wind, odored with the sleepy exhalation of some late flowering shrub, were assailing the tyranny of the day's heat. All the world seemed unreal to old Temple. He paused for a moment like one who falters along a thoroughfare of dreams.

When he finally stepped beyond the wall of the adjacent grounds and out of the shadow of the elm, he saw his wife. She was alone on the porch, comfortable in a wicker chair, and the light from a lower window fell upon her folded hands and upon the foliage of a

vine that crawled on the railing. Temple was not so moved by the sight of her as he had been by the sight of her picture. To be sure, he stopped, stiffened, and held his hands tight to his sides, but this was because he had heard a young voice from inside the house, which had called out, "Good night, mother," and because he had seen a shadow in one of the upper windows just before the light went out. He realized that this was the shadow of his own son.

Till that moment he had been blindly following the crude instinct of self-preservation. Now another instinct impelled him to draw back into the shadows and shrink away like one who feels the impudence of knocking on the gates of Paradise. He pressed his knuckles against his teeth as he stood half crouching on the path, and then, straightening with an effort, waddled toward the house, following the grass border with noiseless steps.

He knew enough not to appear suddenly; and, though it took courage, he deliberately moved toward the porch with the light from the lower window upon his fat, shiny face. When he was still many feet away he stopped, turned his open hands toward her, and waited for her recognition with an unblinking presentation of his features.

He half expected that she would faint, or avoid the loss of consciousness by some outcry. She did neither. For a moment she leaned forward toward him; he could hear the wicker chair arms complain in the clutch of her white fingers. He tried to speak her name and failed. She tried to rise and succeeded.

He had concluded that this first moment would decide the questions that lay between them. Instead of this, his wife, standing erect with that extraordinary expression that glorifies the face of every mother in defense of her off-spring, pointed above and, measuring off her words, whispered: "He mustn't know. He must never know so long as he lives."

Temple bowed his head. Thereupon his wife reached both arms toward him. He came up the steps painfully, took one of her hands, and pressed it against his face.

"Just look at me," he whispered. "That's all you've got to do—just look at me." He coughed and wheezed the words.

His wife, in a revulsion of feeling, drew her hand away from him; the disgust within her was apparent in her eyes.

"Oh, don't!" Temple mouthed. "It's my last chance. I've come back to you. I'm

played out. Don't! I've come back to you—God, Mary, I love you. I've come back to you and my boy." He stepped upon the porch, and she drew back into the shadow of the vines.

So the two stood for a minute. Somewhere in the lower land that stretched out between the silent hill and the winking city in the distance, a park band was accenting the season's two-step. Little scraps of it came to them on the fitful breeze. The wheeze in Temple's throat rose and fell monotonously.

"Come around the corner," said his wife. She pointed above significantly. "He must not hear us." Temple followed her.

"You look so good to me!" he said simply, with his bleary eyes winking. "You're all that's left—all there ever was. Don't you understand?"

"Yes," she answered. "I know. I'm sorry, too. I wish it were possible—but you can't come back. He must never know that you are alive. He must never know his real name."

Temple pressed his clenched hands upon his forehead.

"I'm sorry," she repeated. "It cost me something to leave everything and everybody I cared for. I did it just so that when I had dropped out of the old life and changed the name and come North—yes, and even changed the color of my hair—the baby might grow up without ever being followed by the truth about his father. I knew he must never share the shame nor lack faith in the blood that was in him. I worked for him, brought him up, educated him. He is my boy. He is the finest young man I ever knew. This has been my whole life, and it has been a success!"

Forgetting himself for a moment, Temple looked up at her with his eyes rounded with admiration, as one looks upon the magnificence of the sunset. "Yes, yes," said he. "God! What I threw away!" He walked softly over to a chair, sat down, and wiped his taut forehead with a handkerchief. "I'm something of an outcast," he suggested.

"You must not come back to us—not here. He thinks you died long ago," his wife said tenderly, as if actually speaking of the dead. "He often says you must have been a wonderful man because if you had not been I should not have loved you."

Temple nodded in the manner of one whose every motion costs a physical pain. "I've just made another mistake," he said. "I

suppose it would have been better if I had not come back at all. I was thinking of myself." He scrutinized the backs of his puffy hands. "Just of myself. It seemed to me if I could only just feel your hand on my shoulder for a minute, it would mean rest from all the old nightmares. I kind of thought there might be a chance to get onto my feet again. I realized, too, that I had never really loved any one else, and that I loved you better than I ever did. Oh, well, I just wanted to come back."

His wife groped behind her until she had caught the porch railing; against the dark vines her face and her arms, bare to the elbow, were as white as moonlight.

"You still are very beautiful," said Temple, as if he were talking to himself. "You look very much as you did on Lake Michigan the first summer I saw you. I look different, don't I? And it's funny what I remember about you. I never picture our wedding nor the time you were so desperately ill in Savannah. It's the little things. I remember a quarrel we had about my whipping the terrier pup, and afterward I insisted on buttoning your dress for you—down the back. Then I remember—" He stopped, took out his watch, and looked at the time as if time had suddenly become very important. "I must be going," he announced. "You are right. I'll fight this thing out alone. Coming here was a little insane. I've known enough for twenty years not to do it, and I came—" He caught his breath. "Well, it hasn't done any harm. And it's made a lot of difference to me."

He had bent his head, so he did not see that his wife had come over to him. Suddenly he felt her arm upon his neck and realized that she had dropped to her knees beside him. He heard her say, "I'm so sorry—so sorry," and her voice sounded to him as a voice from the New Testament. His misused body shook, his thumbs pressed into his knees, his throat wheezed forth, in ungainly, awkward grief.

"My!" he said, trying to draw his mouth into a firm line. "My! my! my! We must—I must go. It won't do, I must go."

"I will go with you," she announced softly. "I think it is best. You need me."

Temple raised his hands as if he were about to touch her, but they only hesitated above her shoulders as if they were two distinct, wondering personalities. "This is a miracle!" he cried.

"Just see," she went on. "The boy is strong. He has become a man. You need me. I will go with you. I will help you. I will try to love you again. Perhaps——"

"What about him?" exclaimed Temple. "He would have to know."

"No, no!" she answered. "I have thought of that. I must simply drop out of his life. He will never think evil of me. We will settle that afterward—we will devise some way to comfort him. I will write to him that he need not worry. Oh, I don't know—there'll be some way. I must go with you!"

For a moment old Temple listened to the wisps of band music that came up from the valley. "See here," said he, finally putting his hands upon her shoulders. "All this is unthinkable. You are the only thing in the world I want, but you must not consider this thing." He hesitated, licked

his lips, and then went on. "It would mean everything to me. I can't talk about it. But you'd have to give up everything. Look at me. Just see what my body has become. I don't dare to think about my soul. Women like you are not put in the world to— If you went with me it would mean trouble and suffering and tragedy—it might mean physical pain and disgrace. I'm honest now. It might mean all that—understand. And not a living soul would give you credit for it. Nobody would know. There'd be no reward."

"I will go with you," said she softly, looking up at him.

Temple burst into tears. And slowly and carefully he put his arms about her and bent down to bury his face in her hair.

At that very instant he heard the sound of a

lifted window above the uncovered porch. With inspired quickness of wit he clutched her soft throat in his trembling hands and thrust her over backward as she screamed. There were steps sounding loud on the stairway within the house.

"Listen!" he whispered, kneeling above her. "The boy saw you in my arms. He must never know. I'm the only one who has the right to touch you. Yet he must never know who I am. There is only one way. I am a thief. I tried to take your rings. Do you understand? No matter what happens, he must never know!"

He had spoken swiftly, but his wife understood. "He will kill you!" she cried softly. The screen door around the corner of the porch slammed.

"Do it!" exclaimed old Temple fiercely. "He must not know. You're his mother—play this through for him!"

The young man bounded around the corner. He was clad only in his pajamas. The woman raised herself to her knees, gasping. Old Temple struggled to his feet and faced his son. Forgetting his part, he stood looking with filling eyes at the straight, strong figure, the clean-featured young man who was his own and, unlike a criminal caught in the act, he stretched his arms out toward his boy. Then from the woman still on her knees there came choking words: "He struck me. He tried to rob me, Ned!"

She had not finished before the boy fainted at old Temple's body with his left hand and then drove his right up under the older man's groping arms. The blow came with a weight behind it, resounding as it reached between the eyes. Temple went down, his fat carcass rolling, his hands clawing the boards.



THESE FIFTY-FOUR YEARS HAD RIDDEN HIM HARD.

The woman gave a shrill cry as if she were the one who had been struck. "No more, Ned!" she cried. "No more, for my sake!"

Her son laughed nervously with the joy of his strength. The older man was still rolling from side to side on the floor in his pain.

"Listen, Ned," cried his mother, clutching at the edge of his coat. "Don't do any more. Let him go. He's an old man. A poor, unfortunate old man. Let him go. Do it for your mother, Ned!"

"I'd telephone—the police—if it wasn't for the—" breathed young Temple. "Are you hurt, mother?"

"No, no, Ned," she cried. "I'm not. Let him go, I say. Don't strike him again. I'm not hurt. He didn't take anything; let him go."

The older man dragged himself up painfully, nursing his face with both his hands. He crawled toward the steps and stumbled down the path with uncertain legs, until he reached the shadow of the elm once more. Then he looked back.

His son stood at full height on the edge of the porch, peering into the darkness; behind the boy, his wife was reeling and clutching at the chairs. Finally Temple saw her stagger backward into one of them, her arms dangling at either side, her body limp. He knew that she had fainted away, and he stumbled forward again down the hill, down Farragut Road to Montwell station. It was not until he was sitting in the dimly lighted passenger coach that he noticed a scrap of lace that had caught on the button of his



HE STOOD THERE LOOKING AND LOOKING.



"I'M KINDER NEW HERE, BUT IF THERE'S ANYTHING I KIN TELL YER—"

sleeve. This torn bit of trimming he pressed to his lips and, folding it carefully, put it in his pocket.

The Hotel Mont Blanc was not sleeping at the hour when Temple returned. In the café up-stairs the lights were glaring and a piano was thrashing out a popular tune; one could see the white-aproned forms of waiters scurrying here and there.

Temple stood irresolutely on the opposite side of the street, somewhat dreamily gazing up at a young man and a young woman who were sitting at one of the tables in the window. Every time the girl laughed she threw her head forward hysterically, and the immodest plume upon her hat flapped with the movement.

"What do you suppose it all means?" said Temple to himself.

He walked across under the whine and clank of the elevated structure. Once he stopped and looked about. Men and women, lazy with the heat, sauntered listlessly in and out of the street glare. In a tenement doorway a group of shirt-waisted women and shirt-sleeved men squatted close together, jabber-

ing softly like a bundle of sleepy monkeys. A very small child scuffled along the gutter till it saw Temple; then it looked up into his face with strange interest, a derisive quirk at the corners of its mouth, turning its head as it went until its foot caught on the curbstone and it sprawled forward.

"What do you suppose it all means?" asked Temple again. He snapped his fat fingers and pushed his way through the flap-door beneath the trellised beer sign.

Two men sat in the quiet of the back room of the saloon under a dim light and beside a pool-table, draped in black and suggestive of a huge burial casket. One was a cabman, a regular patron whom Temple knew only as "Bill, the Philosopher," the other a particular friend of O'Brien, who kept the place—a thin, timid creature, who agreed with everybody, the sort of man who twines his limber legs around each other nervously and eternally fingers his over-large celluloid collar. They beckoned to Temple, and he waddled toward them. "Rye and soda," he said laconically, as he passed the barkeeper, who was polishing spigots.

"If I was a believer in faith," remarked the cabman, in a drawl with a slight touch of Irish dialect, "or if I had faith in beliefs——"

"Heh—heh—heh!" cackled the thin creature, choking over his drink.

"If I had faith in beliefs," Bill went on, eyeing the swelling on Temple's forehead, "I'd say you was a-sufferin' from the silly idea—the empty error of imagination—that something had given you the divil of a wallop on your mantelpiece."

Temple nodded without smiling. The thin man examined his nails. For a long time the three sat without speaking. The acquaintance had gone far beyond the con-

"Now, it's this way," said the cabman, dabbling a forefinger in a table-top puddle. He had said the phrase for the fifth time and also "And then again" as many more. "Am I right?" he asked, with perfect confidence, touching Temple's knee.

"I didn't hear," said Temple, starting suddenly.

"Well, we was havin' an argument——"

"Hole on, Bill," squeaked the thin one; "I ain't said nawthin' agin you."

"We was havin' an' argument," Bill repeated, "and I maintained that no one does nothin' good except there's some kind of pay comin'. You can always figger out



"I WILL GO WITH YOU. YOU NEED ME."

versational stage. Temple gazed unwinkingly at a lonely cigar stump on the tiled floor. After a time a remark by the thin man awakened Bill, the Philosopher, to action. "Now, it's this way," he began. Temple did not hear.

how there'll be a reward somehow. Ain't it so?"

"No," said Temple, softly. "That ain't so, Bill. I know of one case. I know of one case—sure!" He smiled at them both.



"YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN, IF I MAIL THIS," HE SAID.

There was a tenderness in his smile and voice that neither of them had known could be his.

"There—I'm glad you said so," nodded the thin one, with evident relief. "I kinder thought I was right."

"Sure of your case?" asked Bill, doubtfully. "Weren't there some kind of reward hidden somewheres? Wouldn't somebody know about it?"

"Only me," said Temple, gulping. "It was a woman."

"Ho—ho!" exclaimed Bill. "A woman? Oh, a woman might do it all right. I was thinking of men." It was a lie for his pride.

"Men—a man?" cried Temple, leaning across the table. He looked into the eyes of Bill, the cabman, and into the narrow eyes of the thin one, as if he might there find words he could read aloud to them. "A man?" he cried.

"Sure," assented Bill.

Suddenly Temple sprang from his chair. "By God!" he whispered. Both of them looked up at him, half afraid. He patted the cabman's shoulder, tore a leaf from a notebook, and raised his hand. "Just a minute," said he, and, sitting down, he wrote:

"I will go away alone. You have been too good and too brave for me to let you come with me. I love you and know you well. That much I will take

with me. I will always try to remember that I am your husband and my boy's father. It came to me suddenly—that I and not you should give up hope."

Temple folded the paper and tucked it into a dirty envelope from which he had shaken a few English newspaper clippings.

"You'll excuse me, gentlemen, if I mail this?" he said.

"Will we order another for you?" asked Bill, the cabman, doubtfully.

"No," said old Temple, smiling at them out of his watery eyes. "I've had my last. I'll just say good-by. I'm off to Liverpool to-morrow."

"That a fact?" said Bill, reaching out a hand that set in motion a whiff of stable. The thin one untwined his legs. "Good-by," said he. "Keep on the water-wagon."

"Oh, I'm on for good," wheezed Temple. "Good luck." So he left them.

After two days, he drank again. Nothing else was to be expected. In fact, many months later he died on a Liverpool wharf late at night, with four men trying to hold him down while he did it. Two of the four were sailors and two were roustabouts—an unfitting company for him. They found a little leather bag on his throat with a bit of lace in it, and one of the sailormen stole it because he believed it would reveal buried treasure.



## The BELL-RAT

By Edward Salis-  
bury Field

Drawings by  
H.E. Townsend

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WHEN a man's got a secret that he darsen't tell his wife, he generally unloads it on one of his friends," remarked Peter Black. "There's Ambrose Hawkins, for instance; I learned all I know about rats from him, because rats was his secret. He had to talk 'em to somebody, so he talked 'em to me.

"You see, before he got married, Ambrose was staying at a boarding-house run by the Widow Huggins on East Howard Street. It was convenient to the docks, and the widow was a good provider, besides being pleasant to look at, and owning the house she was living in.

"There was three other boarders, two stevedores—one of 'em a Blue Nose from Nova Scotia, the other a naturalized Swede—an' a donkey-engine man that was a free-born American citizen an' looked like a pirate. Ambrose was a native son of the golden West, born in the Santa Clara Valley, where they raise good men and grow good prunes. I was raised there myself. Now that I've laid all my cards on the table, we'll start the game. Only remember, rats is trumps.

"The donkey-engine man was as much interested in the widow as he was in the victuals she piled on his plate—which is saying a good deal for a donkey-engine man; and the two stevedores was both of 'em figur-

ing on a free meal ticket and an interest in the establishment. Out of the bunch, Ambrose was the only one who wasn't making a dead set for the widow.

"Ambrose wasn't any prize beauty by a long shot; he was tall and thin, red-headed and freckled, and he was that bashful with women you wouldn't believe me. From his conversation with the widow, you'd have thought he was connected with the weather bureau. It was, 'A nice day, Mrs. Huggins,' or, 'It looks like rain, Mrs. Huggins,' or, 'It's foggy this morning, Mrs. Huggins.' He hung on to the weather like a shipwrecked sailor to a floating spar; you couldn't pry him loose.

"For that reason the donkey-engine man didn't look on him as a rival, but spent all his spare time putting spokes in the wheels of the two stevedores, and the two stevedores let Ambrose be, confining their attention to the donkey-engine man. As for the widow, she didn't encourage anybody—seemed as much interested in Ambrose's weather predictions as she did in the sighs and loving glances of her other boarders. But you can't never tell about women. It ain't their style to wear their hearts on their sleeves, and the widow wasn't any exception.

"And that's the way things was on the surface when this story begins. But you can't never tell anything from surfaces, either:

folks with pleasant faces often have dull pains gnawing at their vitals, and many a handsome, happy-looking rose bush has gophers chewing at its roots. Not that there was any dull pains or gophers at the Widow Huggins's boarding-house. There was rats there, though, and they gnawed and chewed to beat the band.

"Yes, sir, the quantity of rats in that house was something fierce, even for 'Frisco, where rats is plenty. I don't know where they come from, but any time of night you could hear 'em racing along the rafters overhead. The widow was afraid to put out poison for fear her cat, Ginger, would get it, and the rats was that smart traps didn't seem to do any good at all.

"One rainy morning the stevedore from Nova Scotia come down to breakfast late, looking mighty cross, and carrying his left rubber boot in one hand.

"What d'you think?" he says.

"If you're asking me," says the donkey-engine man, "I think you've forgot your manners, coming into a room where a lady is, with one boot off."

"Huh!" says the stevedore from Nova Scotia. "Do you know what's in that boot?"

"I know what ain't in it," says the donkey-engine man, staring at the stevedore's left foot.

"Well, you needn't be so high and mighty about it!" says the stevedore, getting riled. "If you want to know what's in that boot, I'll tell you: there's a rat's nest in it."

"Oh, oh!" gasped the widow.

"And that ain't all," says the stevedore; "there's a whole rat family in it, besides. If you don't believe me, take a look."

"I don't want to look!" says the widow.

"I should say not!" says the donkey-engine man.

"Four little baby rats," continues the stevedore.

"Don't you think you'd better empty 'em out?" asks Ambrose.

"Mercy, Mr. Hawkins!" exclaims the widow.

"Not here, of course, Mrs. Huggins; in the street."

"Yes, please empty them out in the street," says the widow.

"That's nothing," says the donkey-engine man, when the stevedore had left the room, "nothing at all. Why, one of your rats——"

"They ain't my rats," says the widow.

"Well, anyway, there's a hole in my new

sou'wester; et by a rat it was, only I've been too delicate to mention it before."

"After that the widow was worried, and so was Ambrose; him being that kind-hearted he couldn't bear to see a lady looking troubled. Besides, there was a chewn place in his best pants, making it impossible for him to wear 'em, except with an overcoat.

"Almost every night when the donkey-engine man come in to dinner, he'd bring a present of a rat-trap with him, till the number of different brands of traps the widow could lay her hands on was amazing. You'd have thought that all the inventors of America had made rat-catching their specialty. Some of the traps was better than others, though none of them was what you'd call a success. Now and then a rat was caught, but it wasn't a drop in the bucket to what there was left; and the way the widow would glare, and hug her cat, when anybody started to sing the praises of poison, was warning enough.

"It was Ambrose, after all, who settled the rat question—him and Science together, working hand in hand, so to speak. The way he come to learn how to do it was as simple as possible. A friend of his was watchman in a warehouse, and one day Ambrose got to talking rats to him over a schooner of steam beer at the 'Four Winds.'

"Now Picketts, which was the watchman's name, was an authority on rats—knew all about 'em. Said as how, in all the warehouses, they had 'em on their books; rattage was what they called it.

"I've seen it myself," said he, "wrote down in black an' white, how some months them rats et as much as fifty dollars out of the profits."

"Gee whiz!" said Ambrose. "Fifty dollars? Gee whiz!"

"Yes, fifty dollars. They needn't have stood for it, though. If they'd caught a rat and fastened a bell around its neck, it would have meant a red line through the rattage account right away. Yes, sir, if you can catch just one live rat, and tie a bell on a piece of string around its neck, it's "good-by, rats" after that; for the bell-rat starts running after the others, trying to be friendly, and that scares 'em so they just naturally clear out. Rats has more nerve than nerves, but they can't stand for the jangling of that little bell. When they hear it coming after them, they make themselves scarce, I can tell you."

"That settled Ambrose. Next afternoon



AMBROSE WAS DEAD STUCK ON THAT TRAP.

he bought a trap and a little tin bell in a store on Mission Street (none of the traps the donkey-engine man had given the widow would do, as they was all the killing kind, and Ambrose wanted his rat alive). Then, with the trap under his arm, and the dinky bell in his pocket, he started for home, stopping once on the way,

at a corner grocery, to buy a piece of cheese.

"From the dinner-table Ambrose went straight up-stairs. After locking the door of his room, he cut a sliver off the cheese he'd bought, stuck his knife in it, and toasted it over the gas-jet. Then he set his trap.

"It was a rum-looking trap; more like a bird cage than anything else, with a door on springs that closed down sudden the moment Mr. Rat begun chewing on the cheese inside. At first Ambrose was dead stuck on that trap. He played with it like a kid with a toy, opening its front door, and springing it shut again with imaginary rats inside. You wouldn't believe how easy that trap was sprung; barely touch the cheese with your finger, and the door was down, and all the skin scraped off the back of your hand before you could say Jack Robinson. That was the kind of trap it was, set on a regular hair-trigger. After Mrs. Huggins had gone to bed, Ambrose sallied in his stocking feet to the first floor, and put it in the closet under the stairs—that being a sort of storeroom, and a likely place for rats.

"Now Ambrose's plan was simple enough. Every night, when nobody was looking, he meant to set his trap in that closet under the stairs, and every morning, before any one was awake, he proposed to go down and fetch it up to his room again; locking it in his trunk through the day, for fear the

widow might notice it when she tidied up his room.

"As it turned out, that was the program for a whole week; every night he set his trap in the closet, and every morning he got up at five o'clock, slipped down-stairs, and fetched it up to his room again. Yes, sir, a whole week went by, with not the sign of a rat in the trap to tie a bell on. Ambrose was fair discouraged, and he used to be that sleepy at breakfast-time, what with getting up early and going to bed late, that he could hardly keep his eyes open. But he stuck it out like a man. If eternal vigilance was the price of rats, Ambrose was prepared to pay the price; they come high, but he had to have 'em. And so things run on till one Saturday night, when, after setting his trap, Ambrose forgot to wind his watch.

"The next morning, Ambrose overslept himself. Not that it wasn't natural he should, because, not having to go to work, he was in the habit of sleeping later Sunday mornings. Also, the fog was that thick outside that you couldn't tell it was daylight at all. When Ambrose looked at his watch, the hands pointed to twenty minutes past six. He'd meant to get up about that time to dress and go down to see about his trap, but—well, he was dead sleepy, and he hadn't heard anybody stirring, and breakfast wasn't till nine o'clock Sunday mornings, anyway. Thinks he: 'I'll just go down as I am, nab the trap, and slip back to bed again for another snooze.' So up he gets and out he goes, with nothin' on but his nightshirt, mind you, and his legs bare clean up to the knee.

"It was patter, patter down the stairs, patter, patter into the closet, the sound of scratching a match, and then 'Gee whiz!' from Ambrose. For he'd caught a rat—a regular baby elephant of a rat! There it was, alive and handsome, blinking its eyes at Ambrose by the light of the match he'd struck. And there was Ambrose, staring at the rat and grinning to beat the band. No more getting up at five o'clock for him. Nothing to do but tie a bell around the rat's neck and turn it loose.

"There's times when it seems like the world is paved with banana peels for your plans to slip up on; you can't never tell what's laying for you just around the corner, and that's a fact. Everybody knows that, only they forget it when things is coming their way. That's how it was with Ambrose. 'Nothing

to do but tie a bell around its neck, and turn it loose,' he says to himself, and the next minute he went as white as his nightshirt, and his knees knocked together like mad.

"Because why? It's simple enough. Just then the widow's bedroom door opened, and out she come into the hall. Slap, slap went her slippers, right past the open door of the closet where Ambrose was, and on into the kitchen, where she begun making a fire in the stove. And she didn't shut the door after her, either.

"Now if that wasn't a tight place for Ambrose to get caught in, my name ain't Peter Black! There he was—legs bare to the knee, and him that bashful with women he could hardly say good morning to 'em. There he was, caught like a rat in a trap, only worse, for the real rat had all its clothes on. What's more, Ginger, the cat, smelled the rat right away, and while the widow was making the fire and starting breakfast, he come nosing into the closet, as excited as possible.

"'Here, Ginger,' called the widow.

"But Ginger was rubbing up against Ambrose's bare legs.

"'Ginger, come here this minute, or I'll be after you.'

"Ambrose nearly died on the spot. But he kept his head long enough to see there was only one thing to do, and he done it: he picked Ginger up, pushed him into the hall, then closed the door very soft, all but a crack.

"Ginger he didn't like that a little bit, and he begun scratching at the door.

"'Drat that cat!' says the widow. 'He's after rats ag'in, and the last one he caught made him sick.' So up she sails to the closet door, captures Ginger, and shuts him in the pantry, leaving Ambrose shivering with cold and burning up with bashfulness at the same time. Left him there, and there he stayed—couldn't do anything else. Yes, sir, there he stayed, with his hand on the door-knob to keep anybody out who tried to get in, and I reckon the only reason his hair didn't turn white, then and there, was because it was red, and red hair don't turn white as easy as some.

"By this time breakfast was cooking, and pretty soon the donkey-engine man come down-stairs, followed by the two stevedores. All three of 'em went out to the kitchen to say good morning to the widow, and warm themselves by the stove. There was a smell of coffee in the air, and Ambrose heard the widow say, 'Mr. Hawkins is late this morn-

ing. Perhaps I'd better keep his breakfast hot for him.'

"In a little while they all filed into the dining-room, an' Ambrose begun to breathe again, because the door from the dining-room to the hall was tight shut. Couldn't see him from there. He waited till they'd set down, an' then he was opening the door very slow an' cautious when the widow said, 'I wonder if anything's wrong with Mr. Hawkins.'

"Perhaps I'd better go up-stairs and knock at his door,' said the donkey-engine man. That was Ambrose's cue to cut and run, and he done it in record time. With the trap under his arm, he popped out, grabbed the banister, and flew up those stairs. Lucky his feet *was* bare just then. He heard the door open below, an' he jammed the trap, rat and all, under the covers, as the donkey-engine man come clumping up to his door. Maybe Ambrose didn't thank his stars that the stairs hadn't creaked and the rat hadn't squeaked!

"After breakfast that morning, Ambrose had a circus in his room. If you don't believe tying a bell around a live rat's neck is one kind of a circus, just try it once.

"There ain't many circuses that lasts four hours, but Ambrose's did. Yes, sir, it was four hours from the time he fished that rat out of his trunk till he'd got the bell fastened around its neck. He didn't dare let the rat out of the trap for fear he couldn't catch it again; he didn't dare get his fingers too near it for fear it would bite him; and as for slipping a noose around its neck, or over its nose—well, if you'd ever tried it, you'd know that a rat is quicker at dodging than a man in debt. Shooting humming-birds on the wing with a .22 rifle is dead easy compared with slipping a noose over a live rat's head.

"I reckon that Ambrose and the rat would both of 'em have died of old age before that bell had got fastened where it belonged, if there hadn't been a bath-tub in the house. When it comes to bathing, or belling a rat, there's nothing like having a bath-tub handy; though it wasn't till Ambrose had tried every other way he could think of that the idea occurred to him. When it did, the first thing was to find out if the coast was clear to get the rat down the hall. For once, things come Ambrose's way; the two stevedores and the donkey-engine man had gone out, and the widow was down-stairs getting dinner ready—dinner at two o'clock on Sundays being one of the rules of the house. So there

wasn't any difficulty in smuggling the rat into the bath-room.

"After that it was a cinch. All Ambrose had to do was to fill the tub half full, open the trap-door, and spill the rat into the water, and while it was trying to claw its way up the slippery sides, sneak up on it from behind and tie the string, with the bell on it, around its neck. It didn't take five minutes to do it, and when Ambrose had cut the string close to the rat's neck, so it wouldn't get tangled up with the furniture, he opened the bath-room door. Then, with a tin dipper that happened to be handy, he landed the rat on the floor, feeling some civilized, I guess—having had a bath in a real bath-tub, not to mention getting a handsome present in the shape of a new tin bell.

"If the rat was grateful, it didn't stop to show it. Down the hall it jingled at a rapid rate, ducked into a hole under the base-board that Ambrose had never noticed before, and raced on up the studding, into the attic.

"Ambrose went back to his room, sat down on his bed, and grinned—just sat and grinned, and listened to the scattering of rats overhead. It was tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, and scurry, scurry, scurry. The watchman at the warehouse had been right: the bell-rat was a howling success. Just now it was trying to be friendly, and the other rats was packing their grip-sacks and preparing to move.

"The bell-rat was still feeling friendly when Ambrose went to bed that night, pleased with hisself and with the world. He had settled the rat question for good; him and Science had succeeded where the donkey-engine man with his fifty-seven different varieties of traps had failed.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!

"The bell-rat was chasing itself around in the attic overhead.

"Tinkle . . . tinkle . . . tinkle . . .

"Ambrose was asleep.

"I don't know how long he slept—maybe an hour, maybe two—but, anyway, when he woke up, he was surprised to find his gas lighted.

"He was more surprised, still, to find the donkey-engine man and the two stevedores a-sitting on the edge of his bed in their night-shirts, with blankets wrapped around 'em to keep 'em warm.

"Hey!" says Ambrose, rubbing his eyes. 'Wot you roosting on my bed like a lot of chickens for?'



HE'D CAUGHT A RAT—A REGULAR BABY ELEPHANT OF A RAT!

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"Thank God you've awoke at last, Hawkins!' says the donkey-engine man.

"Maybe I have,' says Ambrose, 'and maybe I haven't. I guess I'm dreaming, all right.' And he turns over and starts to go to sleep.

"Wake up, man! Wake up!' says the donkey-engine man, grabbing Ambrose by the shoulder and shaking him. 'This ain't no time for sleeping!'

"Ain't it?' says Ambrose, getting mad. 'Ain't it? I'll show you, you owl-eyed, donkey-driving, sleep-walking—'

"Ss-s-sh!' says the donkey-engine man. 'There it is again!'

"His face turned white, and the two stevedores begun trembling like they had St. Vitus's dance.

"Ambrose listened.

"A tinkle, tinkle, tinkle sounded directly overhead.

"It's been going on like that all night,' says the donkey-engine man. 'Don't it make your flesh creep?'

"No,' says Ambrose; 'why should it?'



"SS-S-SH!" SAYS THE DONKEY-ENGINE MAN. "THERE IT IS AGAIN!"

"Why should it? Don't you know a ghost when you hear it? It's my belief there's been a murder in this house, and the dead man's spirit is a-haunting us. There it is again!"

"It's only a rat," says Ambrose, 'a rat with a bell tied around its neck.'

"The two stevedores stared at Ambrose like they couldn't believe their ears, but the donkey-engine man, he was on. Touching his forehead with his finger, he says, 'Poor Hawkins, the shock has been too much for him; he's gone plumb fluey. Come on, fellows; let's go into my room.'

"Next morning, during breakfast, the donkey-engine man related what had happened the night before, and, after informing Mrs. Huggins that her house was haunted, he asked her if he might speak to her alone in the hall for a minute. She couldn't very well refuse, so out she went, the donkey-engine man following; and he'd hardly closed the door behind him before he'd popped the question. 'Marry me, and I'll stay,' says he; 'otherwise, it's me to a new boarding-house.'

"The sooner you leave, the better it will suit me," said the widow, in a voice that would have froze hot water. 'Good morning.'

"Hearing the donkey-engine man going up the front stairs, one of the stevedores made for the hall, upsetting his chair at the table in his hurry to head the widow off.

"What can I do for you?" asked the widow, in that same cold-storage voice she'd used toward the donkey-engine man.

"I love you," said the stevedore.

"Leave my house this minute," said the widow, 'and never dare show your face here again.'

"Well, you needn't be so sharp about it," said the stevedore. 'I don't see how I ever come to say such a thing to a woman with a disposition like you've got, anyway. There's others, Mrs. Huggins, what would jump at the chance.'

"No doubt," said the widow. 'Only if they're self-respecting women like me, they'd jump the opposite way from what you think. Good morning.'

"Having disposed of her second suitor, Mrs. Huggins started for the dining-room. But was she to get there? Not a bit of it. Out popped stevedore number two, slamming the door after him.

"Darling, I adore you," he said, making a grab to press her to his manly bosom.

"Sir, I despise you," said the widow. Touch me at your peril, you wretch!"

"Stevedore number two couldn't believe his ears. 'There, there, my pretty, don't take on so,' he pleaded.

"Your pretty?" cried the widow. 'Your fiddlestick! If you don't leave this house, bag and baggage, inside of ten minutes by the watch, I'll have the law on you.' And with that she flew into the dining-room, flounced into her chair, and looked at Ambrose with flashing eyes.

"I reckon if he'd proposed to her, she'd have laid him out cold, then and there, with the bread knife. But Ambrose, though he wondered what was up, went on eating his breakfast same as usual. The widow was so relieved that she busted into tears.

"Why, Mrs. Huggins!" said Ambrose, 'whatever is the matter?'

"M-e-e-e-en are such bru-u-u-utes!" she sobbed.

"That was the beginning of better times for Ambrose, at least after a few days. They were pretty bad; for as soon as the donkey-engine man and the two stevedores had left for good, the widow went on a regular house-cleaning toot; such a dusting and sweeping and moving of furniture, such a mopping and window-washing took place as you'd scarcely believe. It lasted four whole days, and by that time everything in the house, from the knob on the front door to the hinges on the kitchen stove, was as speckless as a new pin. Having accomplished this, she nailed a 'Rooms To Let' sign on the front of the house, and rested a spell.

"That being the case, Ambrose rested, too. But his conscience didn't rest. No, sir, his conscience bothered him considerable. He'd emptied the house of rats, but he'd emptied it of boarders, as well, and boarders was bread and butter to the widow. There's no denying, though, that he relished having the widow all to himself; he commenced talking to her about other things besides the weather; breakfast proved to be a pleasanter meal than he'd ever bargained for, and dinner, with just him and the widow at the table, was a regular revelation. Ambrose even went so far as to think about renting the two vacant rooms himself, so as to prevent others from butting into his paradise; showing, plainer than straws, which way the wind was blowing. And all this time not one jingle from the bell-rat had reached the widow's ears.

"But that was too good to last, and it didn't last. One night Ambrose come home to dinner, same as usual, only there wasn't any dinner for him to eat. Instead, the wid-



"'WHY,' SHE GASPED, 'IT WAS A PET RAT, AFTER ALL!'"

ow was having hysterics by the kitchen stove, for she had heard the bell-rat just as she was starting dinner. Now she was sure the donkey-engine man had been right—the house *was* haunted.

"Of course Ambrose told her that it was all a mistake—that the house wasn't haunted, and she'd probably heard something that could be easily explained away.

"'It sounded for all the world like a bell, a little, jingling bell,' said the widow.

"'You hear funny noises in houses sometimes,' said Ambrose. 'Maybe it was a bell, though. Come to think of it, I've heard of people putting bells around the necks of their pet rats. Perhaps one runaway from its owner, and come here.'

"'Nonsense!' said the widow. 'It may be

a pet ghost, but a pet rat—ugh! Nobody would have a horrid, nasty rat for a pet. Why, I couldn't abide a person that had even touched one.' Ambrose had a hollow feeling right then in his stomach. 'I do believe,' went on the widow, taking a sudden tack, as women are apt to do—'I do believe you've heard it all along, and haven't said anything for fear of frightening me. It's just like you to be so good and kind and brave. I'll never forget it, Mr. Hawkins.'

"I hope you will," said Ambrose feebly.

"Never," said the widow with great firmness—'never!'

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder—or it don't; and it was a case of don't with the widow, as far as the donkey-engine man was concerned. When she spied him coming up her front steps, with his gripsack in his hand, one Sunday morning, she discovered right away that she hated him, hated him like poison, and had always hated him. That didn't prevent her from going to the door, though, nor from asking him into her setting-room, either; for she knew what he'd come for the minute she laid eyes on him. 'I'll learn him to propose marriage to respectable women before breakfast,' she said to herself, and, to pave the way, greeted him most friendly.

"The donkey-engine man hadn't been in the house two minutes before in come Ambrose, fresh shaved from the barber shop around the corner. He recognized the gripsack in the hall right away. 'Hum,' says he, 'the donkey-engine man in the setting-room with the widow! What does that mean?'

"Now ever since the widow's boarders had left, Ambrose had been laying for the bell-rat—didn't care whether he caught it dead or alive this time; and every trap the donkey-engine man had given the widow was pressed into service.

"But the bell-rat, having had its fingers burnt, so to speak, was as wary as could be. Though it roamed at will over the house, no fat man dieting could have been more particular about the food he tackled. 'No traps for mine,' was its motto, and it lived up to it. But it was in the closet under the stairs that very minute; Ambrose heard it while he was looking at the donkey-engine man's gripsack. Tinkle, tinkle went the bell—not six feet away, and very distinct, for the closet door was only half shut.

"That gave Ambrose an idea. 'It may not work,' thinks he, 'but, again, it may. Anyway, it's worth trying.' With that, he

stooped down and examined the gripsack; it wasn't locked. So far, so good. Next he tiptoed to the pantry—then back to the hall again, where, after dragging the gripsack close to the closet door, he opened it wide and slipped in a piece of toasted cheese.

"It was a long shot to play, but it won out. Through the crack in the door, from his retreat in the dining-room, Ambrose saw the bell-rat stick its nose out of the closet, sniff the air, and then make a bee-line for the gripsack, disappearing inside.

"Quick as a flash, Ambrose was out of the dining-room, and had snapped the gripsack shut. And there was Mr. Rat, safe and sound, at the disposal of the donkey-engine man. Just in the nick of time, too, for the setting-room door opened before Ambrose could beat a retreat.

"Howdy do," said the donkey-engine man, looking as mad as a wet hen.

"How are you?" said Ambrose, shaking hands.

"Only so-so," said the donkey-engine man. 'Good morning, Mrs. Huggins. Good morning, Hawkins.'

"With that, he grabbed his gripsack, and made for the street. Ambrose followed the widow into the setting-room, and on to the bay window where she took up her station, bent on seeing the last of the donkey-engine man.

"He wanted to come back here to live, but I told him all the rooms in the house were engaged," she said.

Ambrose grinned.

"He said I was— Merciful Powers! Would you look at that, now!"

"Ambrose didn't need to be told; he was looking with all his eyes. Just under the window the donkey-engine man had stopped—stopped short, and opened his gripsack. And out of that gripsack had jumped a rat—a regular baby elephant of a rat, with a bell tied around its neck.

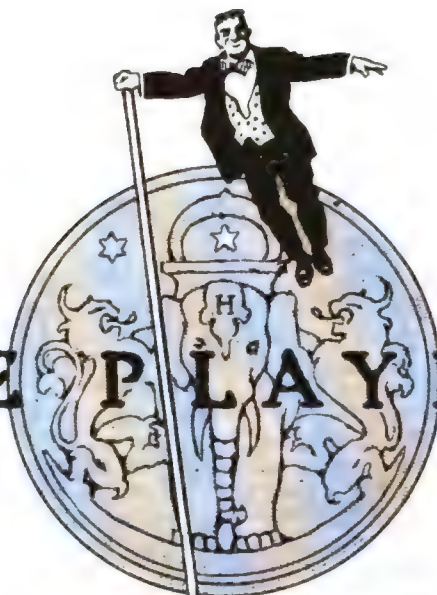
"The widow couldn't help seeing the bell, for the rat ran up her front steps, within four feet of where she stood. The donkey-engine man must have left the door open, for you could hear a tinkle, tinkle down the hall, past the setting-room, past the dining-room, and on into the kitchen.

"The widow was that surprised she didn't even notice the donkey-engine man down below shaking his fist at her and Ambrose.

"Why," she gasped, 'it was a pet rat, after all! You were right, Mr. Hawkins.'

"Call me Ambrose," he said."

# THE PLAYERS



THERE are few of the established playwrights who have not had a failure this season. Nine out of ten of the plays produced have sunk into oblivion—and that because of their own dull weight.

Yet the sheer poor quality of the plays is an insufficient explanation. One must take into consideration also the fact that the General-Public-That-Pays has developed, or has absorbed, ideas as to the real value of plays. "Sure-fire hokum," as the old-time stage managers used to call certain situations and dialogue that never failed to rouse the gallery, seems to have lost its appeal. The demand, evidently, is for something new, either in ideas or in treatment; and for a higher standard.

It was not so very long ago that a drama of modern life worthy of intellectual consideration was considered hopeless, financially. Managers scoffed at it, no matter how good it was otherwise. Now they are beginning dimly to realize that the play that contains something besides sensation has stronger, more lasting interest. It is a cruel infliction upon most managers, this asking for better things. They are still all at sea, with no

compass to guide them. That is one reason why the failures of this season outnumber those of any other year I can remember.

While it has been proved that the purely intellectual drama can be presented at a profit, it isn't at all likely that what are sometimes referred to as "highbrow plays" can ever become as popular here as in other countries, in Germany for instance. Our national temperament is different. Most of us prefer action to speculation—except in Wall Street. It is doing rather than thinking that stirs us. So the objective play, the drama of emotion with its direct appeal, must ever monopolize our stage.

But there is no reason why such plays should not also contain real ideas carefully thought out and driven home with force and vigor. I think that is the kind of novelty the Public-That-Pays really wants.

The intellectuals who have been congratulating themselves upon the financial success that has been won by certain actresses in Ibsen plays were rather jarred by the reception given Mrs. Fiske's production of "Rosmersholm"—from the actor's standpoint one of the most perfect in the way of acting, scenery, properties, and the physical activities called



MARCELLINE.

"business" that we have known. William Archer, our guide, philosopher, and friend, so far as Ibsen in English is concerned, has declared that in "Rosmersholm" the Norwegian reaches his highest technical development. But this standard is classical, not popular. Mr. Archer admits that the simplicity of its material and its concentration make the play monotonous on the stage. To the audience it is painfully monotonous, although there are two or three scenes that move those who follow it closely.

There is another reason why "Rosmersholm," despite the beauty of the production and Mrs. Fiske's large personal following, failed to meet with general approval. Its fundamental idea is the superiority of aristocracy, and even those who don't think about such things feel a certain resentment at the effective "swats" that Ibsen gives the popular notion of democracy.

Mrs. Fiske has been studying the rôle of *Rebecca West* for five years, and that is a long while to live with a person like *Rebecca*, it seems to me; for of all the Ibsen ladies she appeals to me least. But for Mrs. Fiske's performance there can be only admiration. The directness, the simplicity, the naturalness of the earlier scenes; the quiet, repressed, tremendous intensity of the few dramatic moments make it one of the most perfect portrayals of her long career. Moreover, she has abandoned the Fiskian language and now speaks English that can be understood. And she has succeeded in eliminating many of her unpleasant mannerisms.

"The Witching Hour" illustrates the value of having a real idea in a modern melo-

drama. Its theme is telepathy. At first thought, this idea seems to offer few possibilities for the stage, but Augustus Thomas has successfully translated it into the language of the theatre, working it out in concrete fashion with great skill and intelligence. The result is an absorbing play, which grips people in the theatre and makes them talk after they leave it. Early in the season Mr. Thomas presented "The Ranger," a romantic drama on the old-fashioned lines, with a sublimated hero and a double-dyed villain, and it failed. "The Witching Hour," with a real idea, is one of the two big dramatic successes of the season. Many years ago, when Mr. Thomas was business manager for Washington Irving Bishop, the mind reader, the idea for the play came to him. He has written half a dozen successful dramas while "The Witching Hour" was developing. Mr. Thomas knows that it is foolish for a playwright to make a play merely to exploit an idea. His business is to provide drama, to make a play that acts

and that moves people, especially toward the window where tickets are sold.

Mr. Thomas took as basis for "The Witching Hour" a fact that has impressed itself upon every observing person familiar with criminal trials of wide public interest, namely, that the jury, although cut off from all communication with the outside world, almost always brings in a verdict that reflects the opinion of a majority of the community. Mr. Thomas maintains that the jurors are affected, unconsciously, of course, by the predominant sentiment of those interested in the case. It is a fine theory, not only because it is interest-



Photograph by Hall, New York.

E. H. SOTHERN IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF  
"LORD DUNDREARY."

ing, but because it sounds reasonable and there is no possible way of disproving it. He makes the telepathic notion not an end, but a means to an end, and he has constructed a fine, virile play with exciting situations, brilliant dialogue, and real people. Also it has a preachment that belongs.

The hero in "The Witching Hour" is a gambler, an interesting, highly successful gambler with a fine taste in art. The character is frankly modeled upon Richard Canfield, who gained national notoriety through his gorgeous gambling places in New York and Saratoga until the law curtailed his activities. John Mason plays the rôle of *Jack Brookfield*, and never in his long career, even in the days when he was the idol of Boston and gained the deserved reputation of being our best "straight" actor (meaning one who appears in modern plays without character make-up), has Mr. Mason done anything that compares with this characterization. He is so natural, so sincere; he gains his effects with such little apparent effort, that one is likely to overlook his consummate art. He has a repose more forceful than the liveliest activities of most actors. When he listens, one seems to see perfectly the workings of his mind.

Mr. Thomas's device of having a justice of the United States Supreme Court introduce the telepathic idea is a master-stroke, for it imparts to the idea a real dignity, with a sure foundation. Russ Whytal plays *Judge Prentice* with a simplicity and a quiet strength that give the rôle true distinction and firmly establish the actor on Broadway, where he was previously known scarcely at all. He is familiar outside of New York as a road star and as the author of "For Fair Virginia" and other plays.

Of no small significance is the definite distinction between the standard of morality for "The Morals of Marcus" and that for the novel from which it is adopted. "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," as the book is called, is, from a literary standpoint, one of the most brilliant of contemporary stories, but, from a conventional view-point, it is anything but a moral tale. W. J. Locke, the author of the novel, also made the stage version, which, while it isn't much as a play, is a delightful entertainment of character. But he didn't dare use the really dramatic episodes in the book. The relations between *Sir Marcus* and *Mrs. Mainwaring* are represented as

quite platonic, and the elopement of *Carlotta* with the Italian is wholly innocent. If the story had been faithfully followed, there would have been a protest that would have killed the comedy's chances of success. Theatre-goers can stand a good deal of immorality, but they demand that it be presented in a particular way—spectacular, for choice.

The delicious humor of "The Morals of Marcus," its fine dia-

logue, and its clever, entertaining people make it one of those stage offerings that disarm critical estimate of dramatic values. And the acting is very much worth while. Marie Doro, with her wide-eyed, elfin beauty, her alluring naïveté, seems especially fitted to play the innocent, unsophisticated *Carlotta*. Moreover, she shows extraordinary improvement in acting skill. It was only a little while ago that she was playing a very small part with Sam Bernard in "The Girl from Kay's."

In a class that might be called interesting failures, was "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick," and it was especially so because of the way in which it proved that Mr. Locke was quite right in adapting himself to the moral con-



Photograph by Hull, New York.

CHARLES BIGELOW AND JOSIE SADLER IN  
"A WALTZ DREAM."



*Photograph by Davis & Eickemeyer, New York.*

MABEL TALIAFERRO, WHO IN PRIVATE LIFE IS MRS. FREDERIC THOMPSON.



*Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.*

ELSIE JANIS.

victions or prejudices of audiences. The author, Miss Rachel Crothers, has a remarkable gift for seeing and presenting the dramatic in every-day life. I know of no one who equals her in writing simple, effective, colloquial dialogue, or who is more successful in spontaneous, gentle humor. Also she has real skill in characterization. "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick" started most interestingly, and it promised to be a genuine novelty, although it speedily became plain that *Mrs. Patrick* was too good to be true. But at the end of the second act, this paragon of virtue deliberately set about getting a youth drunk, to save him from a silly marriage. And that ended *Mrs. Patrick* and the play. This is merely another illustration of that love for vicarious virtue that I have harped upon in this department. One scene of perhaps five minutes utterly destroyed a play that might otherwise have been far better than "The Three of Us," Miss Crothers's big success of last season.

Occasionally it happens that a play that really deserves to succeed fails of financial success; and this is true, I think, of "The Christian Pilgrim." I am inclined to believe that if it had been kept on long enough, the tide would have turned in its favor. Those who appreciate the finest allegory in our language and the splendor of its English cannot escape an involuntary resentment at the mere idea of "The Pilgrim's Progress" being dramatized. But James MacArthur made an acting version that had reverence, dignity, and great beauty, and this was supplemented with fine music by William Furst.

It didn't appeal to the critics, who seemed to view it solely from a Broadway standpoint; and Broadway did not applaud it. But I don't think I am quite prepared to accept the critical judg-



Photograph by C. M. Brooks, New York.

JEAN WARD

IN "THE MERRY WIDOW."



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

FRANCIS WILSON IN A SCENE FROM "WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD."

ment of *The Great White Way* on Mr. Bunyan. The *Great White Way* resents things with which it is not at all familiar (of course this doesn't explain the adverse judgment of the critics, who know Mr. Bunyan perfectly), and it decided that the acting version of "*The Pilgrim's Progress*" would not do because Mr. Bunyan had introduced no comedy into it. No, it was not the play that failed, for it had the majesty of the old morality plays, the profound interest of the vital and elemental; it was the public that failed in appreciation. The acting of Henrietta Crosman as *Christian*, apart from the excellence of the production, made the play worth while. It gave her opportunity to display the purity of her diction, the beauty of her phrasing, and her appreciation of big ideas.

"*Her Sister*" makes a fine start in the way of novelty and then swiftly degenerates into a commonplace story, told in a commonplace way, which one does not expect when two such clever men as Clyde Fitch and Cosmo Gordon-Lennox collaborate. Were it not for Ethel Barrymore, the play probably would have failed without leaving a ripple on the dramatic season. But whenever she appears in her own proper person, and is given the slightest opportunity, Miss Barrymore can

sustain a pretty bad play. "*Her Sister*" isn't really bad; it is only negative. It has bright lines, and some pleasing moments, especially in the first act, where the star is shown as a fashionable fortune-teller in London. The action revolves about her sacrifices to save her sister from the results of sheer foolishness, which, of course, appears like something much worse.

At the advanced age of twenty, Mabel Taliaferro refused to be announced as a star until after the New York production of "*Polly of the Circus*," when the hit she made justified that distinction. Inasmuch as the producer of this comedy-drama is her husband, Frederic Thompson, creator of Luna Park and the Hippodrome, she could have her way.

"*Polly of the Circus*" is a delightful comedy, of sentiment, and the scene in which the circus-bred girl and the minister endeavor to reach a common view-point is exquisite, so fine, in fact, that it would save a far worse play. *Polly* has been hurt while riding in the circus, and is carried into the minister's home, where she remains until she has quite recovered. Their love affair is interrupted by gossiping members of the congregation, and *Polly* returns to the circus,

which Mr. Thompson shows on the stage, even giving a circus performance. Of course the minister claims *Polly* for his wife, and there is a particularly effective scene in which the pair watch the circus wagons winding their way over the hill to a new stand.

"The Warrens of Virginia" does not please the customary number of Belasco admirers, but for all that it has met with the usual Belasco success. It was written by W. C. DeMille, son of Mr. Belasco's former collaborator, and it is a Civil War play with the same old theme: a Federal officer in love with a loyal Confederate maiden; and the familiar big situation is that which places the young people "twixt love and duty."

William Gillette, in "Held by the Enemy" and "Secret Service," and Bronson Howard, in "Shenandoah," practically exhausted the

possibilities of both theme and situation; and "The Warrens of Virginia" seems rather a weak imitation. But Mr. Belasco probably reasoned that a new generation of theatregoers has arisen; and to them his production of "The Warrens of Virginia" may seem fresh and strong and interesting. At any rate, it is a real success, from the box-office viewpoint.

Frank Keenan, than whom there are few better actors on the stage, has the part of *General Warren*, the head of the Virginian family, and the pleasantest scene in the play is that in which the *General* makes love to his wife, played by Emma Dunn, who sprang into fame through her performance of *Ase* in "Peer Gynt" with Richard Mansfield. Perhaps Mr. Keenan is a trifle too finished as an actor, which is one way of saying that his



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DAVID WARFIELD AS HESLEY BIGELOW IN "A GRAND ARMY MAN."

art is sometimes a trifle obvious. Charlotte Walker, with her natural Southern accent, plays *Agatha Warren*, and she looks very lovely. She has one or two really fine moments, and Mr. Belasco has greatly curbed her tendency to overact.

A new English dramatist has appeared, and one who commands consideration. He is Anthony P. Wharton, an instructor in Dublin University, whose first play, "*Irene Wycherley*," written for Lena Ashwell, made a great success in London last season, and has been presented in this country by Viola Allen and a particularly fine supporting company. It is a drama of real power, and as interesting, as it is unpleasant. It commands one's attention by the sheer strength of its truthfulness, despite a natural repugnance to the theme. It tells the story of a fine woman married to a frightful beast of a husband. Mr. Wharton doesn't present this as a problem, nor as a reformer might present it, but merely as a fact, and the result is a sort of clinic. The play is neither morbid nor unreal; it bears the stamp of actuality.

Viola Allen has not been seen in a modern rôle since she played *Glory Quayle* in "*The Christian*," which, measured by the financial receipts, was the first great dramatic success on our stage. Most of us had forgotten that she can speak colloquial dialogue as well as blank verse. She has a sincerity, a naturalness, a power, and a repression that are truly admirable. Nothing could be more effective than her shrinking when her husband tries to caress her after their attempt at reconciliation. Her very soul seems to shrivel up within her. Rarely have I seen an actress por-

tray so convincingly the sweetness, the purity, the wholesomeness of a really good woman. And the cast, down to the smallest part, could scarcely be improved. It includes such players as Grant Stewart, Edwin Arden, John Glen-denning, Walter Hampden, Ffolliot Paget, Selene Johnson, and Mrs. Sam Sothern.

With a burlesque of "*The Merry Widow*," and three of the old favorites that helped to make "*Weber & Field's*" famous, the little music hall has again come into its own. This performance is a curious combination, because the famous music is presented practically in its entirety. The book is rather a sad affair, but the clever folk in the cast don't bother much with that. As a production, even with the handicap of the tiny stage, the burlesque is rather finer than the original, and at least two of the leading parts are better played.

Peter F. Dailey, after a long absence, is back again. Never is he half so funny, never is he so much at home as on the Weber stage. And he has grown merrier, quicker of wit than ever. With his improvised quips, he keeps his associates laughing as hard as the audience. Lulu Glaser plays and sings the title rôle charmingly.

Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton, the first of the original "*Weberfields*" to desert, have also returned. The former proves what a fine comedian he really is. Even in burlesquing *Prince Danilo*, he brings out possibilities that have been overlooked. Miss Fenton doesn't have much of a chance, but she makes the most of her slender opportunities, and possibly she is nearer the original creation than if she attempted to look beautiful instead of grotesque.



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

BERTHA KALICH AS MARTA IN "*MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS*."



# The Guest of Quesnay

## By Booth Tarkington

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," "The Two Van Revels,"  
"Monsieur Beaucaire," etc.

### [CONCLUSION]

#### CHAPTER XIX

HE looked old and worn, and tired and sad; it was plain that he expected attack and equally plain that he would meet it with fanatic serenity. And yet, the magnificent blunderer presented so fine an aspect of the tortured Olympian, he confronted us with so vast a dignity—the driven snow of his hair tousled upon his head and shoulders, like a storm in the higher altitudes—that he regained, in my eyes, something of his mountain grandeur before he had spoken a word in defense. But sympathy is not what one should be entertaining for an antagonist—and I felt the vital necessity of antagonism to him—therefore I said cavalierly:

"This is Mr. Ward, Professor Keredec. He is Mrs. Harman's cousin and close friend."

"I had divined it." The professor made a French bow, and George responded with as slight a salutation as it has been my lot to see.

"We were speaking of your reasons," I continued, "for bringing Mr. Harman to this place. Frankly, we were questioning your motives."

"My motives? I have wished to restore to two young people the paradise which they had lost."

Ward uttered an exclamation none the less violent because it was half-suppressed, while, for my part, I laughed outright; and as Keredec turned his eyes questioningly upon me, I said:

"Professor Keredec, you'd better understand at once that I mean to give what help I can to undo the harm you've done. I couldn't tell you last night, in Harman's

presence, but I think you're responsible for the whole ghastly tragi-comedy—as hopeless a tangle as ever was made on this earth!"

This was even more roughly spoken than I had intended, but it did not cause him to look less mildly upon me, nor was there the faintest shadow of resentment in his big voice when he replied:

"In this world things may be tangled, they may be sad, yet they may be good."

"I'm afraid that seems rather a trite generality. I beg you to remember that plain-speaking is of some importance just now."

"I shall remember."

"Then we should be glad of the explanation," said Ward, resting his arms on my table and leaning across it toward Keredec.

"We should, indeed," I echoed.

"It is simple," began the professor. "I learned my poor boy's history well, from those who could tell me, from his papers—yes, and from the bundles of old-time letters which were given me—since it was necessary that I should know everything. From all these I learned what a strong and beautiful soul was that lady who loved him so much that she ran away from her home for his sake. *Hélas!* he was already the slave of what was bad and foolish, he had gone too far from himself, was overlaid with the habit of evil, and she could not save him then. The spirit was dying in him, although it was there, and it was good——"

At this, it was Ward's acrid laughter that rang out in the room, and my admiration went unwillingly to Keredec for the way he took it, which was to bow gravely, as if acknowledging the other's right to his own point of view.

"If you will study the antique busts," he said, "you will find that Socrates is Silenus dignified. I choose to believe in the infinite capacities of all men—and in the spirit in all. And so I try to restore my poor boy to his capacities and his spirit. But that was not all I have wished to restore to him. The time was coming when I could do no more for him, when the little education of books would be finish' and he must go out in the world again to learn—all newly—how to make of himself a man of use. That is the time of danger, and the thought was troubling me when I learned that Madame Harman was here, near this inn, of which I knew. So I brought him."

"The inconceivable selfishness, the devilish brutality of it!" Ward's face was scarlet. "You didn't care how you sacrificed the woman——"

"Sacrificed!" thundered the professor, suddenly releasing the huge volume of his voice. "If I could give him back to her as he is now, it would be restoring to her all that she had loved in him, the real *self* of him! It would be the greatest gift in her life."

"You speak for her?" demanded Ward, the question coming like a lawyer's. It failed to disturb Keredec, who replied quietly:

"It is a quibble. I speak for her, yes, my dear sir. Her action in defiance of her family and her friends proved the strength of what she felt for the man she married; that she have remained with him three years—until it was impossible—proved its persistence; her letters, w'ich I read with reverence, proved its beauty—to me. It was a living passion, one that could not die. To let them see each other again: that was all I intended. To give them their new chance—and then, for myself, to keep out of the way. That was why——" he turned to me—"that was why I have been guilty of pretending to have that bad rheumatism, and I hope you will not think it an ugly trick of me! It was to give him his chance freely; and though at first I had much anxieties, it was done. In spite of all his wicked follies theirs had been a true love, and nothing in this world could be more inevitable than that they should come together again if the chance could be given. And they *have*, my dear sirs! It has so happened. To him it has been a wooing as if for the first time; so she has preferred it, keeping him to his mistake of her name. She feared that if he knew that it was the same as his own he might ask questions of me, and, you see, she did not

know that I had made this little plan, and feared——"

"We are not questioning Mrs. Harman's motives," George interrupted hotly, "but *yours*!"

"Very well, my dear sir; that is all. I have explained them."

"You have?" I interjected. "Then, my dear Keredec, either you are really insane or I am! You knew that this poor, unfortunate devil of a Harman was tied to that hyenic prowler yonder who means to fatten on him, and will never release him; you knew that. Then why did you bring him down here to fall in love with a woman he can never have? In pity's name, if you didn't hope to half kill them both, what *did* you mean?"

"My dear fellow," interposed George quickly, "you underrate Professor Keredec's shrewdness. His plans are not so simple as you think. He knows that my cousin Louise never obtained a divorce from her husband."

"What?" I said, not immediately comprehending his meaning.

"I say, Mrs. Harman never obtained a divorce."

"Are you delirious?" I gasped.

"It's the truth; she never did."

"I saw a notice of it at the time. 'A notice?' I saw a hundred!"

"No. What you saw was that she had made an application for divorce. Her family got her that far and then she revolted. The suit was dropped before it came into court."

"It is true, indeed," said Keredec. "The poor boy was on the other side of the world, and he thought it was granted. He had been bad before, but from that time he cared nothing what became of him. That was the reason this Spanish woman——"

"You knew it?" I cried, whirling upon him.

"It is a year that I have known it; when his estate was——"

"Then why didn't you tell me last night?"

"My dear sir, I could not in *his* presence, because it is one thing I dare not let him know. This Spanish woman is so terrible, her claim upon him is so horrible to him I could not hope to control him—he would shout it out to her that she cannot call him husband. God knows what he would do!"

"Well, why shouldn't he shout it out to her?"

"You do not understand," George interposed again, "that all Professor Keredec risked for his 'poor boy,' in returning to France, was a trial on the charge of bigamy!"

The professor recoiled from the definite brutality. "My dear sir!" he exclaimed. "It is not possible that such a thing can happen——"

"I conceive that it is very likely to happen, indeed," said George, "unless you get him out of the country before the lady now installed here as his wife discovers the truth."

"But she must not!" Keredec lifted both hands toward Ward appealingly; they trembled violently, and his face expressed a pitiable agitation. "She cannot! She has never suspected such a thing; there is nothing that could *make* her suspect it!"

"One particular thing would be my telling her," said Ward quietly.

"Never!" cried the professor, stepping back from him. "You could not do that!"

"I not only could, but I will, unless you get him out of the country—and quickly."

"George!" I exclaimed, coming forward between them. "This won't do at all. You can't——"

"That's enough," he said, waving me back, and I saw that his hand was shaking, too, like Keredec's. His face had grown very white; but he controlled himself to speak with a coolness that made what he said painfully convincing. "I know what you think," he went on, addressing me, "but you're wrong. It isn't for myself. When I sailed for New York in the spring I thought there was a chance that she would carry out the action she began four years ago and go through the form of ridding herself of him definitely; that is, I thought there was some hope for me; I believed there was until this morning. But I know better now. If she's seen him again, and he's been anything except literally unbearable, it's all over with *me*. I never had a chance against him from the first with her; he was a hard rival, even when he'd become only a cruel memory. God knows why it is!" His voice rose. "I've lived a sober, decent life, and I've treated *her* with gentleness and reverence since she was born, and *he's* done nothing but make a stew-pan of his life and neglect and betray her when he had her. Heaven knows why it is, I say; it isn't because of anything he's done or has, it's just because it's *him*, I suppose, and I know my chance is gone for good. *That* leaves me free to act for her; no one can accuse me of doing it for myself. And I swear she sha'n't go through that slough of despond again while I have breath in my body!"

"Steady, George!" I said.

"Oh, I'm steady enough," he cried. "Professor Keredec shall be convinced of it! My cousin is not going into the mire again; she shall be freed of it forever: I speak as her relative now, the representative of her family and of those who care for her happiness and good. Now she *shall* make the separation definite—and *legal*! And let Professor Keredec get his 'poor boy' out of the country. Let him do it quickly! I make it as a condition of my not informing the woman yonder and her lawyer. And by my hope of salvation I warn you——"

"George, for pity's sake!" I shouted, throwing my arm about his shoulders, for his voice had risen to a pitch of excitement and fury that I feared must bring the whole place upon us. He caught himself up suddenly, stared at me blankly for a moment, then sank into a chair with a groan. As he did so, I became aware of a sound that had been worrying my subconsciousness for an indefinite length of time, and realized what it was. Some one was knocking for admission.

I crossed the room and opened the door. Miss Elizabeth stood there, red-faced and flustered, and behind her stood Mr. Cresson Ingle, who looked dubiously amused.

"Ah, come in," I said awkwardly. "George is here. Let me present Professor Keredec——"

"George is here," echoed Miss Elizabeth, interrupting, and paying no attention whatever to an agitated bow on the part of the professor. "I should say he *was*! They probably know *that* all the way to Trouville——"

"We were discussing——" I began.

"Ah, I know what you were discussing," she said impatiently. "Come in, Cresson." She turned to Mr. Ingle, who was obviously reluctant. "It is a family matter, and you'll have to go through with it now."

"That reminds me," I said. "May I offer——"

"Not now!" Miss Elizabeth had the effect of cutting off short a rather embarrassed handshake which her betrothed and I were exchanging. "I'm in a most nervous and distressed state of mind, as I suppose we all are, for that matter. This morning I learned the true situation over here; and I'm afraid Louise has heard; at least she's not at Quesnay. I got into a panic for fear she had come here, but thank heaven she does not seem to—Good gracious! What's *that*?"

It was the unspeakably discordant voice of

Mariana la Mursiana, crackling in strident protest. My door was still open; I turned to it and saw her in a state of flurried *déshabillé*, striving to ascend the gallery steps, but valiantly opposed by Madame Brossard, who stood in the way.

"But *no*, madame," insisted Madame Brossard, excited but darkly determined. "You cannot ascend. There is nothing on the upper floor of this wing except the apartment of Professor Keredec."

"Name of a dog!" shrilled the other. "It is my husband's apartment, I tell you. *Il y a une femme avec lui!*"

"It is Madame Harman who is there," said Keredec hoarsely in my ear. "I came away and left them together."

"Come," I said, and, letting the others think what they would, I sprang across the veranda, the professor with me, and ran toward the two women who were beginning to struggle with more than their tongues. I leaped by them and up the steps, but Keredec thrust himself between our hostess and her opponent, planting his great bulk on the lowest step. Glancing hurriedly over my shoulder, I saw the Spanish woman strike him furiously upon the breast with both hands, but I knew she would never pass him. I entered the salon of the "Grande Suite," and closed the door quickly behind me.

Louise Harman was standing at the other end of the room; she wore the pretty dress of white and lilac and the white hat. She looked cool and beautiful and good, and there were tears in her eyes. To come stumbling in as I did, from the hot sunshine and tawdry scene below, was like leaving a shouting market-place for a shadowy chapel. Her husband was kneeling beside her; he held one of her hands in both of his, her other rested upon his head; and something in their attitudes made me know I had come in upon their leave-taking; but from the face he had uplifted toward her all traces of his tragedy had passed.

"Mrs. Harman—" I began.

"Yes?" she said. "I am coming."

"But I don't want you to come. I've come for fear you would, and you—you must not," I stammered. "You must wait—"

"Why?"

"It's necessary," I floundered. "There is a scene—"

"I know," she said quietly. "*That* must be, of course." Harman rose, and she took

both his hands, holding them against her breast. "My dear," she said gently, "you must stay. Will you promise not to pass that door, even, until you have word from me again?"

"Yes," he answered huskily, "if you'll promise it *shall* come—some day."

"It shall, indeed. Be sure of it. Good-by."

I had turned away, but I heard the ghost of his voice whispering "good-by." Then she was beside me and opening the door. I tried to stay her.

"Mrs. Harman," I urged hurriedly, "I earnestly beg you——"

"No," she answered, "this is better."

She stepped out upon the gallery; I followed, and she closed the door. Upon the veranda of my pavilion were my guests from Quesnay, staring up at us apprehensively; Madame Brossard and Keredec still held the foot of the steps, but la Mursiana had abandoned the siege, and, accompanied by Mr. Percy and Rameau, the notary, who had joined her, was crossing the garden toward her own apartment.

At the sound of the closing door, she glanced back over her shoulder, sent forth a scream, and, whirling about, came frantically for the steps, where she was again blocked by the indomitable Keredec.

"Ah, you foolish woman, I know who you are," she cried, stepping back from him to wave a menacing hand at the quiet lady by my side. "You want to get yourself into trouble! That man in the room up there has been my husband these two years and more."

"No, madame," said Louise Harman, "you are mistaken; he is my husband."

"But you divorced him," vociferated the other wildly. "You divorced him in America!"

"No. You are mistaken," the quiet voice replied inexorably. "The suit was withdrawn. He is still my husband."

I heard the professor's groan of despair, but it was drowned in the wild shriek of Mariana. "What? You tell me that? Ah, the miserable! If what you say is true, he shall pay bitterly! He shall wish that he had died by fire! What, you think he can marry *me*, break my leg so that I cannot dance again, ruin my career, and then go away with a pretty woman like you and be happy? Aha, there are prisons in France for people who marry two like that; I do not know what they do in *your* barbaric country, but they are decent

people over here and they punish. He shall pay for it in suffering—" her voice rose to an incredible and unbearable shriek—"and you, *you* shall pay, too! You can't come stealing honest women's husbands like that. You shall *pay*!"

I saw George Ward come running forward with his hand upraised in a gesture of passionate warning, for Mrs. Harman, unnoticed by me—I was watching the Spanish woman—had descended the steps and had passed Keredec, walking straight to Mariana. I leaped down after her, my heart in my throat, fearing a thousand vague things.

"You must not talk like that," she said, not lifting her voice—yet every one in the courtyard heard her distinctly. "You can do neither of us any harm in the world."

## CHAPTER XX

It is impossible to say what Mariana would have done had there been no interference, for she had worked herself into one of those furies which women of her type are able to attain when they feel the occasion demands it, a paroxysm none the less dangerous because its foundation is histrionic. But Rameau threw his arms about her; Mr. Percy came hastily to his assistance, and Ward and I sprang in between her and the too-fearless lady she strove to reach. Even at that, the fingernails of Mariana's right hand touched the pretty white hat—but only touched it and no more.

Rameau and the little spy managed to get their vociferating burden across the courtyard and into her own door, where she suddenly subsided, disappearing within the passage to her apartment in unexpected silence—indubitably a disappointment to the interested Amédée, to Glouglou, François, and the whole personnel of the inn, who hastened to group themselves about the door in attentive attitudes.

"In heaven's name," gasped Miss Elizabeth, seizing her cousin by the arm, "come into the pavilion. Here's the whole world looking at us!"

"Professor Keredec—" Mrs. Harman began, resisting, and turning to the professor appealingly.

"Oh, let him come too!" said Miss Elizabeth desperately. "Nothing could be worse than this!"

She led the way back to the pavilion, and,

refusing to consider a proposal on the part of Mr. Ingle and myself that we remain outside, entered the room last, herself, after producing an effect of "shooing" the rest of us in; closed the door with surprising force, relapsed in a chair, and burst into tears.

"Not a soul at Quesnay," sobbed the mortified chatelaine—"not one but will know this before dinner! They'll hear the whole thing within two hours."

"Isn't there any way of stopping that, at least?" Ward said to me.

"None on earth, unless you go home at once and turn your visitors and *their* servants out of the house," I answered.

"There is nothing they shouldn't know," said Mrs. Harman gravely.

George turned to her with a smile of infinite pain, yet so bravely managed that I was proud of him. "Oh, yes, there is," he said. "We're going to get you out of all this."

"All this?" she repeated with serious interrogation.

"All this *mire*!" he answered. "We're going to get you out of it and keep you out of it, now, for good. I don't know whether your revelation to the Spanish woman will make that easier or harder, but I do know that it makes the mire deeper."

"For whom?"

"For Harman. But you sha'n't share it!"

Her anxious eyes grew wider. "How have I made it deeper for him? Wasn't it necessary that the poor woman should be told the truth?"

"Professor Keredec seemed to think it important that she shouldn't."

She turned to Keredec with a frightened gesture and an unintelligible word of appeal, as if entreating him to deny what George had said. The professor's beard was trembling; he looked haggard; an almost pitiable apprehension hung upon his eyelids; but he came forward manfully.

"Madame," he said, "you could never in your life do anything that would make harm. You were right to speak, and I had short sight to fear, since it was the truth."

"But why did you fear it?"

"It was because—" he began, and hesitated.

"I must know the reason," she urged. "I must know just what I've done. If you do not fear the truth——"

"It was because," he repeated, running a nervous hand through his beard, "because the knowledge would put us so utterly in this

people's power. Already they demand more than we could give them; now they can——"

"They can do what?" she asked tremulously.

His eyes rested gently on her blanched and stricken face. "Nothing, my dear lady," he answered, swallowing painfully. "Nothing that will last. I am an old man. I have seen and I have—I have thought. And I tell you that only the real survives; evil actions are some phantoms that disappear. They must not trouble us."

"That is a high plane," George intervened, and he spoke without sarcasm. "To put it roughly, these people are asking more than the Harman estate is worth; on the strength of the woman's claim as a wife; but now that they know she is not one, her position is immensely strengthened, for she has only to go before the nearest *Commissaire de Police*——"

"Oh, no!" she cried passionately. "I haven't done *that*! You mustn't tell me I have. You *mustn't*!"

"Never!" he answered. "There could not be a greater lie than to say you have done it. The responsibility is with the wretched and vicious boy who brought the catastrophe upon himself; but don't you see that you've got to keep out of it, that we've got to take you out of it?"

"You can't! I'm part of it; better or worse, it's as much mine as his."

"No, no!" cried Miss Elizabeth. "You mustn't tell us *that*!" Still weeping, she sprang up and threw her arms about her brother. "It's too horrible of you——"

"It is what I must tell you," Mrs. Harman said. "My separation from my husband is over. I shall be with him now for——"

"I won't listen to you!" Miss Elizabeth lifted her wet face from George's shoulder, and there was a note of deep anger in her voice. "You don't know what you're talking about; you haven't the faintest idea of what a hideous situation that wretched creature has made for himself. Don't you know that that awful woman was right, and there are laws in France? When she finds she can't get out of him all she wants, do you think she's going to let him off? I suppose she struck you as being quite the sort who'd prove nobly magnanimous! Are you so blind you don't see exactly what's going to happen? She'll ask twice as much now as she did; and the moment it's clear that she isn't going to get it, she'll call in an agent of police. She'll get her money in a separate suit and send him

to prison to do it. The case against him is positive; there isn't a shadow of hope for him. You talk of being with him; don't you see how preposterous that is? Do you imagine they encourage family housekeeping in French prisons?"

"Oh, come, this won't do!" The speaker was Cresson Ingle, who stepped forward, to my surprise; for he had been hovering in the background with an expression of thorough discomfort. "You're going much too far," he said, touching his betrothed upon the arm. "My dear Elizabeth, there is no use exaggerating; the case is unpleasant enough just as it is."

"In what have I exaggerated?" she demanded.

"Why, I *knew* Larrabee Harman," he returned. "I knew him fairly well. I went as far as Honolulu with him, when he and some of his heelers started round the world; and I remember that when the notice was served on him in San Francisco, Mrs. Harman had made her application; it was just before he sailed. About a year and a half or two years later I met him again, in Paris. He was the most awful ruin of a man then; what little there was left of him seeming hypnotized by this Mariana and afraid as death of her; she could go into a tantrum that would frighten him into anything. It was a joke—down along the line of the all-night dances and cafés—that she was going to marry him; and some one told me afterward that she claimed to have brought it about. I suppose it's true; but there is no question of his having married her in good faith. He believed that the divorce had been granted; he'd offered no opposition to it whatever. He was traveling continually, and I don't think he knew much of what was going on, even right around him, most of the time. He began with absinthe in the morning, you know. For myself, I always supposed the suit had been carried through; so did people generally, I think. He'll probably have to stand trial, and of course he's technically guilty, but I don't believe he'd be convicted—though I must say it would have been a most devilish good thing for him if he could have been got out of France before la Mursiana heard the truth. Then he could have made terms with her safely at a distance—she'd have been powerless to injure him and would have precious soon come to time and been glad to take whatever he'd give her. *Now*, I suppose, that's impossible, and they'll arrest him if he tries to

budge. But this talk of prison and all that is nonsense, my dear Elizabeth!"

"You admit there is a chance of it!" she retorted.

"I've said all I had to say," returned Mr. Ingle with a dubious laugh. "And if you don't mind, I believe I'll wait for you outside, in the machine. I want to look at the carbureter."

He paused, as if in deference to a possible opposition, and, none being manifested, went hastily from the room with a sigh of relief, giving me, as he carefully closed the door, a glance of profound commiseration over his shoulder.

Miss Elizabeth had taken her brother's hand, not with the effect of clinging for sympathy; nor had her throwing her arms about him produced that effect; one could as easily have imagined Brunhilda hiding her face in a man's coat-lapels; George's sister wept, not weakly: she was on the defensive, but not for herself.

"Does the fact that he may possibly escape going to prison"—she addressed her cousin—"make his position less scandalous, or can it make the man himself less detestable?"

Mrs. Harman looked at her steadily for the duration of a long and sorrowful pause before replying.

"Nothing is changed," she said finally; her eyes still fixed gravely on Miss Elizabeth's.

At that, the other woman's face flamed up, and she uttered a half-choked exclamation. "Oh!" she cried—"you've fallen in love with playing the martyr; its *self-love*! You *see* yourself in the rôle! No one on earth could make me believe you're in love with this degraded imbecile—all that's left of the wreck of a vicious creature! It isn't that! It's because you want to make a shining example of yourself; you want to get down on your knees and wash off the vileness from this befouled creature; you want——"

"Madame!" thundered Keredec, interrupting tremendously, "you speak out of no knowledge!" He leaned toward her across the table, which shook under the weight of his arms. "There is no vileness; no one who is clean remains befouled because of the things that are gone."

"They do not?" She laughed hysterically, and for my part, I sighed in despair—for there was no stopping him.

"They do not, indeed! Do you know the relation of *time* to this little life of ours? We

have only the present moment; your consciousness of that is your existence. Your knowledge of each present moment as it passes—and it passes so swiftly that each word I speak now overlaps it—yet it is all we have. For all the rest, for what has gone by and what is yet coming—that has no real existence; it is all a dream. It is not *alive*. It is not! It is—nothing! So the soul that stands clean and pure to-day is clean and pure—and that is all there is to say about that soul!"

"But a soul with evil tendencies," Ward began impatiently, "if one must meet you on your own ground——"

"Ha! my dear sir, those evil tendencies would be in the soiling memories, and my boy is free from them."

"He went toward all that was soiling before. Surely you can't pretend he may not take that direction again?"

"That," returned the professor quickly, "is his to choose. If this lady can be with him now, he will choose right."

"So!" cried Miss Elizabeth, "you offer her the rôle of a guide, do you? First she is to be his companion through a trial for bigamy in a French court, and, if he is acquitted, his nurse, teacher, and moral preceptor?" She turned swiftly to her cousin. "That's *your* conception of a woman's mission?"

"I haven't any mission," Mrs. Harman answered quietly. "I've never thought about missions; I only know I belong to him; that's all I *ever* thought about it. I don't pretend to explain it, or make it seem reasonable. And when I met him again, here, it was—it was—it was proved to me."

"Proved?" echoed Miss Elizabeth incredulously.

"Yes; proved as certainly as the sun shining proves that it's day."

"Will you tell us?" It was I who asked the question, and I spoke so involuntarily that the sound of my own voice startled me; but she did not seem to think it strange that I should ask.

"Oh, when I first met him," she said tremulously, "I was frightened; but it was not he who frightened me—it was the rush of my own feeling. I did not know what I felt, but I thought I might die, and he was so like himself as I had first known him—but so changed, too; there was something so wonderful about him, something that must make almost any stranger feel sorry for him, and yet it is beautiful—" She stopped for a moment and

wiped her eyes, then went on bravely: "And the next day he came, and waited for me—I should have come here for him if he hadn't—and I fell in with the mistake he had made about my name. You see, he'd heard I was called 'Madame d'Armand,' and I wanted him to keep on thinking that, for I thought if he knew I was Mrs. Harman he might find out—" She paused, her lip beginning to tremble. "Oh, don't you see why I didn't want him to know? I didn't want him to suffer as he would—as he does now, poor child!—but most of all I wanted—I wanted to see if he would fall in love with me again! I kept him from knowing, because, if he thought I was a stranger, and the same thing happened again—his caring for me, I mean—" She had begun to weep now, freely and openly, but not from grief. "Oh!" she cried, "don't you see how it's all proven to me?"

"I see how it has deluded you!" said Miss Elizabeth vehemently. "I see what a rose-light it has thrown about this creature; but it won't last, thank God! any more than it did the other time. The thing is for you to come to your senses before——"

"Ah, my dear, I have come to them at last and forever!" The words rang full and strong, though she was white and shaking, and heavy tears filled her eyes. "I know what I'm doing now, if I never knew before!"

"You never did know—" Miss Ward began, but George stopped her.

"Elizabeth!" he said quickly. "We mustn't go on like this; it's more than any of us can bear. Come, let's get out into the air; let's get back to Quesnay. We'll have Ingle drive us around the longer way, by the sea." He turned to his cousin. "Louise, you'll come now? If not, we'll have to stay here with you."

"I'll come," she answered, trying bravely to stop the tears that kept rising in spite of her; "if you'll wait till"—and suddenly she flashed through them a smile so charming that my heart ached the harder for George—"till I can stop crying!"

## CHAPTER XXI

MR. EARL PERCY and I sat opposite to each other at dinner that evening. Perhaps, for clarity's sake, I should add that though we faced each other, and, indeed, eyed each other solemnly at intervals, we partook not of

the same repast, having each his own table; his being set in the garden at his constant station near the gallery steps, and mine, some fifty feet distant, upon my own veranda, but moved out from behind the honeysuckle screen, for I sat alone and the night was warm and breezy.

To analyze my impression of Mr. Percy's glances, I cannot conscientiously record that I found favor in his eyes. For one thing, I fear he may not have recalled to his bosom a clarion sentiment (which doubtless he had oftentimes cheered from his native gallery in his softer years), the honorable declaration that many an honest heart beats beneath a poor man's coat. As for his own attire, he was even as the lilies of Quesnay; that is to say, I beheld upon him the same formation of tie that I had seen there, the same sensuous beauty of the state waistcoat, though I think that his buttons were, if anything, somewhat spicier than those which had awed me at the château. And when we simultaneously reached the fragrant hour of coffee, the cigarette case that glittered in his hand was one for which some lady-friend of his (I knew intuitively) must have given her All—and then been left in debt.

Amédée had served us both; Glouglou, as aforetime, attending the silent "Grande Suite," where the curtains were once more tightly drawn. Monsieur Rameau dined with his client in her own salon, evidently; at least, Victorine, the *femme de chambre*, passed to and from the kitchen in that direction, bearing laden trays. When Mr. Percy's cigarette was lighted, hesitation marked the manner of our *maître d'hôtel*; plainly he wavered, but finally old custom prevailed over caution; abandoning the cigarette, he chose the cigar, and, hastily clearing my fashionable opponent's table, approached the pavilion with his most conversational face. I greeted him indifferently, but with hidden pleasure, for my soul (if Keredec is right and I am one) lay sorrowing within me. I needed relief, and whatever else Amédée was, he was always that. I spoke first:

"Amédée, how long a walk is it from Quesnay to Père Beaudry's?"

"Monsieur, about three-quarters of an hour for a good walker, one might say."

"A long way for Jean Ferret to go for a cup of cider," I remarked musingly.

"Eh? But why should he?" asked Amédée blankly.

"Why indeed? Surely even a Norman gar-

dener lives for more than cider! You usually meet him there about noon, I believe?"

Methought he had the grace to blush, though there is an everlasting doubt in my mind that it may have been the color of the candle-shade producing that illusion. It was a strange thing to see, at all events, and taking it for a physiological fact at the time, I let my willing eyes linger upon it as long as it (or its appearance) was upon him.

"You were a little earlier than usual to-day," I continued finally, full of the marvel.

"Monsieur?" He was wholly blank again.

"Weren't you there at about eleven? Didn't you go about two hours after Mr. Ward and his friends left here?"

He scratched his head. "I believe I had an errand in that direction. Eh? Yes, I remember. Truly, I think it so happened."

"And you found Jean Ferret there?"

"Where, monsieur?"

"At Père Beaudry's."

"No, monsieur."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"No, monsieur." He was firm, somewhat reproachful.

"You didn't see Jean Ferret this morning?"

"Monsieur?"

"Amédée!"

"Eh, but I did not find him at Père Beaudry's! It may have happened that I stopped there, but he did not come until some time after."

"After you had gone away from Père Beaudry's, you mean?"

"No, monsieur; after I arrived there. Truly."

"Now we have it! And you gave him the news of all that had happened here?"

"Monsieur!"

A world—no, a constellation, a universe!—of reproach was in the word.

"I retract the accusation," I said promptly. "I meant something else."

"Upon everything that takes place at our hotel here, I am silent to all the world."

"As the grave!" I said with enthusiasm. "Truly—that is a thing well known by all the world. But Jean Ferret, then? He is not so discreet; I have suspected that you are in his confidence. At times you have even hinted to me as much. Can you tell me if he saw the automobile of Monsieur Ingle when it came back to the château after leaving here?"

"It had arrived the moment before he departed."

"Quite so! I understand," said I.

"He related to me that Mademoiselle Ward had the appearance of agitation, and Madame d'Armand that of pallor, which was also the case with Monsieur Ward."

"Therefore," I said, "Jean Ferret ran all the way to Père Beaudry's to learn from you the reason for this agitation and this pallor?"

"But, monsieur——"

"I retract again!" I cut him off—to save time. "What other news had he?"

There came a gleam into his small, infolded eyes, a tiny glitter reflecting the mellow candle-light, but changing it, in that reflection, to a cold and sinister point of steel. It should have warned me, but, as he paused, I repeated my question.

"Monsieur, people say everything," he answered, frowning as if deploring what they said in some secret, particular instance. "The world is full of idle gossipers, tale-bearers, spreaders of scandal! And, though I speak with perfect respect, all the people at the château are not perfect in such ways."

"Do you mean the domestics?"

"The visitors!"

"What do they say?"

"Eh, well, then, they say—but no!" He contrived a masterly pretense of pained reluctance. "I cannot——"

"Speak out," I commanded, piqued by his shilly-shallying. "What do they say?"

"Monsieur, it is about"—he shifted his weight from one leg to the other—"it is about—about that beautiful Mademoiselle Elliott who sometimes comes here."

This was so far from what I had expected that it startled me, and I showed it by a slight change of attitude, which apparently gratified him, though he made an effort to conceal it. "Well," I said uneasily, "what is it they find to say of Mademoiselle Elliott?"

"They say that her painting is only a ruse to see monsieur."

"To see Monsieur Saffren, yes." I caught him up quickly.

"But, no!" he cried. "That is not——"

"Yes, it is," I assured him calmly. "As you know, Monsieur Saffren is very, very handsome, and Mademoiselle Elliott, being a painter, is naturally anxious to look at him from time to time."

"You are sure?" he said wistfully, even plaintively. "That is not the meaning Jean Ferret put upon it."

"He was mistaken."

"It may be, it may be," he returned, greatly crestfallen, picking up his tray and preparing to go. "But Jean Ferret was very positive."

"And I am even more so!"

"Then that malicious maid of Mademoiselle Ward's was mistaken also," he sighed, "when she said that now a marriage is to take place between Mademoiselle Ward and Monsieur Ingle——"

"Proceed," I bade him.

He moved a few feet nearer the kitchen. "The malicious woman said to Jean Ferret——" He paused and coughed. "It was in reference to those Italian jewels monsieur used to send——"

"What about them?" I asked ominously.

"The woman says that Mademoiselle Ward——" he increased the distance between us—"that now she should give them to Mademoiselle Elliott! *Good night, monsieur!*"

His entrance into the kitchen was so precipitate as to partake of the nature of a stampede. I sank down again into the wicker chair (from which I had hastily arisen) and contemplated the stars. But the short reverie into which I then fell was interrupted by Mr. Percy, who, sauntering leisurely about the garden, paused to address me.

"You folks think you was all to the gud, gittin' them trunks off, what?"

"You speak in mysterious numbers," I returned, having no comprehension of his meaning.

"I suppose you don' know nothin' about it," he laughed satirically. "You didn' go over to Lisieux's aft'noon to ship 'em? Oh, no, not *you!*"

"I went for a long walk this afternoon, Mr. Percy. Naturally, I couldn't have walked so far as Lisieux and back."

"Luk here, m' friend," he said sharply—"I reco'nize 'at y're tryin' t' play y'r own hand, but I ast you as man to man: *Do* you think you got any chanst t' git that feller off t' Paris?"

"*Do* you think it will rain to-night?" I inquired.

The light of a reflecting lamp which hung on the wall near the archway enabled me to perceive a bitter frown upon his forehead. "When a gen'leman asts a question as a gen'leman," he said, his voice expressing a noble pathos, "I can't see no call for no other gen'leman to go an' play the smart Aleck and not answer him."

In simple dignity he turned his back upon me and strolled to the other end of the courtyard, leaving me to the renewal of my reverie. It was not a happy one.

My friends—old and new—I saw inextricably caught in a tangle of cross-purposes, miserably and hopelessly involved in a situation for which I could predict no possible relief. I was able to understand now the beauty as well as the madness of Keredec's plan; and I had told him so (after the departure of the Quesnay party), asking his pardon for my brusquerie of the morning. But the towering edifice his hopes had erected was now tumbled about his ears: he had failed to elude the Mursiana. Her grotesque descent upon us had added a dreadful and repulsive sordidness to what was already, indeed, a comi-tragedy. There could be no doubt of her absolute control of the situation. *That* was evident in the every step of the youth now confidently parading before me.

Following his active stride with my eye, I observed him in the act of saluting, with a gracious nod of his bare head, some person invisible to me, who was approaching from the road. Immediately after—and altogether with the air of a person merely "happening in"—a slight figure, clad in a long coat, a short skirt, and a broad-brimmed, veil-bound brown hat, sauntered casually through the archway and came into full view in the light of the reflector.

I sprang to my feet and started toward her, uttering an exclamation which I was unable to stifle, though I tried to.

"Good evening, Mr. Percy," she said cheerily. "It's the most *exuberant* night. You're quite hearty, I hope?"

"Takin' a walk, I see, little lady," he observed with genial patronage.

"Oh, not just for that," she returned. "It's more to see *him*." She nodded to me, and, as I reached her, carelessly gave me her hand. "You know I am studying with him," she continued to Mr. Percy, exhibiting a sketch-book under her arm. "I dropped over to get a criticism."

"Oh, drawin'-lessons?" said Mr. Percy tolerantly. "Well, don' lemme interrup' ye."

He moved as if to withdraw toward the steps, but she detained him with a question. "You're spending the rest of the summer here?"

"That depends," he answered tersely.

"I hear you have some *passionately* interesting friends."

"Where did you hear that?"

"Ah, don't you know?" she responded commiseratingly. "This is the most scandalously gossipy neighborhood in France. My *dear* young man, every one from here to Timbuctu knows all about it by this time!"

"All about what?"

"About the excitement you're such a *valuable* part of; about your wonderful Spanish friend and how she claims the strange young man here for her husband."

"They'll know more'n that, I expect," he returned with a side glance at me, "before *very* long!"

"Every one thinks *I* am so interesting," she rattled on artlessly, "because I happened to meet *you* in the woods. I've held quite a levee all day. In a reflected way it makes a heroine of me, you see, because you are one of the very *most* prominent figures in it all. I hope you won't think I've been too bold," she pursued anxiously, "in claiming that I really am one of your acquaintances?"

"That'll be all right," he politely assured her.

"I am so glad." Her laughter rang out gaily. "Because I've been talking about you as if we were the *oldest* friends, and I'd hate to have them find me out. I've told them everything—about your face, you see, and how your hair was parted, and what *exhilarating* taste your costume showed you had——"

"Luk here," he interrupted, suddenly discharging his Bowery laugh, "did you tell 'em how *he* was dressed—what kine o' taste his clo'es proved *he* has?" He pointed a jocular finger at me. "That *wud* 'a' made a hit!"

"No; we weren't talking of him."

"Why not? He's in it, too. Bullieve me, he *thinks* he is!"

"In the excitement, you mean?"

"Right!" said Mr. Percy amiably. "He goes round holdin' Rip Van Winkle Keredec's hand when the ole man's cryin'; helpin' him sneak his trunks off t' Paris—playin' the hired man gener'ly. Oh, he thinks he's quite the boy in this trouble!"

"I'm afraid it's a small part," she returned, "compared to yours."

"Oh, I hold my end up, I guess."

"I should think you'd be so worn out and sleepy you couldn't hold your head up!"

"Who? *Me*? Not t'-night, m' little friend. I tuk *my* sleep 's aft'noon and left Rameau do the Sherlock a little while."

She gazed upon him with unconcealed ad-

miration. "You are *dreamily* wonderful," she sighed faintly, and, "*Wonderful!*" she breathed again. "How prosaic are drawing-lessons," she continued, touching my arm and moving with me toward the pavilion, "after listening to a man of action like that!"

Mr. Percy, establishing himself comfortably in a garden chair at the foot of the gallery steps, was heard to utter a short cough as he renewed the light of his cigarette.

My visitor paused upon my veranda, humming, "Quand l'Amour Meurt?" while I went within and lit a lamp. "Shall I bring the light out there?" I asked, but, turning, found that she was already in the room.

"The sketch-book is my duenna," she said, sinking into a chair upon one side of the center table, upon which I placed the lamp. "Lessons are unquestionable, at any place or time. Behold the beautiful posies!" She spread the book open on the table between us, as I seated myself opposite her, revealing some antique colored smudges of flowers. "Elegancies of eighteen-forty! Isn't it a survival of the period when young ladies had 'accomplishments,' though! I found it at the chateau and——"

"Never mind that," I said. "Don't you know that you can't ramble over the country alone at this time of night?"

"If you speak any louder," she said, with some urgency of manner, "you'll be 'hopelessly compromised socially,' as Mrs. Alderman McGinnis and the Duchess of Gwythyl-Corners say"—she directed my glance, by one of her own, through the open door to Mr. Percy—"because *he'll* hear you and know that the sketch-book was only a shallow pretext of mine to call upon you. Do be a little manfully self-contained, or you'll get us talked about! And as for 'this time of night,' I believe it's almost half past nine."

"Does Miss Ward know——"

"Do you think it likely? One of the most convenient things about a chateau is the number of ways to get out of it without being seen. I had a choice of eight. So I 'suffered fearfully from neuralgia,' dined in my own room, and sped through the woods to my honest forester." She nodded brightly. "That's *you!*"

"You weren't afraid to come through the woods alone?" I asked, uncomfortably conscious that her gaiety met a dull response from me.

"No."

"But if Miss Ward finds that you're not at the château——"

"She won't; she thinks I'm asleep. She brought me up a sleeping-powder herself."

"She thinks you took it?"

"She *knows* I did," said Miss Elliott. "I'm full of it! And that will be the reason—if you notice that I'm particularly nervous or excited."

"You seem all of that," I said, looking at her eyes, which were very wide and very brilliant. "However, I believe you always do."

"Ah!" she smiled. "I knew you thought me atrocious from the first. You find *myriads* of objections to me, don't you?"

I had forgotten to look away from her eyes, and now they seemed very deep. "Dazzling" is a good old-fashioned word for eyes like hers; at least it might define their effect on me at that moment. "If I did manage to object to you," I said slowly, "it would be a good thing for me—wouldn't it?"

"Oh, I've won," she cried, in a whisper.

"Won?" I echoed.

"Yes. I laid a wager with myself that I'd have a pretty speech from you before I went out of your life"—she checked a laugh, and concluded thrillingly—"forever! I leave Quesnay to-morrow!"

"Your father has returned from America?"

"Oh dear, no," she murmured. "I'll be quite at the world's mercy. I must go up to Paris and retire from public life until he does come. I shall take the vows—in some obscure but respectable *pension*."

"You can't bear the life at the château any longer?"

"It won't bear *me* any longer. If I shouldn't go to-morrow I'd be put out, I think—after to-night!"

"But you intimated that no one would know about to-night."

"The night isn't over yet," she replied enigmatically.

"It almost is—for you," I said; "because in about ten minutes I shall take you back to the château gates."

She offered no comment on this prophecy, but gazed at me thoughtfully and seriously for several moments. "I suppose you can imagine," she said, in a tone that threatened to become tremulous, "what sort of an afternoon we've been having up there."

"Has it been—" I began.

"Oh, heart-breaking! Louise came to my room as soon as they got back from here, this

morning, and told me the whole pitiful story. But they didn't let her stay there long, poor woman!"

"They?" I asked.

"Oh, Elizabeth and her brother. They've been at her all afternoon—off and on."

"To do what?"

"To 'save herself,' so they call it. They're insisting that she must not see her husband again. They're *determined* she sha'n't."

"But George wouldn't worry her," I objected.

"Oh, wouldn't he?" The girl laughed sadly. "I don't suppose he could help it, he's in such a state himself, but between him and Elizabeth it's hard to see how poor Mrs. Harman lived through the day."

"Well," I said slowly, "I don't see that they're not right. She ought to be kept out of all this as much as possible; and if her husband has to go through a trial——"

"I want you to tell me something," Miss Elliott interrupted. "How much do you like Mr. Ward?"

"He's an old friend. I suppose I like my old friends in about the same way that other people like theirs."

"How much do you like Mr. Saffren—I mean Mr. Harman?"

"Oh, *that!*" I groaned. "If I could still call him Oliver Saffren, if I could still think of him as Oliver Saffren, it would be easy to answer. I never was so 'drawn' to a man in my life before. But when I think of him as Larrabee Harman, I am full of misgivings."

"Louise isn't," she put in eagerly, and with something oddly like the manner of argument. "His wife isn't!"

"Oh, I know. Perhaps one reason is that she never saw him at quite his worst. I did. I had only two glimpses of him—of the briefest—but they inspired me with such a depth of repulsion that I can't tell you how painful, how inexpressibly shocking it was to discover that Oliver Saffren—this strange, pathetic, attractive *friend* of mine—was the same man."

"Oh, but he isn't!" she exclaimed quickly.

"Keredec says he is," I laughed helplessly.

"So does Louise," returned Miss Elliott, disdaining consistency in her eagerness. "And she's right—and she cares more for him than she ever did!"

"I suppose she does."

"Are you—" the girl began, then stopped for a moment, looking at me steadily. "Aren't you a little in love with her?"

"Yes," I answered honestly. "Aren't you?"

"*That's* what I wanted to know!" she said; and as she turned a page in the sketch-book for the benefit of Mr. Percy, I saw that her hand had begun to tremble.

"Why?" I asked, leaning toward her across the table.

"Because, if she were involved in some undertaking—something that, if it went wrong, would endanger her happiness and, I think, even her life—for it might actually kill her if she failed, and brought on a worse catastrophe——"

"Yes?" I said anxiously, as she paused again.

"You'd help her?" she said.

"I would indeed," I assented earnestly. "I told her once I'd do anything in the world for her."

"Even if it involved something that George Ward might never forgive you for?"

"I said, 'anything in the world,'" I returned, perhaps a little huskily. "I meant all of that. If there is anything she wants me to do, I shall do it."

She gave a low cry of triumph, but immediately checked it. Then she leaned far over the table, her face close above the book, and, tracing the outline of an uncertain lily with her small, brown-gloved forefinger, as though she were consulting me on the drawing, "I wasn't afraid to come through the woods alone," she said, in a very low voice, "because I wasn't alone. Louise came with me."

"What?" I gasped. "Where is she?"

"At the Beaudry cottage down the road. They won't miss her at the château until morning; I locked her door on the outside, and if they go to bother her again—though I don't think they will—they'll believe she's fastened it on the inside and is asleep. She managed to get a note to Keredec late this afternoon; it explained everything, and he had some trunks carried out the rear gate of the inn and carted over to Lisieux to be shipped to Paris from there. It is to be supposed—or hoped, at least—that this woman and her people will believe *that* means Professor Keredec and Mr. Harman will try to get to Paris in the same way."

"So," I said, "that's what Percy meant about the trunks. I didn't understand."

"He's on watch, you see," she continued, turning a page to another drawing. "He means to sit up all night, or he wouldn't have slept this afternoon. He's not precisely the kind to be in the habit of afternoon naps

—Mr. Percy!" She laughed nervously. "That's why it's almost absolutely necessary for us to have you. If we have—the thing is so simple that it's certain."

"If you have me for what?" I asked.

"If you'll help"—and, as she looked up, her eyes, now very close to mine, were dazzling indeed—"I'll adore you forever and ever! Oh, *much* longer than you'd like me to!"

"You mean she's going to——"

"I mean that she's going to run away with him again," she whispered.

## CHAPTER XXII

AT midnight there was no mistaking the palpable uneasiness with which Mr. Percy, faithful sentry, regarded the behavior of Miss Elliott and myself as we sat conversing upon the veranda of the pavilion. It was not fear for the security of his prisoner which troubled him, but the unseemliness of the young woman's persistence in remaining until this hour, under an espionage no more matronly than that of a sketch-book abandoned on the table when we had come out to the open. The youth had veiled his splendors with more splendor: a long overcoat of so glorious a plaid that it paled the planets above us; and he wandered restlessly about the garden in this refulgence, glancing at us now and then with what, in spite of the insufficient revelation of the starlight, we both recognized as a chilling disapproval. The lights of the inn were all out; the courtyard was dark. The Spanish woman and Monsieur Rameau had made their appearance for a moment, half an hour earlier, to exchange a word with their fellow vigilante, and, soon after, the extinguishing of the lamps in their respective apartments denoted their retirement for the night. In the "Grande Suite" all had been dark and silent for an hour. About the whole place the only sign of life, aside from those signs furnished by our three selves, was a rhythmical sound from an open window near the kitchen, where incontrovertibly slumbered our *maître d'hôtel* after the cares of the day.

Upon the occasion of our forest meeting Mr. Percy had signified his desire to hear some talk of Art. I think he had his fill to-night—and more; for that was the subject chosen by my dashing companion, and vivaciously exploited until the hour which we awaited was near at hand. Heaven knows what nonsense I prattled, I do not; I do not think I knew at

the time. I talked mechanically, trying hard not to betray my increasing excitement.

Under cover of this traduction of the Muse I served, I kept going over and over the details of Louise Harman's plan, as the girl beside me had outlined it, bending above the smudgy sketch-book. "To make them think the flight is for Paris," she had urged, "to Paris by way of Lisieux. To make that man yonder believe that it is toward Lisieux, while they turn at the crossroads, and drive across the country to Trouville for the morning boat to Havre." It was superbly simple; that was its great virtue. If they were well started, they were safe; and well started meant only that Larrabee Harman should leave the inn without an alarm, for an alarm sounded too soon meant "racing and chasing on Canoby Lea," before they could get out of the immediate neighborhood. But with two hours' start, and the pursuit spending most of its energies in the wrong direction—that is, toward Lisieux and Paris—they would be on the deck of the French-Canadian liner tomorrow noon, sailing out of the harbor of Le Havre, with nothing but the Atlantic Ocean between them and the St. Lawrence.

I thought of the woman who dared this flight for her lover, of the woman who came full-armed between him and the world, a Valkyr swooping down to bear him off to a heaven she would make for him herself. Gentle as she was, there must have been a Valkyr in her somewhere, or she could not attempt this. She swept in, not only between him and the world, but between him and the destroying demons his own sins had raised to beset him. There, I thought, was a whole love; for there she was not only wife but mother to him.

And I remembered the dream I had had of her, before I ever saw her, on that first night after I had come down to Normandy, when Amédée's talk of "Madame d'Armand" had brought her into my thoughts. I remembered that I had dreamed of finding her statue, but it was veiled and I could not uncover it. And to-night it seemed to me that the veil had lifted, and the statue was a figure of Mercy in the beautiful likeness of Louise Harman. Then Keredec was wrong, optimist as he was, since a will such as hers could save him she loved, even from his own acts.

"And when you come to Monticelli's first style—" Miss Elliott's voice rose a little, and I caught the sound of a new thrill vibrating in

it—"you find a hundred others of his epoch doing it quite as well, not a *bit* of a bit less commonplace—" She broke off suddenly, and looking up, as I had fifty times in the last twenty minutes, I saw that a light shone from Keredec's window.

"I dare say they *are* commonplace," I remarked, rising. "But now, if you will permit me, I'll offer you my escort back to Quesnay."

I went into my room, put on my cap, lit a lantern, and returned with it to the veranda. "If you are ready?" I said.

"Oh, quite," she answered, and we crossed the garden as far as the steps. Thereupon Mr. Percy signified his approval.

"Gunna see the little lady home, are ye?" he said graciously. "I was *thinkin'* it was about time, m'self!"

The salon door of the "Grande Suite" opened, above me, and at the sound the youth started, springing back to see what it portended, but I ran quickly up the steps. Keredec stood in the doorway, bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves; in his left hand he held a traveling-bag, which he immediately gave me, setting his right for a second upon my shoulder.

"Thank you, my good, good friend," he said with an emotion in his big, kind voice which made me glad of what I was doing. He went back into the room, closing the door, and I descended the steps as rapidly as I had run up them. Without pausing, I started for the rear of the courtyard, Miss Elliott accompanying me.

The sentry had watched these proceedings open-mouthed, more mystified than alarmed. "Luk here," he said, "I want t' know what this means."

"Anything you choose to think it means," I laughed, beginning to walk a little more rapidly. He glanced up at the windows of the "Grande Suite," which were again dark, and began to follow us slowly. "What you gut in that grip?" he asked.

"You don't think we're carrying off Mr. Harman?"

"I reckon *he's* in his room all right," said the youth grimly; "unless he's *flew* out. But I want t' know what you think y're doin'?"

"Just now," I replied, "I'm opening this door."

This was a fact he could not question. We emerged at the foot of a lane behind the inn; it was long and narrow, bordered by stone walls, and at the other end debouched upon a road which passed the rear of the Beaudry

cottage. Here Miss Elliott took my arm, and we entered the lane.

Mr. Percy paused undecidedly. "I want t' know what you think y're doin'?" he repeated angrily, calling after us.

"It's very simple," I called in return. "Can't I do an errand for a friend? Can't I even carry his traveling-bag for him, without going into explanations to everybody I happen to meet? And," I added, permitting some anxiety to be marked in my voice, "I think you may as well go back. We're not going far enough to need a guard."

Mr. Percy allowed an oath to escape him, and we heard him muttering to himself. Then his footsteps sounded behind us.

"He's coming!" Miss Elliott whispered, with nervous exultation, looking over her shoulder. "He's going to follow."

"He was sure to," said I.

We trudged briskly on, followed at some fifty paces by the perturbed watchman. Presently I heard my companion utter a sigh so profound that it was a whispered moan.

"What is it?" I murmured.

"Oh, it's the thought of Quesnay and to-morrow; facing them with *this!*" she quavered. "Louise has written a letter for me to give them, but I'll have to tell them——"

"Not alone," I whispered. "I'll be there when you come down from your room in the morning."

We were embarked upon a singular adventure, not unattended by a certain danger; we were tingling with a hundred apprehensions, occupied with the vital necessity of drawing the little spy after us—and that was a strange moment for a man (and an elderly painter-man of no mark, at that!) to hear himself called what I was called then, in a tremulous whisper close to my ear. Of course she has denied it since; nevertheless, she said it—twice, for I pretended not to hear her the first time. I made no answer, for something in the word she called me, and in her seeming to mean it, made me choke up so that I could not even whisper; but I made up my mind that, after *that*, if this girl saw Mr. Earl Percy on his way back to the inn before she wished him to go, it would be because he had killed me.

We were near the end of the lane when the neigh of a horse sounded sonorously from the road beyond.

Mr. Percy came running up swiftly and darted by us.

"Who's that?" he called loudly. "Who's that in the cart yonder?"

I set my lantern on the ground close to the wall, and at the same moment a horse and cart drew up on the road at the end of the lane, showing against the starlight. It was Père Beaudry's best horse, a stout gray, which would easily enough make Trouville by daylight. A woman's figure and a man's (the latter that of Père Beaudry himself) could be made out dimly on the seat of the cart.

"Who is it, I say?" shouted our excited friend. "What kind of a game d'ye think y're puttin' up on me here?"

He set his hand on the side of the cart and sprang upon the hub of the wheel. A glance at the occupants satisfied him.

"Mrs. Harman!" he yelled. "Mrs. Harman!" He leaped down into the road. "I knowed I was a fool to come away without wakin' up Rameau. But you haven't beat us yet!"

He dove back into the lane, but just inside its entrance I met him.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Back to the pigeon-house, and in a hurry. There's devilment here, and I want Rameau. Git out o' my way!"

"You're not going back," said I.

"The hell I ain't!" said Mr. Percy. "I give ye two seconds t' git out o' my— *Take yer hands off me!*"

I made sure of my grip, not upon the refulgent overcoat, for I feared he might slip out of that, but upon the collars of his coat and waistcoat, which I clenched together in my right hand. I knew that he was quick, and I suspected that he was "scientific," but I did it before he had finished talking, and so made fast, with my mind and heart and soul set upon sticking to him.

My suspicions as to his "science" were perfervidly justified. "You long-legged devil!" he yelled, and I instantly received a series of concussions upon the face and head which put me in supreme doubt of my surroundings, for I seemed to have plunged, eyes foremost, into the Milky Way. But I had my left arm round his neck, which probably saved me from a *coup de grâce*, as he was forced to pommel me at half-length. Pommel it was; to use so gentle a word for what to me was crash and bang, smash, explosion, battle, murder, sudden death, and earthquake. I was faintly conscious of some one screaming, and it seemed a part of my delirium that the cheek of Miss Anne Elliott should be jammed

tight against mine through one phase of the tornado. My arms were wrenched, my fingers twisted and tortured, and, when it was all too clear to me that I could not possibly bear one added iota of physical pain, the ingenious fiend began to kick my shins and knees with feet like crowbars.

Conflict of any sort was never my vocation. I had not been an accessory-during-the-fact to a fight since I passed the truculent age of fourteen; and it is a marvel that I was able to hang to that dynamic bundle of trained muscles—which defines Mr. Earl Percy well enough—for more than ten seconds. Yet I did hang to him, as Père Beaudry testifies, for a minute and a half, which seems no inconsiderable lapse of time to a person undergoing such experiences as were then afflicting me.

It appeared to me that we were revolving in enormous circles in the ether, and I had long since given my last gasp, when there came a great roaring wind in my ears and a range of mountains toppled upon us both; we went to earth beneath it.

"Ha! you must create violence, then?" roared the avalanche. And the voice was the voice of Keredec.

Some one pulled me from underneath my struggling antagonist, and, the power of sight in a hazy, zigzagging fashion coming back to me, I perceived the figure of Miss Anne Elliott recumbent beside me, her arms about Mr. Percy's prostrate body. The extraordinary girl had fastened upon him, too, though I had not known it, and she had gone to ground with us; but it is to be said for Mr. Earl Percy that no blow of his touched her, and she was not hurt. Even in the extremities of temper he had undergone, he had carefully discriminated in my favor.

Mrs. Harman was bending over her, and, as the girl sprang up lightly, threw her arms about her. For my part, I rose more slowly, section by section, wondering why I did not fall apart; lips, nose, and cheeks bleeding, and I had a fear that I should need to be led like a blind man, through my eyelids swelling shut. That was something I earnestly desired should not happen; but whether it did, or did not—or if the heavens fell!—I meant to walk back to Quesnay with Anne Elliott that night, and, mangled, broken, or half-dead, presenting whatever appearance of the prize-ring or the slaughter-house that I might, I intended to take the same train for Paris on the morrow that she did. For our days together were not

at an end; nor was it hers nor my desire that they should be. We both knew it.

It was Oliver Saffren—for that is how I like to remember him—who helped me to my feet and wiped my face with his handkerchief, and when that one was ruined, brought others from his bag and stanchd the wounds received, and gladly, in the service of his wife.

"I will remember—" he said, and his voice broke. "These are the memories which Keredec says make a man good. I pray God they will help to redeem me." And for the last time I heard the child in him speaking: "I ought to be redeemed; I must be, don't you think, for her sake?"

"Lose no time!" thundered Keredec. "You must be gone if you will reach that certain town for the five-o'clock train of the morning." This was for the spy's benefit; it indicated Lisioux and the train to Paris. Mr. Percy struggled; the professor knelt over him, pinioning his wrists in one great hand, and holding him to the earth with no more difficulty than an ordinary man would experience in holding down an infuriated cat.

"Ha! my friend—" he addressed his captive—"you shall not have cause to say we do you any harm; there shall be no law, for you are no hurt, and you are not going to be. But here you shall stay quiet for a little while—till I say you can go." As he spoke he bound the other's wrists with a short rope which he took from his pocket, performing the same office immediately afterward for Mr. Percy's ankles.

"I take the count!" was the sole remark of that philosopher. "I can't go up against no herd of elephants."

"And now," said the professor, rising, "good-by! The sun shall rise gloriously for you to-morrow. Come, it is time."

The two women were crying in each other's arms. "Good-by!" sobbed Anne Elliott.

Mrs. Harman turned to Keredec. "Good-by! for a little while."

He kissed her hand. "Dear lady, I shall come within the year."

She came to me, and I took her hand, meaning to kiss it as Keredec had done, but suddenly she was closer and I felt her lips upon my battered cheek. I remember it now.

I wrung her husband's hand, and then he took her in his arms, lifted her to the foot-board of the cart, and sprang up beside her.

"God bless you, and good-by!" they called.

And, "God bless you and good-by!" we called after them from the road.

THE END.



## A Gentleman Farmer

By Bessie R. Hoover

SOME fellers are always a-grumblin' about the rich and the poor—and predictin' war," observed Pa Flickinger one evening after supper, as the family was seated about the dining-room table. Ma had her sewing, their little daughter Opal her school-books, and their half-grown son, Jed, was marking off imaginary fields on the table-cloth with toothpicks.

"Are you turnin' daft, Jed," cried Ma, "to amuse yourself with kindergarten truck?"

"Naw," grunted Jed, and went on building fences.

"As I said afore," continued Pa, "some are always a-complainin' about the rich. Why, in the factory where me and Jed work, there's always a few disgruntled tykes growlin' indistinct about the boss—and thinkin' they ain't treated right by folks that have more money than they have."

"And it's enough to make a feller grumble to see rich folks a-rollin' by high-headed in their automobiles, and us poor folks a-scratchin' for enough to eat," claimed Ma.

"But it's jest as much us poor folks' place to treat the rich right—as 't is t'other way," asserted Pa. "Don't it help as much toward good feelin' between man and man for *me* to go out'n my way to give the boss a pleasant good-mornin', as it does for the boss always to have to make the first break? The boss's got money; but that's no sign he don't need what money can't buy—and that's good will."

"'Tain't worryin' the boss or any other big bug whether you speak to 'em or not," answered Ma confidently.

"That ain't the p'int," disagreed Pa; "'cause you're poor don't give you no right

to be uncivil. And I don't begrudge the boss his automobile, neither—he's earned it."

"Then why don't you have one yourself?" inquired Ma sarcastically; "you've certainly earned one."

"No," denied Pa, "I ain't—and I ain't liable to; I've earned bread and butter and a home, but I ain't never earned what the boss has."

"Why ain't you?" demanded Ma. "You've always worked like a slave."

"Well, 'cause the boss has more brains than I have—and I ain't ashamed to say so; and more'n that, his brains are developed. They was put through a course of sprouts when that boy was young. He hadn't a cent more'n I had when we was kids; but I always was a kinder careless cuss—out with the boys ramcattin' half the night—never savin' a cent. But the boss he was different; when I was a-raisin' Cain, he was a-workin' his way through college."

"You might 'a' done the same, Pa," struck in Jed unexpectedly, squinting at his toothpick fence.

"No, I couldn't 'a' done what the boss done," answered Pa solemnly; "I didn't have it in me—I was a fool in kid's clothin'."

"You're always a-braggin' of the boss," complained Ma, "but fur as I can see, he never done you no special service—you ain't even one of his favorites."

"He does me justice," stoutly maintained Pa, "and Mr. Peyton he ain't got no favorites."

"Seftie Woods is goin' to school to the Agricultural College," informed Jed abruptly. "Seftie's goin' to learn to be a farmer."

"I always thought afore that Seftie was a kinder sensible guy," remarked Pa.

"He is," asserted Jed aggressively.

"He shows it," laughed Pa, "goin' to school

to learn to farm; next thing somebody'll be goin' to school to learn to breathe—or eat."

"Seftie's goin' to be a *gentleman* farmer," put in Opal unexpectedly.

"A gentleman whicher?" inquired Pa facetiously. "I never knew afore that the two went together."

"He's goin' to college to learn to farm *right*. Can't I go too, Pa?" asked Jed boldly, who had said the question over so many times in mind that he had at last gotten courage to say it aloud.

"You go, Jed! Are you crazy?"

burst out Ma. "Whatever put that into your head?"

"I always wanted to be a farmer," declared the boy.

"Then be one," said Pa; "goin' to college won't help you none."

"'Twould, too," contradicted Jed stubbornly.

"'Twouldn't neither, Jed," denied Ma. "What's the use of goin' ag'in your pa so? It don't look right."

"The only way to farm," advised Pa Flickinger, largely and easily, "is to git land—and farm."

"But I was raised in town—I've always worked in the factory," returned his son. "I don't know nothin' about farmin'."

"You don't need book-learnin' to farm," stated Pa; "Seftie Woods's folks are well off and can afford to throw away a little money on their only child. I don't reckon he'll learn more than he can recover from; it'll be ag'in him when he comes to actual farmin', but he'll probably forgit it as soon as he's through."

"He won't forgit it, neither," growled Jed; "he's goin' to learn to farm scientific—and make money; he's goin' to learn all about soils and fertilizers and rotation of crops. He says it takes as much learnin' to be a successful farmer as it does to be a lawyer or doctor."

"Seftie's been stuffin' you," said Pa; "that's why the factory ain't good enough for you all of a sudden, Jed."

"Tain't that—I want to work outdoors, I

want to make things grow. The tuition of the college ain't much—it's the board that costs. If I could have all the money I earn now and save it, I could go next year."

"Wait till you're twenty-one," advised his mother; "then you can talk about havin' your own money."

"If you can earn your board and keep in the factory, Jed, you ought to be thankful," contributed Pa.

"But the boss, Mr. Peyton, he worked his way through college," argued Jed.

"But he didn't waste his time learnin' a lot of things that'd be no use to him till he forgot 'em," declared Pa. "If you want to be a farmer, wait till you're growed up, as your ma says—then hire out to a good farmer—he'll teach you the tricks. It don't take much brains to farm, anyway—jest stick in the seeds and tend 'em."

"But I want to learn how to raise stock, too," went on Jed. "Seftie, he says—"

"I never knew it took book-learnin' to feed pigs," remarked Pa, "nor Latin to plow a straight furrow."

"I don't have to study Latin," growled Jed ungraciously.

"Yes, you do," corrected Pa; "all colleges teach the dead languages. Now, the Latin name of punkins might help you wonderful in your farmin'. And you and Seftie could talk Greek so's the hired man wouldn't understand your gab. And Greek swear words for mules might come handy—anyway, you'd have 'em."

"I tell you, Pa," cried the exasperated boy, "I don't have to take them things."

"Not take dead languages?" inquired Pa incredulously. "You're 'way off; you'll find you have to take what they give you."

"They teach you how to farm there—how to do things—*right*," declared Jed.

Pa shook his head.

"Jed could learn to be a gentleman farmer jest as well as Seftie if he went to college," said Opal, who for once was in sympathy with her brother.

"No, he couldn't," objected their mother.



"THE ONLY WAY TO FARM," ADVISED PA FLICKINGER,  
"IS TO GIT LAND—AND FARM."

"Seftie Woods is smart to begin with, and Jed is naturally dumb. He's never even been to high school—and here he wants to go to college."

"Besides," cried Pa triumphantly, as a clincher, "Jed don't know enough to git into a college—and if he managed to git in, it'd take him a natural lifetime to git through."

"But I don't need no entrance examination, Pa; I jest want to go a year or two to specialize—as Seftie calls it—to git a little to help me out."

"No college lets a feller browse around inside it like that," asserted Pa. "No, sir! It takes a world and all of stuffin' to git in—and then you've got to plank right through without feedin' till you graduate. Cut it out, Jed; you don't want to be no gentleman farmer."

"That's some of Opal's nonsense," muttered Jed as he started off to bed; "but I want to learn to farm, and I will, too; jest wait and see."

"I'll wait," laughed Pa, "but I'll never see no gentleman farmer in this family; we've always been poor, but we've never been ridiculous."

But after the children had gone to bed, Ma said reflectively:

"'Tain't such a bad plan—that wild idee of Jed's about goin' to school to learn to farm."

"'Tain't a *bad* plan," admitted Pa, "but it's *worse*, 'tain't possible."

"No, we can't afford to board and clothe Jed for a year and let him save his money," said Ma with a sigh.

"No, we can't," responded Pa, "but I wisht we could; I always kinder wanted to be a farmer jay myself."

"How's things goin' at the factory?" asked Ma.

"Worse; if McKenna gits to be superintendent of our part of the factory, there'll be trouble, and if Steinly gits the place there'll be a strike—sure. The union men are quarreling among themselves—as usual. And they feel sore because the boss hires union men or outsiders jest as he pleases. Ever since it's

been known that Brown's goin' to leave, there's been underhanded scrappin' goin' on about that job. The men jest naturally haven't the decency to leave it to the boss to select his man. But mind my words, Ma, the boss'll hire the man he wants or he'll shut down the factory."

"If you'd join the union, mebbe you'd be better off," observed Ma.

"No, I wouldn't; I don't want any walkin' delegate in mine—if I've got any kick to make, I'll go straight to the boss. And I don't want no better man to work for than our boss. When things is boomin', we git good pay; and when times is dull, we git fair pay; and a angel could do no more. He ain't the kind that gives his men turkeys for Christmas and then drives 'em like machines the rest of the time. I ain't a-sayin' nothin' ag'in unions, or upholdin' them that scrouge the poor; but with a boss like ourn we don't need no union."

"Jed couldn't 'a' took a worse time to want his money," said Ma. "Land! What'll we do if the factory *does* shut down?"

"Poorhouse," suggested Pa gloomily. "It's liable to happen, too, 'cause both sides is plan-nin' to strike for higher wages when Brown goes—and they won't git it, the way business is now."

After that evening, the boy did not again speak of his desire to be a farmer; but the subject was mentioned many times to him; for the Flickingers considered it a family joke, and Jed was often addressed as the "gentleman farmer."

The last day of the old superintendent's time was out at the factory, and Ma Flickinger and

Opal were waiting with impatient anxiety for the outcome when Pa and Jed came home at night. Ma dished up the supper with an extra flounce and snapped up everybody that spoke to her.

"What's the matter, Ma?" asked Pa genially. Whatever had happened at the factory, he did not seem at all downcast.

"What's the matter?" repeated Ma. "Every-



"I'VE GOT," CRIED PA, "THE SMILE THAT WON'T COME OFF."

thing! Jed's cross as a bear all the time, Opal's gettin' lazier every day, and the factory's liable to shut down——"

Still Pa was one large, genial smile.

"What're you grinnin' like a ape for?" inquired Ma crossly.

"'Cause I've got what they call 'the smile that won't come off,'" cried Pa delightedly. "I never knew afore that there was any truth in that fool sayin'."

"I never see the truth in it and never will," said Ma coldly.

"Not if I told you I was suddenly raised to supe?"

"No, cause you ain't."

"Well, I am," affirmed Pa emphatically.

"What of that?" flared Ma, bound not to be pleased; "extra worry and the men a-gettin' down on you. Nothin' big in that."

"I git double pay, though," added Pa, crestfallen that his wife took the good news so apathetically.

"What!" exclaimed Ma.

"Double pay," shouted Pa, "and promoted for faithfulness, e-fish-ency, and long service."

"Then Jed can go to school," said Ma, with a face as bright as Pa's.

"He sure can," laughed Pa; "Jed Flickinger, Gentleman Farmer, on all his callin'-cards after this."

"How on earth did *you* git to be superintendent?" asked Ma.

"It come about partly through Jed," answered Pa, "for Mr. Peyton says to me one day: 'What's the matter with your kid, Flickinger; he looks glum all the time, like he ain't feelin' well?' Then I said: 'Jeddie's got a notion of goin' to college to learn farmin', but we can't see our way to send him.' 'Good thing,' answers the boss; 'I'll bear that in mind, and mebbe I can help you out.' But I didn't say nothin' here at home, for I didn't see what he could do."

"The boss's a mighty thoughtful man," declared Ma admiringly.

"And so," continued Pa, "when this big scrap was a-comin' on about who would take Brown's place, the boss he thought of *me*; for he had to have a man

without enemies among the men, and one that he could trust himself. And as there was bound to be a bust up if either of the men that was a-tryin' for it got it, Mr. Peyton gits 'em all together and says, 'Boys, how'll Flickinger suit?' Nobody said a word back, they was that surprised.

"Then I steps out and I says: 'Thank you, Mr. Peyton, but I couldn't possibly take a position that the boys didn't want me to have. Though I'd be glad to do it for you.'

"And I'll be blamed if the boys didn't cheer and come crowdin' round and shakin' hands—the scrappers on both sides—and things got smoothed out. And the boss agreed to raise the wages jest as soon as business picked up. And the next thing I knew I was supe, with double pay."

"Land! what a honor," cried Ma.

"You see," resumed Pa modestly, "I ain't considered a dangerous man; nobody's afraid I'll use my position underhanded to hurt somebody else. I'm sort of looked on as a wishy-washy feller that don't like to fight; but I can tell you, Ma, it takes more backbone sometimes to *keep out'n* a fight than it does to git into one."

"I guess the secret of the choice is that you're the right man for the place," said Ma loyally; "and I begin to think the boss is pretty nigh as white as you've painted him."

"Shucks," grinned Pa, "a dozen others could 'a' done as well; but they can't nobody do no better," he acknowledged with conscious pride, "for I understand the work. And now Jed can go to school. Hey, Jed?"

Jed said nothing.

"Whoever'd 'a' thought Jed 'ud 'a' took to learnin'?" remarked Ma wonderingly. "I dunno where he gits it from."

"When'll Jed start to college?" asked Opal practically.

"I ain't a-goin' to no college," spoke up Jed sullenly.

"What's got into the kid?" cried Pa in astonishment.

"Nothin' more'n ordinary," answered Ma; "he's mad 'cause he couldn't have his money when he first ast—now he's sulky."

"I *could* take that out'n a kid," hinted Pa darkly.

"You couldn't lick nothin' out'n Jed," re-



"I AIN'T NO BABY,"  
PROTESTED JED.

torted Ma resignedly; "he's jest as stubborn as you be, Pa. Let him alone."

"Well, he'll go whether he wants to or not, now," growled Pa, "for the boss promoted me for that very thing. He'll save his money and go."

"I don't want to go," grumbled Jed.

"Save your money anyway, Jeddie, and maybe you'll feel better about it next fall," advised Ma soothingly.

"Jed is too sensible a kid to let a chance like that slip by," observed Pa, with a wink at Ma and Opal.

"If I go to school 't won't be because I'm soft-soaped," said Jed.

"Land! it makes a feller feel like summat," gloried Pa, "to think of one of his own kids a-goin' to college. And as fur as the dead languages are concerned, I dunno but Jed is as husky to tackle 'em as any other kid."

"He always was stubbed. But where'd he board—who'd do his washin'—who'd mend his clothes?" worried his mother. "I dunno as he'd better try to go, there's so many things to think of."

"I ain't gone yet," said Jed, who seemed scarcely to relish the turn his mother had given the conversation.

"And supposin' you got sick in the night—'way off t'other side of nowhere?" imagined Ma.

"I ain't no baby," protested Jed.

"None of us has ever went to college afore, and I dunno as it would be wise for us to begin now," fretted his mother. "It looks as if it was a good thing—your Pa gettin' more money; but mebbe it's better to be pizen poor and all be at home together. Land! I can stand *bad* luck—I've growed used to it, and know jest what to do when it strikes me; but *good* luck, that's different—it's kinder excitin' and unsettlin'."

"I could come home once a month," stated Jed; "Seftie's goin' to."

"Yes, but a thousand things might happen between times. I wish Seftie Woods had left you alone."

"Well, am I goin'—or ain't I goin'?" questioned Jed anxiously.

"I dunno," returned his mother; "there's plenty to worry about either way."

"Jed'll git along all right," prophesied Pa; "he wa'n't cut out for an apron-stringer—he's old enough to look out for hisself."

"But he's never done it," answered Ma, "and as for apron-strings, they're the health-

iest things for a boy of Jed's age to be hooked on to."

"I'll write every week how I'm gettin' along," promised Jed.

"You could, but will you?" doubted Ma.

"A gentleman farmer," stated Pa oracularly, "is one of the noblest occupations on the crust of the earth. Jed, you've made a wise choice. I'd 'a' done the same thing in your place."

"Opal, where's your old tin bank?" inquired Ma. "Jed can save his money in that."

## The Vampire of the Slums

By Zoé Anderson Norris

FOR ten minutes or so the neighborhood was in a flurry of excitement—it takes so little to cause a flurry of excitement in the slums. This is what had happened. A woman hanging out clothes on a roof had fallen and been killed. Nobody seemed to know which roof; only that it was nearby.

John, the janitor, devoted a moment to exclaiming, then ascended to the top floor. The group of foreigners at the door chattered volubly, as was their wont, employing hands, eyes, and teeth in expressing their thoughts and feelings in regard to the accident.

Then something else happened—something is always happening in the slums; and the woman who had fallen from the roof and been killed was forgotten.

Caroline and I talked of her a few minutes longer before we, too, forgot her.

"It's a wonder to me they don't all fall from the roofs and get killed," said Caroline—"the reckless way in which they run across them, dangle from the clothes-lines, and juggle with infinity at the parapet's edge. And why not? It's a pity they don't all fall off. The world would be better without them. It is too full of people, anyway, especially these people down here on the East Side."

Caroline lived in the rear top flat and I lived in the flat below. I never knew why she lived in the slums, but I had come there in order to get the atmosphere. Before I had been there two days I had it. Garlic it is. But I kept on staying, on account of the cheapness of the rent, I think.

At any rate, a long, wide court intervened between our Fifteenth Street rear flats and the Fourteenth Street buildings across from us,

and our windows, opening upon this court, were like opera-boxes. From this point of vantage we looked out on a small but lively world, a foreign world, so typical of the old country that it might have been picked out of it bodily and set down here.

Like the negroes of the South, these people delighted to live their lives in sight and hearing of an audience. Their windows swarmed with humanity. So did their fire-escapes.

But most conspicuous of all was the parrot of the court, brightly green in his painted cage, on a fire-escape directly across from my flat window. All day long, as comment upon the happenings in the court, he alternately laughed aloud and yelled "O Lord!"

"He seems to rejoice in the ridiculous sadness of it all," said Caroline. "He is a fiendish bird. I call him the Vampire of the Slums. He preys upon them, he takes of their best, he eats of their food, and laughs at their sorrows. There is hardly a house in the slums, poor though it be, that hasn't this bright, sleek, well-cared-for idol, this demoniacal bird specimen. They waste more money and time on him than they do on their children, and what do they get for it in return? Hoarse, guttural, mocking laughter and cries of 'O Lord!'"

It was some days after the catastrophe considered so lightly by Caroline of the doubting heart and by the world of the slums, that we sat at my window, looking out on the panorama of the court. My window was even with the roofs of the opposite buildings, and from the small, toy-like houses that cover the stairways leading to the roof, ever and anon emerged people, who crossed over into other small roof-houses, walking the length of a block up there in the air.

On the roof directly opposite us some little girls commenced to play at "Come to see." A tea-party was also in progress. A small child decked out in a bright pink dress—they sometimes dress very well on the roofs of the slums—was laying the table.

It was a little round table and low. She daintily spread out a fringed cloth and set the cups and saucers about. Then she went in at the door of her roof-house for something, and a small boy came out from behind a chimney and upset the table.

The grief of the child was great when she came back, so great that the parrot, seeming somehow to scent it, cried out from below, "O Lord!" and laughed with ghoulish glee.

"Didn't I tell you!" reminded Caroline.

The little girl once more spread the cloth and set out the cups and saucers that remained unbroken. Her guests commenced to arrive, coming up through a certain roof-house door and saluting her. She was an exceedingly gracious hostess for her years.

In a charming way she bowed and seated them, and from the tiny table handed them their tea.

One of them, rising, came to the edge of the roof and looked over at the bird.

"Have a crack-er, Polly?" asked she.

"Well, what was that he answered?" asked I in amazement.

"I think," said Caroline, "that he answered 'Rats!'"

Lower down, tea-parties were being conducted on a smaller scale. Two children set a table on a fire-escape. Their dolls sat by, looking glass-eyedly on. They were

not well-behaved dolls at all, judging from the numerous spankings their mothers interrupted the tea to give them.

A man emerged from the depths of a base-



THEY JUGGLE WITH INFINITY AT THE PARAPET'S EDGE.

ment, a sallow-faced creature who had evidently inhabited the depths of basements since his birth. He walked slowly across the court. Two dogs sprang out from somewhere and bit fiercely at his trousers' legs.

The man cried out. The dogs had bitten into his legs.

And the parrot from his high-up fire-escape, turning his bright green head sidewise and observing this, yelled hoarsely, "O Lord!" and laughed. He shook his green sides with laughter before he finally quieted down and pecked at his wings.

"It is to be hoped," reflected Caroline, "that these people of the slums are hydrophobia proof. And indeed I have more fear for the dogs."

In front of the third-floor window opposite was a longish balcony. On this balcony a man lay outstretched upon a comfortable, his face on his arm, the open window gaping behind him. Now and again cries of children apparently in mortal combat emanated from this window. Once the man raised his head, called out something to them, lowered his head again, and lay motionless.

"A man who works all night," decided Caroline, "and so must sleep through the day. It's a pity his children won't let him sleep. Where is the mother, do you suppose? Gadding about somewhere?"

In another window sat an old woman, knitting a long woolen sock.

"She comes from Switzerland," announced Caroline, "or somewhere in the old country. We Americans have never found the time to knit."

Beside her sat her husband, old, gray-haired, reading a time-worn paper filled with strange characters.

By and by, since it was Thursday, there arrived by a circuitous route the German

band. A long way off we could hear them, coming nearer, court by court, until now, standing in a bunch in ours, they commenced to play on instruments that, putting it in mild form, were hardly attuned.

From the height of his perch the parrot looked down on them.

"O Lord!" he cried.

Caroline stopped her ears.

"He's right this time," she groaned.

The German band played loud and long. The parrot screeched. In a frantic endeavor to get the band to stop the noise, the children flung pennies, pennies wrapped in paper to prevent scattering.

The pennies had an opposite and disastrous effect. The band played on.

Finally, however, they came to the end of their repertoire and left the court. We could hear their discord in a near-by court, in one farther off, then hap-

pily the sounds ceased altogether to distract us.

Caroline unstopped her ears.

"I thought that the parrot breathed a sigh of relief," said she.

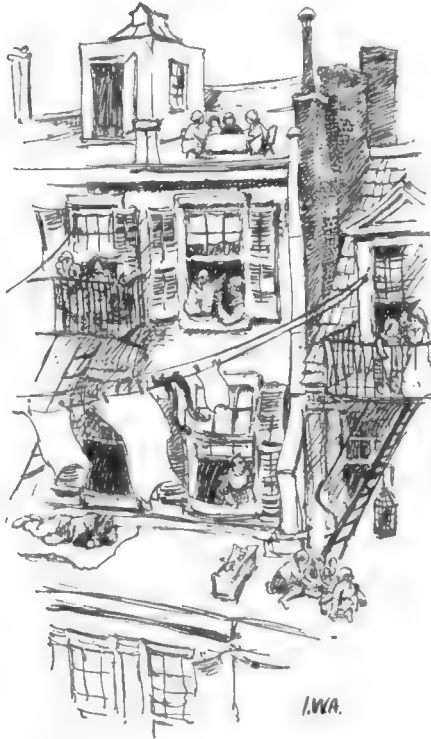
The parrot seemed to have heard her mention him. All of a sudden he shrieked aloud.

"What did he say?" I demanded, for Caroline was better acquainted than I with the patois of the neighborhood, having lived there longer.

"I thought he said, 'Oh, look who's here!'" Caroline replied.

True enough. The parrot was looking into the court at something and laughing. We craned our necks to see what it was, and at length beheld it. It was an accordion player sprawled lamely out on the pavement below.

"Do you suppose he is really lame?" asked Caroline of the doubting heart.



ON THE ROOF OPPOSITE, A TEA-PARTY WAS IN PROGRESS.

To judge from his subsequent maneuvers, he was. For when at the end of the scream of the accordion a child threw a penny down, he was forced by his exaggerated lameness to sprawl his ungainly length along the flags in order to reach it.

"If some one yelled 'fire!'" suggested Caroline, "I'll wager he'd get up and hustle all right enough." Caroline has little belief in the truthfulness of this world of the East Side.

When the lame man had crawled away, and the parrot had duly yelled and laughed, and the tea-table on the roof had been replaced by small rocking-chairs in which the guests reclined and enjoyed the view of our opposite roofs, our attention was turned again to the man on the balcony.

All this time, through German band and accordion, he had lain motionless.

Now the cries of the children within aroused him.

"It's a pity they won't let him sleep," repeated Caroline. "Where in the world is their mother?"

One of the children—a boy—rushed to the window and scrambled out, stepping ruthlessly on the man in his excitement. He poured forth a tale of woe, his tears falling. Frantically he exhibited a long red scratch on his brown arm.

The man sprang up and vaulted heavily in at the window. We could hear his voice, now beseeching, now scolding. Sometimes it was angry, then again it had the sound of a sob. He begged the chil-

dren piteously to be still and let him rest awhile. He was so tired, he told them. He fell wholly to sobbing after a time, so that the children, awed by this sight—a strong man he was, and it is a pitiful thing to young and old alike to see a strong man sob—sank into submission.

We heard them promise to behave better. We heard them say in their piping treble that they would be still. We saw him come once more to the balcony and throw himself down. We saw him throw his arm over his head and continue to sob. His broad shoulders shook. We could hear the long-drawn echo of his pitiful sobbing.

Caroline leaned out over the sill and looked down at him.

"Do you know who he is?" she asked me presently.

"Why, no," said I.

"It comes to me now," she said, and for once she sighed. "He is the husband of the woman who was killed the other night, and they are her children. The woman, I mean, who fell from the roof."

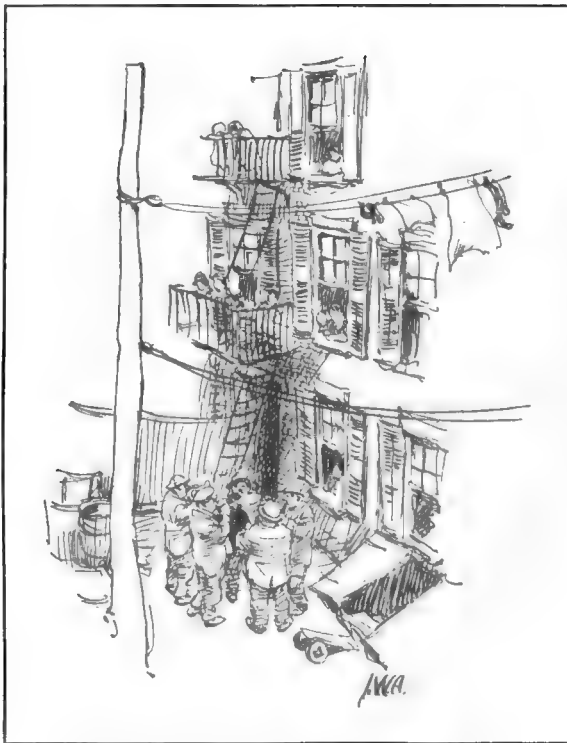
The court was all of a sudden still.

Perhaps it was the sobs of the father of the motherless children that had stilled it. Perhaps, on the other hand, it was only the traditional hush of the twenty minutes to, or the twenty minutes after. But the Vampire of the Slums is unsubdued by sobs or time.

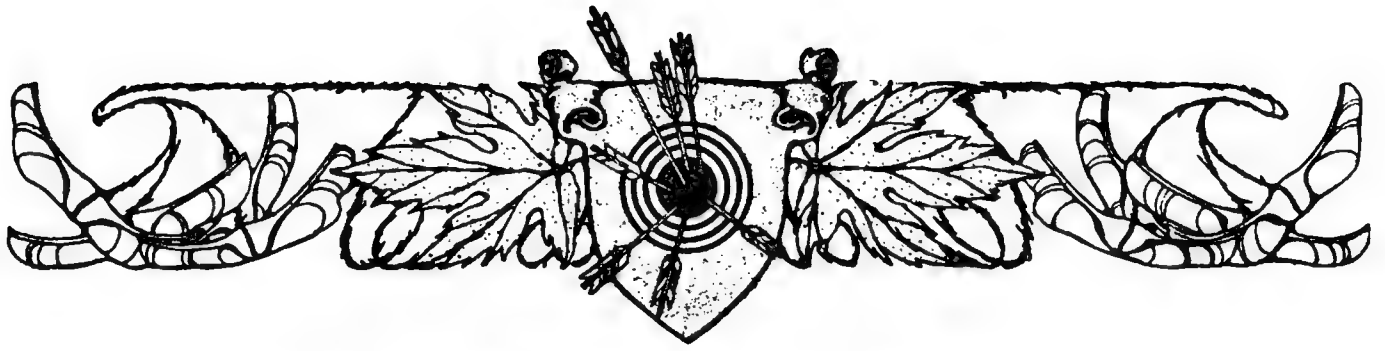
Out of the stillness his voice came screeching.

"O Lord!" he cried.

And then he laughed.



THE GERMAN BAND PLAYED LOUD AND LONG.



## STRAIGHT TALK

If at any time there are statements in **EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE** which you believe to be incorrect, or views expressed to which you take exception, or subjects discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your initials unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to **EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE**, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or to any one selected by the writer.—**THE EDITOR.**

### AN OFFICER'S OPINION

I HAVE just read Lieutenant Johnson's paper, "The Lamb Rampant," in the March **EVERYBODY'S**, and wish to congratulate you highly upon it.

We of the army do not presume to think that our own particular problem is the all-absorbing question for the country at large; but we do believe that it is entitled to more consideration than it ever gets. Lieutenant Johnson has set out the fundamental facts in such a way that it ought to make people begin to think; and the day when people really bring ordinary business sense to bear on the question will see an end of the present "drifting" policy.

If you care to go on with this work, you will be performing a genuine public service, and you should find no lack of help.

A CAPTAIN IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

### FROM A PRIVATE

NOTICING for some time past that different magazines published in the States have from time to time commented on the enlisted men of the United States service—how well they were treated and taken care of, how they were looked after by the officers, etc.—I have been induced to take up my pen and endeavor to reply to some of these pieces and explain why the majority of the enlisted men don't ship over and why a number of them run away when they get the chance. You will no doubt observe that all of the pieces published in magazines upon this subject were written by officers, and never until now by a private.

Now, in the first place, do we get good and proper food? In the vast majority of the stations, no. We are supposed to get a food allowance of \$7.50 a man per month, but do we get it? No, after the officers get through grafting off of the mess fund, the enlisted man gets what's left—any one can imagine what that will be. Now, that seems to put it pretty strong, but over here in the Olongopo mess officers have been caught selling the mess rations and nothing is done about it. The rations we get are unfit to eat—the flour is moldy, the meat spoiled, the coffee of the very weakest, and so on.

Now, as to the duty: we go on hikes for five and six days at a time over the very roughest of mountain trails, through jungle and streams, twenty-five miles and more a day in the burning tropical sun, and the sullen downpour of the rainy season, so when we return our feet are sore and bleeding, and our shoes are dropping off of our feet. But we do not complain about that—that is soldiering. What we do complain of is that lately, from the first of July, four companies of marines—of which by bad luck I happen to be a member—were detailed to fortify Grande Island, a small island at the entrance to Olongopo harbor, and the east and west shores to the harbor. My company happened to get the west shore, and it was our work to get large guns (four-point-sevens and six-inch) mounted on the highest points of surrounding mountains. It was the rainy season, and we were compelled to work in a downpour of rain with water up to our knees and in the thickest mud, for days at a time. If you were taken sick, you reported to the hospital, managed by a hospital apprentice, who would give you a pill and send you back to work. If you com-

plained to the officer in command, or one of the non-coms., you were put down for refusing duty and for a summary court-martial, and brought before a court composed of the officers in charge of the work, and they would decide what to soak you—generally thirty days on bread and water, and three months' pay—the miserable sum of \$14.80 a month that is envied us. The man who is in command of our company has been convicted of mispending profits of our canteen that were supposed to go in the mess fund for the men. This man, who is a second lieutenant, has reveille sounded at five in the morning and the company goes to breakfast, which is generally composed of flapjacks made of flour and water, and weak coffee; after that we are marched to work, and at 6.30 the fierce tropical sun is up and we are working in a temperature of a hundred to a hundred and twenty in the shade, pulling heavy six-inch guns up hills at an angle of forty-five degrees in that broiling sun.

We are supposed to work eight hours a day, but we get dismissed when the officers see fit to let us go—all for fifty-two cents a day. The negroes working at Panama get more money and are treated better than the enlisted men out here. Our "little brown brothers" are treated better over here. And to cap the climax, over comes a high statesman and makes a speech to a mob of our "little brown brothers" and tells them not to judge the Americans by the enlisted men, as the enlisted men are composed of the roughest element of the States. Now, do you think that a freeborn American is going to stand for that usage? Do you wonder men desert or don't ship over? Uncle Sam has got us for four years and lands us far away from home, and ropes us into a situation like this, but do you think he will ever get another chance? No, never; the whole company say the same.

A PRIVATE.

Olongopo, P. I.

### "HURRAH FOR HUGHES"

WHAT the general public needs most at the present time is acquaintance with the *big* men—men who may be considered for the presidency. The common people know practically nothing concerning our country's prominent men excepting what comes to them through the periodicals; and unfortunately, these mediums rarely give an unbiased, all-round true representation. When election time comes, the public sentiment is moved more by fancy than by facts. Such terse articles as that on Hughes, in the March number, meet the needs of a hungry public, a public that needs the almost personal acquaintance with its leaders which only such articles bring to them. When the people are influenced by the color of a man's mustache or the size of his shoes, 'tis a sure sign that they lack other data and have formed an opinion on superficial knowledge.

Hurrah for Hughes, but thank EVERYBODY'S for bringing him so personally in touch with the public.

And now let us have one like it on Taft.

Oberlin, Ohio.

M. J. H.

### GOOGLE

OUR family have so enjoyed the story of "The Transfer of Google," by E. J. Rath, in your February number, that we send thanks through you to the author, and beg a sequel or continuation of the story. While 'twas a great relief to our anxieties to leave Google happily sleeping in the borrowed bed of his little neighbors, still we should like to enjoy the consternation of both families when the discovery of the transfer is made.

Macon, Ga.

THE BOLLINGER FAMILY.

### HUGHES'S BEST SERVICE

MR. RIDGWAY made no mistake when he assigned himself to the pleasant task of writing an appreciative review of the career thus far of Charles E. Hughes, affording the reader also some glimpses into the personality of this interesting and important actor in the drama of to-day. To one who has followed the life of this public servant, with its expanding influences and growing potentialities, this article furnishes, we are forced to believe, some side-lights which are of value in making the proper estimate of the man.

For nearly two decades the tendency in public life in New York had been downward. "Practical" politics and "machine" politics had had complete control. When David B. Hill came into power in New York, he organized and gradually perfected his political machine. It prospered. Patronage and preferment paid tribute to it until it seemed invincible.

Acting on the theory that the way to fight the devil is with fire, the Republican organization gathered together what power it could to fight the Hill Democratic machine with a Republican machine under the guidance of Thomas C. Platt. As the fight continued, the people gradually loosened their hold on public affairs. Politics were given over to those who engaged in that business. A particularly offensive act by the Democratic machine momentarily aroused New York from its lethargy, and the Democratic machine was overthrown and the Republican machine was installed in its stead. Again the people lapsed into indifference and permitted the Platt-Republican machine untrammelled power.

Now the effect of this, while bad upon the standard of public service, was infinitely worse upon the citizenship. The perceptions of the public became dull; the conscience inactive. If public opinion did not sleep, it was not sufficiently awake to assert itself.

In the economy of events, such a condition could not long continue. Providentially, as I believe, or accidentally, as others may contend, a crusader was brought to the front who not only corrected many abuses, but did those things of which there was greater need; he awakened the public conscience, he aroused political interest in the people, he quickened the sense of civic responsibility in the electorate until now there is an alert public opinion in New York which responds to its duty and performs its function.

Charles E. Hughes has inspired political life in New York with new life and fresh energy.

Chicago, Ill.

A. E.

### THE HUMAN WASHINGTON

I READ with great pleasure the article about Washington by Owen Wister, in your March number. By a strange chance, a few days before I read the article, I was thinking of the very thing that Owen Wister so admirably writes about, namely, the cold manner in which Washington is regarded by the American of to-day.

In an editorial on February 22d, one of our leading weeklies (*Collier's*) refers to Washington as "austere, . . . aloof, . . . and somewhat heavy." This is the general impression of the Father of his Country, and this impression should be done away with. Such a strong appeal as Owen Wister's goes far to make Washington known as a man by his countrymen.

Williamstown, Mass.

E. S. G.

### CONGRESS AND THE ARMY

A MINUTE ago I finished a breathless study of the article in your March number, "The Lamb Rampant," by the military and militant author, Lieutenant Johnson. These truths, stated publicly by Lieutenant Johnson, are nothing new to me. Nearly a majority of the population of Milwaukee consists of Germans, many of them immigrants coming directly from the German army, and these graduates of a military practice use the German standard—and mark you that standard is the highest in existence—as a criterion of America's fighting strength. And naturally, the judgment is depreciative. Hardly a week ago, before your magazine arrived, I spoke to a well-educated German on the topic discussed in your article, and it seems curious that he should have presented the same views (as regards occupation of either coast by any foreign army). Also, he enlarged upon another point which Lieutenant Johnson treated sparingly—military supplies. Facts, stated emphatically by reasonable historians regarding the clothing, food, and weapons supplied in the Civil War and also in the Spanish, would show the mobilization of an army to be nearly impossible in less time than eighteen months. It is an open secret that the supplies

bought from manufacturers in both wars at outrageous prices were utterly worthless, and I've wondered why our Congress did not investigate conditions that so blatantly invited investigation. But, really, what can be expected of a trust-ridden Congress and Senate?

I wish your article had appeared a month earlier. For I believe, in face of the disgraceful facts disclosed therein, Congress would never have dared to cut down the military appropriations as it did. The action of Congress in a time such as the present, after all the war-shriek of last summer, after all the exposures of the autumn and winter, smacks of high treason. For does not the Constitution state: "Treason shall consist—in giving aid and comfort to the enemy"? And as what else can the action of cutting down the military appropriation be construed than giving comfort, making it easy for the enemy? Ought this be permitted?

Humph! That last question was superfluous. For the astonishing fact has happened, even when the President so insistently called for military improvements and for the eradication of bureaucratism from military affairs.

Milwaukee, Wis.

R. M.

### MUSIC IN AMERICA

IN your February number, W. J. Henderson, while admitting that "as a whole we are an unsophisticated musical public," emphasizes the fact that we have musical cults and gives comprehensive lists of musical novelties produced in America, and of programs showing what composers are heard in our various cities, thus proving our catholicity of taste. But the very fact that it seems worth mentioning that "the Detroit Symphony Orchestra gave *four* concerts" in a certain season is significant. In any large German city a good orchestra can be heard almost daily, and grand opera is given throughout the winter, and this is considered merely a matter of course.

But neither by censuring the inability of the American public to appreciate Debussy, as Miss Garden does in this same number, nor by praising the splendid concerts of our great cities does one adequately answer the question as to where America really stands musically. One should tell what kind of music is heard in the millions of American homes, what on the streets, what songs are sung when young people come together, whether the audience applauds more heartily Schumann or some rag-time number, whether the colleges, those seats of culture, support orchestras giving programs of real music, or mandolin and banjo clubs, whose thrumming of some insipid waltz or two-step captivates the beauty and the chivalry of the college community. Applying these tests, one is indeed prone to say with Miss Garden: "America has no art."

We need not be too pessimistic, however.

Public taste is being cultivated rapidly; our foreign trained young men and women of the last generation are making it possible for the present generation to study in America; all the cults of which Mr. Henderson spoke are widening their spheres of influence, and in spite of the apathy and intellectual laziness of many Americans and their proneness to seek amusement rather than uplifting so far as music is concerned, I feel confident that a comparatively few decades more will find America occupying a prominent place in the musical world.

P. R. P.

Ithaca, N. Y.

### "THE MIDDLE-AGED FAILURE"

HAVING just read "The Middle-Aged Failure" in your February issue, I am moved to comment upon this story. It is well worth the space you gave it. It discloses failure in its true and far too uncommonly accepted light. The writer of this story can account for a day well spent in its execution. It is a lesson to the weak and the strong alike, and a careful reading of it would be of much benefit to both. If the writers of fiction and fable were more given to producing stories of this character, we should be much more benefited by our pastime reading, in which diversion most of us indulge.

J. A. W.

Guthrie, Ky.

### IN CASE OF WAR

THE article in the February issue of your magazine entitled "The Lamb Rampant" is certainly deserving of careful study and thought on the part of citizens of the United States. It is all right for us to think that we have millions of dollars at our disposal, and that should a call to arms be issued at least one million men would respond; but how about arms and equipment? It takes time to make them, and we can be assured that the enemy will not allow us the time to make them if he can prevent it.

The National Guard are at present armed with the Krag rifle and the regular army with the Springfield magazine rifle, and they use different cartridges. Should these two bodies serve together there would be a mix-up in the cartridges, such as was of frequent occurrence during the Civil and Spanish wars.

The regular army has not its full quota of officers and is not likely to have until the pay will bring men into the army. For the knowledge a man must have to be an officer he can get (very often) double the salary in civil life. I, like a good many others, thought that the Government furnished its officers as well as the enlisted men with uniforms and rations in addition to the pay, but I have found out that I was in error, and that the officer gets only a salary and has to buy his

uniforms (a full set of which will cost not less than \$400) and in addition pay for his rations.

We should have officers and non-commissioned officers for skeleton companies and regiments, and enough arms and equipments on hand for a large volunteer army. There are thousands of men in this country who have had more or less military drill and who would be of use at once if the arms, etc., were ready for them and there were efficient officers to take charge.

I have had the argument advanced by some to whom I have spoken about your article, that we put an army of a million men into the field during the Civil War. Granted, but how long did it take? We were also fighting against a people who were as poorly prepared for it as we were, and who had also to drill and equip as we did.

Suppose some nation should declare war against us without warning and while Congress was *not* in session. Congress would have to assemble, authorize a call for volunteers, and then how long would it be before they could be enlisted, armed, and ready for service?

H. H. S.

Jersey City, N. J.

### UNWELCOME MAGAZINES

IN February "Straight Talk," J. H. E. severely criticizes Shaw and censures the publishers, declaring he "will refrain from ever purchasing EVERYBODY'S in the future." Now the editor states that any person whose letter may be published will receive one year's subscription free. Will it not be "sweet revenge" for the publishers to know that this same J. H. E. will receive *twelve* copies of his "tabooed" EVERYBODY'S? Will it not be a hardship for him to refrain from reading them? As an old friend and well-wisher I entreat of you, EVERYBODY'S, have mercy!

Iliff, Colo.

W. L. S.

### THE AMERICAN HOME

I HAVE been in Canada only twelve months (being an Englishman) and a reader of EVERYBODY'S for six months. But even on so short acquaintance I feel I must tell you how much I appreciate the excellent work of your delicate, suggestive, and refined artist, Mr. W. B. Ker, in his "American Home" series. I think No. IV, "Anticipation," is beautiful. If you could continue to supply such pictures monthly it would do more to develop the love of art in your readers and eventually be more beneficial than all the stories, essays, poems, etc., despite their excellence, that you produce. This is a point that I am surprised none of your correspondents has noticed. Please thank Mr. Ker for the artistic treat he has provided us.

I. G. B.

Montreal, Canada.



## Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

A trolley-car had collided with a heavily laden milk cart, and sent can after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a crowd gathered. A man, coming up, had to stand on tiptoe and keep dodging his head about to see past a stout lady in front of him. "Goodness!" he finally exclaimed, "what an awful waste!"

The stout lady turned and glared at him. "Mind your own business," she snapped.

O'Flannagan came home one night with a deep band of black crape around his hat.

"Why, Mike!" exclaimed his wife. "What are ye wearin' thot mournful thing for?"

"I'm wearin' it for yer first husband," replied Mike firmly. "I'm sorry he's dead."

Two of the leading attorneys of Memphis, who had been warm friends for years, happened to be opposing counsel in a case some time ago. The older of the two was a man of magnificent physique, almost six feet four, and built in proportion, while the younger was barely five feet and weighed not more than ninety pounds.

In the course of his argument the big man unwittingly made some remark that aroused the ire of his small adversary. A moment later he felt a great pulling and tugging at his coat tails. Looking down, he was greatly astonished to see his

opponent wildly gesticulating and dancing around him.

"What on earth are you trying to do there, Dudley?" he asked.

"By Gawd, suh, I'm fightin', suh!"

Rufus Choate once endeavored to make a witness give an illustration of absent-mindedness.

"Wal," said the witness cautiously, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum, an' took it out'n his pocket to see if he had time to go hum to get it—I should say that that feller was a *leeble* absent-minded."

"I never discuss marriage," said the late General Fitzhugh Lee, "without thinking of an old colored preacher in my state who was addressing his dark-skinned congregation, when a white man arose in the back of the building.

"Mr. Preacher," said the white man, 'you are talking about Cain, and you say he got married in the land of Nod, after he killed Abel. But the Bible mentions only Adam and Eve as being on earth at that time. Who, then, did Cain marry?'

"The colored preacher snorted with unfeigned contempt. 'Huh!' he said, 'you hear dat, brederen an' sisters? You hear dat fool question I am axed? Cain, he went to de land o' Nod just as de Good Book tells us, an' in de land o'

Nod Cain gits so lazy an' so shif'less dat he up an' marries a gal o' one o' dem no 'count pore white trash families dat de inspired apostle didn't consider fittin' to mention in de Holy Word."

The battle was going against him. The commander-in-chief, himself ruler of the South American republic, sent an aide to the rear, ordering General Blanco to bring up his regiment at once. Ten minutes passed; but it didn't come. Twenty, thirty, an hour—still no regiment. The aide came tearing back hatless, breathless.

"My regiment! My regiment! Where is it? Where is it?" shrieked the commander.

"General," answered the excited aide, "Blanco started it all right, but there are a couple of drunken Americans down the road and they won't let it go by."

Miss Jeannette Gilder was one of the ardent enthusiasts at the début of Tetrizzini. After the first act she rushed to the back of the house to greet one of her friends. "Don't you think she is a wonder?" she asked excitedly.

"She is a great singer unquestionably," responded her more phlegmatic friend, "but the registers of her voice are not so even as, for instance, Melba's."

"Oh, bother Melba," said Miss Gilder. "Tetrizzini gives infinitely more heat from her registers."

Two Irishmen, meeting one day, were discussing local news.

"Do you know Jim Skelly?" asked Pat.

"Faith," said Mike, "an' I do."

"Well," said Pat, "he has had his appendix taken away from him."

"Ye don't say so?" said Mike. "Well, it serves him right. He should have had it in his wife's name."

A certain theatrical troupe, after a dreary and unsuccessful tour, finally arrived in a small New Jersey town. That night, though there was no furore or general uprising of the audience, there was enough hand-clapping to arouse the troupe's dejected spirits. The leading man stepped to the footlights after the first act and bowed profoundly. Still the clapping continued.

When he went behind the scenes he saw an Irish stage-hand laughing heartily. "Well, what do you think of that?" asked the actor, throwing out his chest.

"What d'ye mane?" inquired the Irishman.

"Why, the hand-clapping out there," was the reply.

"Hand-clapping?"

"Yes," said the Thespian, "they are giving me enough applause to show they appreciate me."

"D'ye call that applause?" inquired the old fellow. "Whoi, thot's not applause. Thot's the audience killin' mosquitoes."

The customs of military service require officers to visit the kitchens during cooking hours to see that the soldiers' food is properly prepared. One old colonel, who let it be pretty generally known that his orders must be obeyed without question or explanation, once stopped two soldiers who were carrying a soup-kettle out of a kitchen.

"Here, you," he growled, "give me a taste of that."

One of the soldiers ran and fetched a ladle and gave the colonel the desired taste. The colonel spat and spluttered.

"Good heavens, man! You don't call that stuff soup, do you?"

"No, sir," replied the soldier meekly, "it's dish-water we was emptyin', sir."

"Waiter, have you any Gorgonzola cheese?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it very nice and white?"

"Yes, sir, very white."

"And good and hard in the middle?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Stone hard."

"Thanks. Gorgonzola cheese ought to be green and very soft!"

It was at the Schweizerhof in Lucerne. Several American guests were standing in the lobby, and one or two were looking at the hotel register. "Ah!" said one, "I see Baron Confetti and his American bride are here—on their honeymoon, eh?"

Another was a cynic. "I should say harvest moon, rather," he answered.

Porter Emerson Browne came into the office yesterday. He had been out in the country for a week and was very cheerful. Just as he was leaving, he said: "Did you hear about that man who died the other day and left all he had to the orphanage?"

"No," some one answered. "How much did he leave?"

"Twelve children."

Mr. Browne left, too.

# Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

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31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

## With "Everybody's" Publishers

WE are told that the wounds of a friend are faithful. Nothing is said about the wounds of an enemy. In fact, that is how we are supposed to know our enemies—by their wounds. A friend's wounds hurt us just as much as an enemy's, if not more. An enemy rejoices in wounding us, a friend suffers when he does it—for our sake. But the wounds of an enemy may be helpful, though not faithful, providing we make the most of them. As a rule, the wounds of an enemy leave the scars on the enemy. Is the writer of the letter that follows a friend or an enemy?

FEBRUARY 21, 1908.

*Dear Sir:* You state you desire comments on your magazine. Here are a few entirely honest if not altogether flattering.

The articles emanating from yourself and Lawson in your February issue are the most awful slush which spring has thus far vouchsafed. Is it possible that you candidly think in your heart of hearts of the thinking, reading, reasoning American that this sort of wishy-washy mutual admiration interchange is seriously accepted? Personally, I doubt and always shall, any such premise. It may pay you to publish and write in this vein, but you may be absolutely assured the pose does not delude or impose upon all your readers. What special vengeance had you in mind to wreak on Hughes in printing such a picture as the one which occupies the outside front cover page of the March issue? A "before taking" patent medicine "ad" in the worst of the rural sheets would be art beside this atrocious misconception.

Why not get up a series of "The Truth About Public Men," in which the genuine truth is told? The abominable truckling mass of sickening saccharine substance which masquerades as Truth in most of these articles is simply nauseating.

Of course you will not print this epistle, but that is immaterial. My mind is a bit easier at having delivered its message.

Laurel Hill, N. Y.

O. A. GRANTON.

Mr. Granton says his "mind is a bit easier." Not "heart," not even "feelings," but "mind." Any other word would have been slush, though it meant the same. The difference between us and Mr. Granton is that we are less conventional. We use words in speaking about a cause that Mr. Granton would use probably diffidently and rarely in addressing his wife. There are people who cannot say "I love you" to their dearest, yet all the time their hearts are loyal and tender. They just can't say it.

We suspect that Mr. Granton belongs to this class, steadfast, provident, a true friend in times of distress, but shocked and scandalized if anybody shows the tiniest edge of his heart. It seems to him almost an indecency. Any one who does it is posing for profit. And so Mr. Granton says in effect that we displayed our hearts for money. Can you imagine a more serious charge? Besides, he dares us to print his charge. Why did he wish to see it in print?

Friend or foe, his letter has sent us for the thousandth time on the trail of our motives. Are we sincere? Do we love humanity as we profess?

It is not an easy thing, this finding out the real motives that drive us or lead us. We know people who would be startled if they should see themselves as they really are. Are we like that? We have applied the test in all the ways we know and can't believe we deceive ourselves. Our correspondence with Mr. Lawson in the February number was written without the remotest notion of publishing it. That much we do know. That was genuine, honest. When we published it we said it

took courage, and it did take courage. No one cares to be misunderstood. We published it because we wished our readers to know, believed they had a right to know, just why Mr. Lawson quit and just where we stood in the matter. We knew we should be criticized by the Granton readers. That's why it took courage. Nobody likes criticism. But our earnest desire to be understood by the great majority of our readers persuaded us to take the chance of being misunderstood by a small number.

We knew that the feature would sell magazines. It is our business to know and to profit from knowing. How much did that fact weigh in deciding us to print the correspondence? If it weighed at all, it weighed against. Even if we had known the feature would not sell an extra copy, we would have printed it and spent ten thousand dollars advertising it, as we did, to keep ourselves straight with the majority of our readers who feel and love and are not ashamed to say so. What right have the Grantons to call us hypocrites and liars? How do they know our motives? Has the Almighty delegated special powers to them? And why all this horror if a man shows a heart? Is there anything else in the world really worth while?

We are a bit sensitive when our motives are called into question, but we welcome and enjoy the frankest criticism of our intelligence and judgment and actions. When Granton takes a shy at our March cover—that is different. In that we are a few days ahead of him, as these letters will show:

FEBRUARY 10, 1908.

DEAR GOVERNOR HUGHES:

I am sending you a copy of the March EVERYBODY'S—one of the first off the press. Our art man swears by the nine rings of the immortal Jove that this cover is very high art. When it comes to art subjects, I have a notion that I am a better judge of what the general public will appreciate than an artist. However, it may not be as bad as it seems to me. I confess I am mightily disappointed in it, but I did not see it until it was too late to make a change. The work was done by a very high-grade man and the general effect of it is so different that after all it may carry all right and my fears may be groundless. I hope they are.

As always,

E. J. RIDGWAY.

STATE OF NEW YORK,  
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,  
ALBANY, FEBRUARY 20, 1908.

MY DEAR RIDGWAY:

I find I have failed to write in answer to yours of the 10th. I saw the March EVERYBODY'S for the first time to-day. I am much obliged to you for it.

The cover seems to be the product of either an artful or an 'heartless man of art. However, I am used to it; and I cannot adequately express my appreciation of your friendship. With best regards,

Very truly yours,

CHARLES E. HUGHES.

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Some of our readers may have had the experience of our friend, R. H. Davis, editor of several of Mr. Munsey's numerous publications. It is impossible to bind half a million books without a few going wrong.

FEBRUARY 24, 1908.

MY DEAR E. J.:

The copy of EVERYBODY'S, which I received, alas unworthily, from your hand, filleth me with woe. One of the eight-page forms is bound in upside down. If I turn it around, everything else is upside down. Now the point is, where had I better begin to do my reading? As it is, I am absolutely flabbergasted, helpless, and without courage to proceed. Hadn't I better try some other magazine?

Your deadhead friend,

DAVIS.

FEBRUARY 25, 1908.

DEAR R. H.:

If you were not built with all the weight in the middle, it would be a simple matter for you to read eight pages standing on your head. But, realizing the impossibility of such a feat with your unique, not to say picturesque, structure, I send you by bearer a copy properly bound. We must save you from reading any other magazine, else where would you get your inspiration for your daily drudgery?

Sincerely yours, E. J. R.

FEBRUARY 28, 1908.

MY DEAR E. J.:

To insert eight pages in a magazine, upside down, is a mechanical error. To have a 50-inch waist, with a tendency on the part of the entire anatomy to concentrate at the equator, is a physical misfortune. When I call attention to the former, it is for the general improvement of conditions and the advancement of knowledge among the masses. To refer, even jestingly, to the latter, is a needless and brutal attack which time cannot wipe out nor soft words balm. You have written a cruel thing, and may Heaven have mercy on your soul!

Yours, R. H. D.



"IT WOULD BE A SIMPLE MATTER FOR YOU  
TO READ EIGHT PAGES STANDING ON  
YOUR HEAD."



*Painted by George Gibbs for Cream of Wheat Company.*

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# Rub out, to-night, the wrinkles of today



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but they are human."**

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